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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	5 35	11 45	—	First qtr 9 8 m
3	5 11	5 36	12 15	—	Full 16 1 m
4	5 24	5 37	12 45	—	Last 22 8 a
5	5 37	5 38	1 15	—	New 29 11
6	5 50	5 39	1 45	—	Clock fast
7	6 03	5 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 bog-hay.

"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 ourselves 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—hold on—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 *hellum*, 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. Donnie 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.

AT THE AMERICAN MELIOT LEVEE.
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, Turnham Green, Chiswick, Old and New Brentford, Hounslow, Colebrook Dale, Eton, &c. being with a few very 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 Cobourg, 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.*

BRITISH AFFAIRS.

THE FIRST MEASURES OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA have been of a popular character. She has received Lord Durham with delight, whilst the Tories she has noticed with coldness and distance.

The individuals already named to form part of her household belong to the popular portion of the Whig party. They are not Radicals. This could not be expected—but they are any thing but Tories. She has conferred the Government of Lord Melbourne in Ireland. She has given it to be understood that justice is to be done to that portion of the United Kingdom—and O'Connell is so satisfied that better days for his country are in reserve, that he has addressed a letter to his friend Fremont, in which he has exhorted his supporters—and the Catholics and liberal Protestants throughout Ireland—to form an Association—or rather hundreds of Associations, to bear the name of the "Queen's Association." This is able generalship on the part of O'Connell. Whilst the Tories are disheartened by the Queen's visit, the Whigs are disheartened by the Queen's visit. The Queen, in her turn, propose to visit every part of her dominions. She is to begin with Ireland—then to proceed to Scotland—then to Wales—and finally to show herself at various points in England. This will be a wise and popular proceeding, and will tend to conciliate all parties, and rally round her the democracy as well as the aristocracy.

The General elections of Great Britain will be the most vigorously contested of any elections which have ever yet taken place in that country. All that local influence rank—family interest—fortune—clerical influence—magisterial influence—diversity influence—and an unbounded and most lavish expenditure of money, can effect or bring about, will be effected at the elections on behalf of, and by the Tories and Conservatives. The Carlton Club will spend its millions of necessity. The aristocracy will move heaven and earth to obtain a majority in the new House of Commons, or at least such an equality of suffrages as to render the march of a Whig Administration next to impossible—text to the delight of doing evil themselves, the Tories most rejoice in the pleasure of preventing the doing of good by others. Every place is to be contested. No where are Whigs or Radicals to be allowed to go quietly over the course. All the metropolitan counties, districts, and boroughs, are to be contested inch by inch, and London, Westminster, Middlesex, Southwark, Finsbury, Lambeth, and Marylebone are already canvassed by the Tory party.

It is impossible to predict, with any thing like certainty, what will be the result of all their manoeuvres. The Conservatives are very powerful in the agricultural districts; they are otherwise in manufacturing towns and cities. The clergy, the aristocracy, the magistrates—and I believe I must add a large portion of the Wesleyan ministers are occupied in securing the votes of the electors for Tory, or at least for Conservative Candidates.

The Queen has resolved on waiting the result of all these elections—and on not coming to any practical decisions, until she shall see on which side there is a Majority. The Duke of Wellington to secure a Tory majority has promised to settle all the questions of Ireland next session—On the whole the Queen is popular—and perhaps justly so for a Queen.

Ireland.—From every part of the country there are cheering accounts of the forthcoming crops; in this country, wheat, oats, and other grain, have a most promising appearance; the growth and universal success of the potato root, we are happy to say, is once more elating the long drooping heart of poor Paddy, who is frisking like a May lamb in joyous expectation of the thriving state of his favourite esculent. Meadow and pasture land is exuberant; abundance of fodder may be calculated on—as may also every description of produce, from the favourable weather lately experienced. Man has reason to be thankful to an all-gracious Ruler for his bountiful gifts at a period of apprehension, excitement, and crime.—*Sligo Journal.*

BOUNDARY LINE.
The following resolutions were adopted at a late meeting of the Van Buren Kennebec county convention, to each of which the Editor of the Kennebec Journal appends his remarks; but we must inform our readers that the editor is a Whig and consequently an anti-Van Burenite. It is evident that these polemical productions can only serve the purposes of political antagonists in Maine, but as we think our friends may wish to know what is going on so near our own doors, we select them for their perusal.

