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SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

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MONTHLY ALMANAC					
1837.	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week	Old days
Tuesday	1	8	15	22	29
Wednesday	2	9	16	23	30
Thursday	3	10	17	24	31
Friday	4	11	18	25	—
Saturday	5	12	19	26	—
Sunday	6	13	20	27	—
Monday	7	14	21	28	—

D	SUN	MOON	High	Low	MOONS
M	R	R	R	R	PHASES
1	4 45	5 34	11 15	—	New 11 7 m
2	4 58	6 35	11 45	—	First qtr 9 8 m
3	5 10	7 36	12 15	—	Full 16 1 m
4	5 22	8 37	12 45	—	Last 22 8 a
5	5 34	9 38	1 15	—	New 29 11
6	5 46	10 39	1 45	—	Clock fast
7	5 58	11 40	2 15	—	15th 1 min.

REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK MARKET.

COAL.—Sales of 500 tons Liverpool, embracing various importations, have been made in retail quantities from ship at \$9 a \$10, cash; and several cargoes Picton, including together 700 chaldrons, at \$8.25 a \$8.50, 4 mos.

FISH.—Codfish continue scarce, and fully maintain previous prices. Mackerel have further receded, and of new No. 1 a few half barrels only have been received; moderate sales of old at \$8.50; No. 2 new \$7.50; and No. 3 new \$4.50.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—An improved state of feeling has become visible in the Flour market since our last notice. The demand for common brands of canal has been more active, and though sales of other descriptions continue trifling, prices generally have experienced but little variation. Sales of common brands Canal at \$8.50; Ohio via canal \$7.50; and Gagetown \$9. Rye Flour continues to sell at \$5.25. Further supplies of Corn Meal in barrels have been received, from which sales continue to be made at \$5.25, cash.

Export from 1st. to 17th inst.

Wheat Flour, 3747 barrels.
GRAIN.—The sales of Foreign Wheat have again been rather more extensive, embracing since our last, 15,000 bushels, Odessa at \$1.25; 7000 do. common to good Red German, \$1.20 a \$1.45; 9000 do. on terms not transpired; and 2,000 do. good Roman at \$1.20, nearly all on time. The demand for Foreign Rye continues moderate, without change in prices. The sales during the past three days, embrace about 1200 bushels good quality, at 80 cents, cash and time; Old Northern Oats in trifling quantities are selling at 80 cents; supplies of New are expected to appear very shortly; some cargoes of Southern sold at 62-1-2 cents. Corn continues in very limited demand, and has further declined in price: 3000 bushels handsome Yellow Flat Virginia, sold at \$1.02; and 1000 do. North Carolina at \$1, both cash.

(From the Spirit of the Times.)

SPITFIRE'S ADVENTURES.

I suppose, Mr. Editor, you concur in the general received opinion that horse jockeys are rogues & scoundrels, and Yankees rogues from instinct. Now, Sir, I am a Yankee horse jockey, and if the opinion before mentioned is correct, you will allow that I am a fair match for old Saddle himself.

Some dozen or fifteen years since, when horse-racing and trotting matches were not prohibited in Massachusetts, I owned a little Narragansett mare, that knew more than my wife and son Tom together. She had the spirit of thunder and lightning, but no beauty to speak of. When I first bought her ropes would hold her, nor fences keep her within bounds. I tried gentle usage and good feeding, but she grew more vicious and proud. I tried flogging and starving, and she remained amiable and gained flesh. In short she was one of the devil's beauties, and I let her have her own way, and she soon deserved greater honour than a Roman consulship.

About thirtie years ago I came to a good understanding there was to be a purse race on the Roxbury course, and I thought I might just as well make a few dollars as not. So I put Spitfire into the old horse cart, threw in a few notions, and such other things as was necessary, and started for Boston.

I sold our right wheel, and with a pocket book sufficiently lined, went on the ground. Spitfire knew well enough what was a going on, so she shammed lame, and looked as if she didn't know oats from hog-bay.

"Get her into a trot," says I, giving Spitfire a cut to get her into a trot, "you've had some good running here. You needn't turn up your nose at Dobbin. She can run like everything, I tell ye. If you want to lay a small sum I am ready for you."

"We don't put blood horses against such a thing as that for nothing. If you have a hundred dollars to lose, down with it, or else get out of the way."