Resolved, That the repeated violations, as well as of a compact between the United States and Great Britain, as of the rights of this State and the country which should subsist between communities at peace with each other by the British Province of New Brunswick, under colour of an usurped jurisdiction over the North Eastern portion of the territory of this State, have excited the just indignation of the people of Maine, and now eminently endanger the peace of the country. The late occurrences upon the frontier should admonish the Government of the United States that delay, in the adjustment of this dispute, is dangerous. [Good.]

Resolved, That if Great Britain shall persist in her refusal to appoint a joint commission to run and establish the line of boundary between this State and her provinces, it will become the imperative duty of Congress to authorise the President to appoint a separate commission for that purpose, and also to make all necessary provisions for the defence of

the territory and the maintenance of the jurisdiction of this State against the aggressions and usurpations of a foreign power.

"If Great Britain shall persist." Has she not persisted long enough already? She has appointed a joint commission once, but her commissioners refused to go any farther than Mars Hill. Was it not to the universal understanding in this State, both of the Legislature and people, that the appropriation of Congress of last winter contemplated a "separate commission?" We hope the president is not going to excuse himself for not appointing a commission by the pretence that he must wait till the British government joins the commission. It so he may wait till doomsday.

Resolved, That we have no reason to believe that the government of the U. States will permit our territory to be dismembered, our jurisdiction trampled upon, and our citizens seized and incarcerated in foreign jails; but if our expectation of redress from that quarter are disappointed, we look with confidence to the Legislature of this State for the adoption of such measures as shall result in the immediate redress of our wrongs and the speedy establishment of our jurisdiction to the utmost bounds of our territory as defined by the Treaty of 1783.

We rather think we have some reason to believe that the government of the U. S. will permit our territory to be dismembered &c. since it has done so already for a long time. We agree with the resolution in looking to the Legislature for redress; but we must have a Legislature that is not afraid of embarrassing the president.

Resolved, That the public interest requires the immediate extension of a National Road from the west coast to our North Eastern Frontier; and that the Senators and Representatives in Congress from this State be requested to use their exertions for a prompt appropriation for that purpose.

Resolved, That this Convention regard the dispute in relation to our North Eastern Boundary, as a State question, which requires for its favorable adjustment the united efforts of the whole people.

Both the above are worthy of unqualified approbation.

PROVINCIAL.

PROVINCIAL SYNDICAL ADDRESS.
To His Excellency Major General Sir JOHN HARVEY, K. C. H. and C. B. Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New Brunswick, &c. &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency:
We the Ministers and Elders of the Churches throughout this Province, in connection with the Established Church of Scotland, now in Synod assembled, beg leave to approach your Excellency with sentiments and expressions of loyalty and dutiful attachment to our Most Gracious Sovereign, the illustrious and youthful Queen, who has lately ascended the Throne of the British Empire.

Impressed with a sense of the benefits, that have accrued to this flourishing Province, from the paternal sway of the patriotic and illustrious Monarch, who selected your Excellency to the high office, which you so ably occupy, and for the successful administration of which your distinguished reputation, both Civil and Military, presents so satisfactory a guarantee. Mindful, also, of the marks of favour, which the Churches we represent have experienced during the late reign—our feelings of gratitude combine, with the well known loyalty and constitutional principles of the venerable Church to which we have the honour to belong, in prompting our prayers for the continuance of those Civil and Religious Institutions which have so materially contributed to the diffusion of Christian morals, enlightened piety, and general prosperity throughout the British Dominions.

Engaged in the duty of promoting those great objects—a duty arduous in any circumstances, but peculiarly so in ours, the Bishops preside over us so widely scattered over the face of a wilderness country, we trust, that our humble efforts, through the blessing of God, have not been unattended with beneficial results.