"Hundred dollars!" cried I; that's a great deal of money—But I've got a little of my own, and some that belongs to one of my neighbours, so I don't care if I try."

Seeing that I was in earnest, they took out the money—I did the same, and it was deposited with the umpires.

"Who is to ride your skeleton?" said one buck with a sneer.

"I guess I shall ride her myself. I does all Dobbin's mountings."

So I drove little one side—untackled Spitfire—took off a heavy pair of shoes fitted for the occasion—opened a box in the horse cart and put an elegant saddle and bridle on Spitfire—pulled off my frock and trousers, and appeared on the ground in a pair of buckskin tights, and a jockey cap and jacket.

"Gentlemen," said I speaking in a different tone, "I rather think I'm ready for you now."

They looked a little astonished, but there was no alternative; and after some hemming and hawing, we started. The race was for one heat of a mile only.

The horse that I ran against was a noble looking creature—long neck, slender legs,

well opened nostrils, and an eye like an antelope, but he was no match for Spitfire. I gave her the reins—perfectly content to risk the hundred dollars on her management. She ran forty or fifty rods just to try the speed of her antagonist, and then checked herself, and suffered the horse to come up and go a few rods past—then thinking apparently that she had no time for further trifling, off she started; and soon passed the horse, coming in thirty yards ahead. Pocketing the two hundred dollars very coolly, I marched up to my gentlemen jockeys—

"Take one word of advice from a man who is from as far down East as the best of you—Never bet hereafter unless you know your man."

HOW TO COOK A CHOWDER.

As this is the season for fishing parties, and a fishing party is a sorry concern without the aid of a chowder, we offer to all knights of the hook, what little knowledge we possess in the culinary art, in regard to serving it up *à la mode*.

In the first place you should procure a sail boat—we don't like steamers for a fishing excursion, because one is deprived in them of all the beauties of the jaunt, in not being under the necessity, late in the evening, of pulling home against wind and tide, all the way from the narrow, at least. There is no place in the Bay of New York called "pull and be hanged point," but we can show upon the chart where there is such a creature—that's the place where we have had to strip to in many a time, and found ourself in a pretty kettle of fish. In the second place, the party should be a *he one*—never admit a petticoat—it is bad enough for a man to be sea sick, Carry with you besides your fishing gear, an iron pot—buy it from my friend Tylce, at 233 Water street—a few sticks of wood, and the articles mentioned below, for cooking.

When you have arrived on the fishing ground, take in sail, and see that the land marks bear precisely right, or you may as well have staid at home. These preliminaries being observed, throw out killick, and commence operations. If your craft be a pilot boat, and such is the proper size, there will be room for a dozen lines without interference. They must have been carefully overhauled the night before, ascertained to be in prime order, with a lead attached sufficient to sink in rough water, to the depth of five and twenty fathoms; with ease. Your hooks should be free from a speck of rust, and you may act your pleasure in regard to the number of them; but we prefer three, as that number of fish taken at a haul is enough to satisfy any reasonable man. Use clam-bait, quags are best, scientifically shucked, and properly put on. If you are a novice in baiting the hook, apply to the skipper, old John Spinney and the work is done in a twinkling. When you feel a bite—*not nibble*—wait a second, and then give a steady, strong, but not violent twitch, and your prize is secured. Now we are peculiar in our notions about the sort of fish, which makes the best chowder. Some prefer one kind, some another, but there are few that know exactly. Let us inform you on the subject. Keep on pulling in every species wherein the water abounds, till you catch a *cod*—not a rock cod, but a genuine deep-water fish, exactly such as Haley carries to market: lay that fellow aside. Then continue your work till you have taken a *haddock*—a male one, mind you; a female is worth nothing. The cod must weigh ten pounds, averdupois, and the haddock six. Be careful not to use a logy cod, a long, lean, lank, slab-sided scoundrel; but a short, thick, stubby rascal, who shows his ribs. If you are too much elated with success to leave off work, just speak to the skipper and tell him you begin to cry cup-board. Spinney, having quitted *hullum*, and being in agitate snooze, will spring upon his feet, and answer the gall. The victims now undergo the first act of the *modus operandi*. In plain English, he takes the two selected, to a board, laid across a couple of water barrels, guts them, scales them, takes out of his right hand waistcoat pocket the fag end of a cod line, always clean as a whistle, measures off as much as will reach from his hand to his shoulder, opens his jack-knife, clips and divides it. He then grasps them one inch from the tail—the tail kept on, being the only part left untouched, ties them in a square, not a granny knot, rinces them at the stern, and hangs them on the shady side of the mainsail, where they remain till two o'clock, post meridian. By this time they have become dry and stiff—exactly in the right state for the pot. Two is the precise hour when the mercury expands to 86 degrees of Fahrenheit, and when you find your nose beginning to blister. It is now high time to pull up stakes and be off. Now cook a chowder on board the boat, by no manner of means whatsoever—it does not taste quarter so good. Go to the Island that lies a quarter of a mile to starboard; select that place directly under the highest of the grove of trees you see yonder. There is a little nook which we fixed up twenty years ago for the purpose. You will see, in the nich, placed three stones, in a triangular

position, fitted exactly for the legs of the pot. We wish we were there to give you instructions; but as that may not be, take this paper with you and read for yourself—First and foremost, select the most skillful among you to do up the dinner genteelly.—It is altogether out of character to employ extraneous assistance; so let the skipper stretch himself under the trees, and finish his siesta. Let all but the selected ones employ themselves as they may, with the exception that another must make a pitcher of punch. We could tell you how to do that, but have not time at present. You will then see the appointed cook place his wood under the kettle in the cab-house order, strike a light with a burning glass (he will not use loco face matches; that is not according to Gutter, any way you can fix it); and ignite the fuel. He then takes a piece of clear pork, white as a lily—not out of one of your long-legged, snout protruding gentry who claim the freedom of the city, but from a two hundred pound runner of the Byfield-breed, such as Ebenezer Parsons introduced into the country. He cuts this up into *rashers*, a dozen in number, each 3-16 of an inch in thickness, and tries them out. He cuts on his board, which is clean and nice as wax, the fish, latitudinally, beginning at the tail, which is thrown aside, and progresses upward to the shoulder, in pieces an inch and a half in thickness. Twenty potatoes are supposed to be at hand ready sliced, in pieces twice the thickness of a dollar. He don't use those of the strong, waxy, watery kind, but is careful to have purchased those called London Lords. If he possesses a bit of gumption he will have had the foresight to secure for the important services which he is performing, a string of the celebrated onions exhibited at the fair of the American Institute, last October. They were raised on Long Island, but the whereabouts has slipped our memory.

Sundry strips of white pine wood, cut about the same size of the back-bone of a boy's kite—one of those little scraps that frighten horses in Bloesker street. These are snapped off to the exact breadth of that part of the pot where they are to be first used. After the insertion of the first scrap, which must be two inches above the pork, make a layer of the three principal ingredients, viz, fish, potatoes, and onions. This layer is sprinkled gently with pulverised salt, fresh imported from Ithica, and pepper from the east coast of Sumatra. He continues his layers till he has expended his materials and his pot is filled to the top, within say about three inches; but no matter he need not be very particular about that. The pot is then filled with water to the surface, excluding the flaring part of it; we forget the technical name of this part of the utensil if we ever knew it. The fire which was only moderate at the commencement, just so much having been made as to ensure the pork from burning, he will replenish, and the cod halibut, and condiments are fairly under way, not for an epicure, not for a gourmand, but for any living soul under the canopy, but him that has sense enough, taste enough, smell enough, to enjoy the exquisite dish of Chowder. Even Sandy Welsh, caterer as he is for burghers of the New-Netherlands, might learn a lesson on an occasion of this kind, which would add thirty-three and a third per centum to his reputation and purse. We omitted to mention, as a girl always does to the winding up of a love letter, the most important part in the secret. It is that the head of the codfish should be retained, and if the operator has forgotten it, as we have done, let him split it longitudinally, and have done, let him split it longitudinally, and place it on the top, serving as an epix to the fabric. After the pot has boiled fifteen minutes twenty-one seconds, will be added, laid very carefully on, six crackers, not fire crackers, but crackers made of Howard-street flour, by Moses Smith.

By this time you will find every one of the party, and I presume it to be ten or twelve in number, as hungry as a hawk.—Now is the time for the cook to exercise the powers delegated to him. One will suggest this addition, another that it is too salt (dipping in a spoon and tasting) or it is too fresh; it wants more or it wants less spicing. Mind your own business in the reply; get your dishes ready; spread yourselves on the grass and I'll show you what's what in less time than you can fix your clam-shell spoon. A minute more and it is done. The operator tastes it, finds it to his own liking, adds a gl of claret, and the work is accomplished. MELANGE.