Feeling ourselves pledged to labour assiduously for the spiritual and temporal happiness of the people among whom our lot has been cast, we shall not fail to co-operate with and forward the views of your Excellency in collecting obedience to the laws and respect for the constituted authorities of our adopted Country, in advocating that "righteousness which exalteth a nation," and in suppressing that vice which is "a reproach to any people"—and we shall confidently rely on your Excellency's readiness, as the Representative of a Sovereign, who has solemnly sworn to protect the interests of the Church of Scotland to commensurate and support us in these exertions.

That Almighty God may bless your Excellency, and abundantly prosper your Administration is our fervent prayer.

At Chatham, Miramichi, this 15th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven—Signed in name and by appointment of the Synod of New Brunswick, in connection with the Church of Scotland, by
ALEX. MACLEAN, Moderator.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY.
To the Ministers and Elders of the Established Church of Scotland, and the Churches in connection with it, in Synod assembled: Reverend Gentlemen and Gentlemen—

Presented to me at a moment, when it is natural and becoming in all, who have the happiness of living under British protection, to renew the expression of their loyal and dutiful attachment to the reigning Sovereign, I received with peculiar satisfaction the Address, which you have placed in my hands, and, as the representative of our most gracious Queen in this Province, and in Her Majesty's name, I thank you for it.

I feel highly gratified by the declaration on

your part of the sense, which you entertain of the benefits conferred upon this flourishing Province by our late most lamented Monarch, and I am far from insensible of your expressions of confidence as respects my administration of its Government.

Of the arduous and important nature of the duties which the Clergy of your venerable Church have to perform, in reference to a community so widely dispersed, I am well aware, as I am of the great public benefits, which result from the zeal and efficiency with which these duties are performed—those benefits are sufficiently attested by the peaceable, orderly, moral, religious, and loyal conduct of the members of your community in every part of the Province; and as the head of its Government, I beg to assure you that I shall deem it equally a pleasure and a duty to aid in every co-operation and assistance in my power in the advancement of objects of such importance to its best interests.

Gentlemen, I request you to receive the assurance of my sincere good wishes.
(Signed) J. HARVEY, Lt. Governor.
Government House, Fredericton,
August 24, 1837.

The ship *Mosambique*, Capt. Cronk, which sailed from this port on the 1st. of June, was at Graveyard on the 7th July. Sir Archibald Campbell and family, who were passengers in the *Mosambique* landed at Weymouth in good health, on the 24.

REGATTA.—The Saint John Subscription Boat Race came off, agreeably to advertisement, on Thursday last. The weather which had been wet and disagreeable for some days, changed its character, with a light breeze from the eastward, a few hours before the boats started. Thousands of persons collected at every point commanding a sight of the sport—The scene on the water was full of life and activity—being of every description fitted to suit the taste of the multitude of ladies and gentlemen—the variety and number of the racing boats, with their crews each extending different distances—combined with the exciting nature of the Regatta, formed a scene of great interest and beauty.

First Race.—Six and four oared Gigs—Six boats started in this race, which was won by Mr. R. S. Moore's six oared gig. *Nonpareil*—(the only boat regatta by six oars)—Mr. George Thompson, jr.—T. J. H. came next, closely followed by Mr. E. Doughty's *Skimmer*—Mr. W. Smith's *Star*, Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*, followed in succession. The race was not a closely contested one, as was generally expected.

Second Race.—While boats, rowed by five men with starboard—Three boats started in this race, which was well contested, and won by Mr. T. J. H. Doughty's *Skimmer*, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Third Race.—Four oared Gigs—Four boats started in this race, which was won by Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, beating Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*, Mr. T. J. H. Doughty's *Skimmer*, and Mr. W. Smith's *Star*.

Fourth Race.—Fishing skiffs, rowed by two men. Mr. George's *Princess Victoria* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Sixth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Seventh Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Eighth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Ninth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Tenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Eleventh Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twelfth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Thirteenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Fourteenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Fifteenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Sixteenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Seventeenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Eighteenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Nineteenth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twentieth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-first Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-second Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-third Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-fourth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-fifth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-sixth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-seventh Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

Twenty-eighth Race.—Burgh Canoes, paddled by two Indians, Four Canoes started; the Indian *Canoe* won this race, beating Mr. J. Murray's *Racer*, and Mr. John Spear's *Wanderer*.

behipped in the bud, but which if allowed to spread its seeds, will effectually blight and destroy the wholesome sentiments amongst which it subsists.