A gentleman, of the family of the "Lags" and "Tards," or in other words, one of those who are eternally behind hand, to the regrets of all who have in consequence to sit down to a cold dinner, being invited by a friend to join a party at an early hour in the morning, contrary to his usual practice of being the last, he was the first visitor present, and even before the hour appointed. His friend, astonished at this unwonted phenomenon, broke out in the following lucid strain: "Well done; so you are here first at last; why, you must have been behind before. It is well you have come in time, for you would not have found me within without."

RESTORATION OF SIGHT.—Among the many cases of recovery of sight which are constantly taking place at the Ophthalmic Infirmary in State street, one has occurred of considerable interest. Joseph Hamlet, a native of Bold, in this county, is now twenty years old. At three years of age he was deprived of sight by severe inflammation. Seven years ago he was received as a pupil into the School for the Blind, where he became an expert basket maker. In the beginning of the present year, being perfected in his trade, he left the Asylum for the Blind; but previous to his return home, he presented his eyes for inspection at the Ophthalmic Infirmary, where he was told there was every prospect of a restoration to sight by operation.—He has since been operated upon by Mr. Neill with perfect success, and sight is restored to both eyes, after a blindness of seventeen years.

STAKES OF THE HAND.—Some people dangle their hands into yours like the unwilling paw of a peaceable poodle; others stiffen the hand and thrust four fingers into your palm, all smooth and wooden like a glove's last. Mr. Donlin appears to have but one finger producible, hard and bony it feels, like the handle of your tooth brush on a frosty morning. Mr. Trumpeter always holds out two fingers; I do the same; and it perplexes him not a little when the tips meet, and he fingers out the *da capo* of his own two to two too. Armstrong dexterously evades the hand, and welcomes his friend or acquaintance by a slight pressure above the elbow, as he snuggles out "how d'ye do." Mr. Love, who takes pleasure in a tight fit, can never comply with the usual mode of withdrawing the hand, so is hard and glove with every one he meets.

MEXICO.

General Bustamante has demanded a loan from the clergy of five millions of dollars, which it would appear has given little satisfaction to the latter and they found it advisable to enter again into negotiations with Santa Anna.

The Government, aware of this, ordered Santa Anna to appear before a court martial to answer to the charges against him on account of his late Texas campaign.

Santa Anna replied to the call in the following laconic manner.

"No puedo, no debo, y no quiero."—(I cannot, I should not, and I will not.)

In consequence of which a strong detachment of cavalry was despatched for Mango del Clavo, with orders to take the hero and bring him a prisoner to the capital.

On their arrival, however, he was nowhere to be found. Some say he has gone to Jalapa; others to Vera Cruz.

Victoria and Pravo, it is said, have also turned Santa Anna men.

SPEECH OF MR. GREELEY.

LIBERATION OF GREELEY.—When Dixon gave his musical levee at the theatre in Bangor on Friday evening last, he sang a new ode composed for the occasion, entitled the "Brave Sons of Maine," in which allusion was made to Mr. Greeley's imprisonment at Fredrickton. Greeley was present, and when the piece was concluded his name was loudly called for by the audience, whereupon he rose and addressed them as follows—

Ladies and Gentlemen—I am overpowered at this spontaneous expression of your generous sympathy in greeting from the numerous assemblage of the sons and daughters of Maine, who now surround me; and be assured that hereafter, when completing the duty which I have been called on to perform the recollections of this hour will cheer me on to its performance, through imprisonment even unto death, in the cause of my country. Allow me to add, that although there were times during my imprisonment, when I had almost doubted whether my countrymen would come to the rescue under the orders of my Government, yet I will say that I have never doubted that the "brave sons of Maine" would volunteer to the rescue armed and equipped and cheered by the smiles of the fair daughters of Maine, who like their mothers of the revolution were always ready to urge their sons and brothers to the battle field in the cause of our common country. It was this that sustained me while within the walls of a Prison at Fredrickton, and it is a firm reliance upon your patriotism that now impels me to go on and complete the duty assigned me. Cheerful and supported as I have been by the National and State Governments, feeling as I do that I shall be sustained by the brave hearts of the county of Penobscot, I am the more strongly impelled to press forward to the vindication of our rights to the soil guaranteed to us by the treaty of '83.