Every person among us who interests himself in the advantageous culture of the soil, must have observed the rapid increase in this neighbourhood of a noxious and glaring weed, which blights on the eye of good taste, and indicative of the absence of good management. Here it is generally called *white weed*. Search for it in a *Big white gown*, Englishmen name it *Big white gown*, Englishmen name it *Big white gown*, Englishmen name it *Big white gown*.

Now, Sir, I would be happy to hear from the gentleman alluded to, what its botanical name is, because I am convinced that a scientific account of its family and lineage, would enable us to find its natural foe, by whose subsidiary aid we might exterminate it.

In the neighbourhood of towns in which singing birds are kept in cages, and where birds are an article of traffic, it is common to see the fields blown out with wild turnip, will rape, wild mustard, and every thing that the birds are led on; what inference is to be drawn from this fact?

On farms, where, instead of the valuable vapours of composts, heaps of ripened herbs send forth their aerial progeny on wings scarce fanned by the breath of the zephyr, the prolific tribe of insidious intruders called weeds are to be found in "reserved superabundance." What inference is to be drawn from this fact?

When "laborious men have done his part," as Thompson says, and when he "rests from his labours," as a greater shepherd says, he depends upon "propitious heaven" to do the rest. But if instead of resting from his labours, he falls asleep and only dreams of industry, and awakes to reap thorns and let fall his tears on the tares among his wheat, what inference is to be drawn from this fact?

When a season of drought occurs, and yet the well-cultivated fields of the diligent husbandman were full of luxuriant grass or grain, you hear the murmur of regret and the voice of complaint from those who have "stood all the day idle" and left the meadows to grow grass and the fields to yield grain as providence may order. What inference is to be drawn from this fact? Go to, now, consider, and answer me.

Yours &c.
CARPUS.

The Saint Andrews Standard

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1837

Charlotte County Bank.

HARRIS MATCH, Esq. President

Director next week, John M. Master, Esq.

Discount Day, THURSDAY

Hours of business, from 10 to 2

77 BILLS AND NOTES for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier on or before Wednesday, otherwise they must be presented next week.

Saint Stephens Bank.

WILLIAM PIERCE, Esq. President

Director next week, Edw. Todd Esq.

Discount Day, FRIDAY

Bank open from 10 till 3

77 BILLS AND NOTES for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier on or before Thursday, otherwise they must remain in his hands until the following discount day.

Latest Dates.

Via N. York Aug 25

Via St. John Aug 25

Halifax Aug 25

London July 11

Liverpool July 12

Quebec Aug 15

N Orleans Aug 15

Quebec Aug 15

Quebec Aug 15

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waka," or by his nonsensical flourish of trumpets about "swords leaping from their scabbards and flashing defiance in the faces" of the poor, passive, New Brunswickers!

It is scarcely necessary to repeat the fact already known to every person even slightly acquainted with our affairs, that the public purse of New Brunswick administered liberally to the comforts of the inhabitants of Madawaska, when the failure of their crops and the improvidence of the people (who farm their properties to a limited extent) reduced them to a great distress and threatened them eventually with famine. Even those squatters (among whom are several Americans) who left their country for their country's good," who line the St. John above the mouth of the Madawaska, partook of the British bounty; and we will do the people the justice to say that from Barlett's camp at Great Black River down to the old General's mansion at Bakerville, we found them grateful and attached to the Provincial Government.