If I should not trespass upon your time and patience, I could a tale unfold of the wrongs and oppressions committed upon the three thousand poor and ignorant inhabitants of Madawaska, that would light up the fire of patriotism in your breasts and make your swords leap from their scabbards and flash defiance in the faces of their oppressors.

When a Roman citizen was injured and imprisoned by the foes of his country there was but one word to call his countrymen to the rescue; and shall an American Citizen have less sympathy than a Roman? I trust

not—I believe not. I am about to leave here for Madawaska, and should I again be arrested for performing my duty, I hope I shall not be forgotten.—*Kennebec Journal.*

ENGLISH NEWS.

PEDIGREE OF PEERS & PEERESSES.—By a standing order of the House of Lords (11th May, 1877,) the heralds are directed to take exact accounts and preserve regular entries of all Peers and Peeresses of England, and their respective descendants; and that an exact pedigree of each Peer and Family, shall on the day of his first admission, be delivered to the house by Garter the principal King at arms.

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.—The Duke of Argyll, Lord Steward of the household, is much about the person of Her Majesty. The Duchess of Sutherland is Mistress of the Robes. The Rev. Dr. Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, is Her Majesty's Chaplain.

Directions have been given for preparing a statue to the memory of the late lamented King William the IV., to be placed in the vacant niche at the Royal Exchange, next to those of George the III. and IV.

It appears from the seventeenth report of the committee on public petitions delivered on Saturday, that up to the 25th of May there had been presented to the House of Commons 8370 petitions.

The harvest had commenced in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, and it was abundant, and of the richest quality.

PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM.—Why has not Nature produced any square forms? Nature has produced circular, curvilinear and polygular forms, in endless variety, but not one square form.

The public prints, throughout the United States and Europe, are respectfully requested to publish the above question; a correct answer to which will embrace the discovery of a universal law of Nature which has been lost to philosophy for several thousand years.

INTERMENT OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH.—Our readers are aware that yesterday (Saturday, the 28th July) was appointed for consigning to their resting place the remains of his late majesty, William the Fourth, and this melancholy duty was performed with all the solemn grandeur of which such a scene is susceptible. Occasions have so frequently occurred for describing the ceremonies observed at such seasons of national affliction, (these ceremonies always partaking of the same character, and being conducted as nearly as possible in the conformity with former precedents,) that little of novelty can be expected in the details; and with very little variation, the funeral of William the Fourth presents all the feature which distinguish similar honours paid to the mortal remains of his predecessor.—The body was deposited in the royal vault of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Dowager Queen was present at the final ceremony in the Church. Never, on the occasion of any royal funeral, with the exception of lamented Princess Charlotte of Saxa Coburg, has such a general exhibition of national grief been displayed as on the present. The shops throughout Kensington, Hammer-smith, Tulse-hill Green, Chiswick, Old and New Brentford, Hounslow, Colebrook Dale, Eton, &c. being with a very few exceptions, entirely closed, and many of the private houses, had their blinds drawn down, or their shutters partially closed. At Kensington, Hammersmith, the royal standard was hoisted half staff high upon the turrets and steeples, and the bells tolled during the day and up to a late hour last night.

The best epitaph for William the Fourth would be the plain record of the great event, and great service of his reign. HE PASSED THE KENYON BILL. In that inscription would be summed up his public merits; his undoubted claims to respect and gratitude. The good faith, constancy, and firmness, which he manifested in the struggle for Parliamentary Reform cannot be too highly extolled.—*Examiner.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.—Her present Majesty is the only daughter of the late Duke of Kent fifth son of George the Third, by the Duchess Dowager of Leiningen, sister to Prince Leopold, now King of Belgium. The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was first performed at Coburg, 29th of May, and again in England, 11th July, 1818. A few weeks after the second ceremony, they returned to the continent, and retired to the residence of the late Duke of Leiningen, the first husband of the Duchess, who left her, the occupation of the palace, and the guardianship of their only son. During their residence in that retirement, the Duchess became likely to make an increase to the Royal Family of Great Britain, when she acceded to the wish of the Duke to return to this country, and the interesting subject of the present sketch was born at Kensington Palace, on the 24th of May, 1819. Her father died in a few months afterwards, viz. 23d January, 1820.

A treaty is negotiating for the purchase of the splendid Thomastown estate, in Tipperary, belonging to the Landfall family, for Mr. O'Connell.—*Limerick Chronicle.*