We own there are exceptions:—Cleveland who resides at the region in dispute should fall to the United States; and the veteran Hannikins, who has selected a fine Island as his kingdom, whose jealous opposition to the alleged Baker caused a scum in the Camp which deferred the nomination of their district, as an American Township, to a day which may never arrive; and who perhaps looks for forgiveness of former sins, through acts of political contrition—he is another who advocates American interests. These are all we remember (with the exception of a man whose name we forget, but who owned that his weight in the world was enhanced by a portion of British lead in his body) these are all by whom the slightest sound of complaint against the authorities of the Province, throughout that remote but extensive district, was made; and in saying so we will add that this account is not given from any official authority, but from our own actual inquiry on the spot and personal knowledge. We cannot say what credence our assertions may receive in contradistinction to the reports of Mr. Greeley, but we are willing to risk the evidence of their accuracy on the degree of astonishment which would be expressed from the Allegash to Riviere Verte, if the "three thousand poor and ignorant inhabitants" saw a platoon of well polished Yankee "swords leaping from their scabbards and flashing defiance in the faces" of their fellow subjects and benefactors!

We cannot help remarking on the striking difference of style which characterises the productions of Mr. Greeley's pen and the displays of his oratory. Plain people might think that his epistle from Fredericton had held out no expectation of his being able to pour forth such floods of eloquence in Bangor; but, simple folks! they should know that the pens as well as the swords of Maine are brandished "to the rescue," and that the most crude materials may be sublimed into the most beautiful tenacity through the alchemy of a stenographer's report. We shall conclude this article with the following pithy quotation from the *Eastport Sentinel*:—"Mr. Greeley has been liberated from the Fredericton Jail: the Boundary question, therefore, will have another resting spell."

The *Kennebec Journal* asks where we got the information that Mr. VAN BUREN was reluctant to issue his warrant for the appropriation of \$20,000 for the survey of the boundary line, and that he gave the deputation a procrastinating reply. We are surprised that a gentleman of Mr. SEVERANCE's editorial industry and political intelligence should ask such a question, as he surely must have had the same information to consult that came to our hands—the public papers. We made our assertions on the authority of the *New York Express*, and unless it can be shewn that Mr. Brooks imbibed the principles of the *Brussels Gazette* when he was in Europe and expresses them in America, we must consider him entitled to credibly, especially when his opinions are sustained by an accordance with general facts.

HIGHWAY TO SAINT JOHN.
It is almost absurd to make a serious assertion of the undeniable fact that roads are to a country what the reins and arteries are to the human frame; but the most obvious truths are not the worse for being repeated. Good roads must therefore be to a country what a sound circulating system is to man. Nothing has been so long and bitterly complained of as the gross misapplication of the immense sums that have been made away with, since the erection of this province, under colour of making roads. Happily a better system has now made some progress under the auspices of the Government assisted by

the liberal appropriations of the and we shall soon have to rank roads with the celebrated Nere among these we are proud to place way to St. John, under the supervision of George Anderson. This high qualifications for so important a duty are only to be equalled by his industry and efficient operation the evidence of an American Gen known in this community as a s ver) that towards the westward a road within three hundred miles be compared to that under improvement is the object of this notice. W liberality of the Legislature to Colonel to finish this line through own style, which while it bene will be a monument of fame to

CORRESPONDENT.
Have within these two days, a of their favours, showered the thick as leaves in Vallambros had our pages arranged, we reg until next week B. W. B. HOLDER also, but probably a tion of names: there are two ns he will understand the consequ DUBIOUS rejected. The SQ anonymous, having no signatu

Shipping Journal.
PORT OF SAINT ANDREWS

ARRIVED.
Aug 24, Bge Ewetta, Skinner, Greber, J. Allanshaw & Co.
Big Hentietta, Wilson, D. J. Allanshaw & Co.

25, Keltance, Bynan, De J. Allanshaw & Co.
28, Bge Columa, M. Moser, I J. Allanshaw & Co.
Big Friendship, Farrell, No J. Wilson

DEPARTED.
Aug 25, Bge Ann, Harper, Monia Big Herald, Uley, Train 26, Bge Time Waver, M. Moser, I J. Allanshaw & Co.
Big Rising Sun, Driscoll, J. Deas
Bge Defender, Duncan, S. Bel and Heals
Minot, Jackson, I

BY AUTHORITY.
By His Excellency Major General HAR

