THE
ST. ANDREWS STANDARD,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
AT SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK BY
GEO. N. SMITH.

TERMS.
15s. a year, delivered in town or called for.
17s. 6d. do. when forwarded by mail.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Inserted according to written orders, or continued till forbid if no written directions.
First insertion of 12 lines and under, 3s
Each repetition of Do 1s
First insertion of all over 12 lines 3d per line,
Each repetition over 12 lines 1d per line
Advertising by the year as may be agreed on.

SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 4. SAINT ANDREWS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1837. *Number* 42.

MONTHLY ALMANAC

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

D M	SUN R & S	MOON R & S	High Water
2	5 23 7	7 43 m	0 10
6	5 28 7	9 14	2 40
10	5 33 7	12 00 r	7 10
14	5 37 7	6 36	11 15
18	5 42 7	8 8	1 30
22	5 47 7	11 6	5 —
26	5 52 7	2 19	11 80
30	5 57 7	6 7 s	

MOONS PHASES.

	D	H
New	1	7 m
First qr	7	6 m
Full	14	8 m
Last	21	11 a
New	29	4

Clock fast 15th 4 min.

BRITISH NEWS.

SPAIN.—The real state of Spain is this:—The great bulk of the people *of all classes* neither understand nor care a fig for any matters relative to politics, government, or public affairs. They are as indifferent about the Queen and her party as about Don Carlos and his. All they want is to be left quiet, to mind their own concerns, and to go on their own jog-trot way. The only exceptions to this general rule are the Republican theorists, and the political priests and their dupes, and the inhabitants of the Basque Provinces, who support Don Carlos merely because he promised to respect and confirm their *fueros*. There is no energy, no enterprise, and neither public spirit nor public honesty, to be found in this country. Every man is either totally apathetic, or he only seeks to profit by the scramble and to take care of himself. This feeling also generally pervades the soldiers on both sides; they care not a jot for their country, their countrymen, or their party; plunder and revenge seem to be their only motives of action; and their presence is as much dreaded, or perhaps more, by those whom they call their friends, as by their avowed enemies. Neither party has sufficient energy or strength to overcome the other, and matters have come to that pass, that the present system of skirmishing and guerilla warfare may go on for a century, or until the whole country is devastated, and the people exterminated by fire, sword, famine, and other sufferings, unless the mediation or forcible interference (but in an *effectual* manner) of other nations puts an end to the contest.

LONDON, Sept. 18.

TEA.—The market has been exceedingly brisk, and the demand has been general and very extensive at advanced prices: the free trade sales, consisting of 67,000 packages, which commenced on Monday, and which will not conclude until Tuesday next, have, up to the present time, been numerously attended by town and country dealers; the biddings have been very animated, and the teas have sold with much spirit at even higher prices than were paid at the company's sale by 2d. to 3d per lb.; the advance since the last merchant's sale has been 4d. to 5d. on low and fine Congous, 8d. to 9d. on Hyson, 6d to 7d. on Twankays, 6d on Souchong, and 7d to 8d on Bohea. Canton Bohea in bond sold at 11 3-4d. to 1s. 0 1-4d; Foklen 1s. 5 1-2d. to 1s 9d.; Congous common 1s. 3 1-4d to 1s. 6d. mid. 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d, good 1s. 11d to 2s. 2d, fine 2s 11 1-2d. to 3s,; Twankay, 1s 7 1-2d to 1s. 8d, very fine 3s to 4s. 7 1-2d; Hyson 1s 7 1-4d to 5s 4 1-2d.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.—On Friday last, whilst the Queen and her royal and distinguished visitors and suite were riding in the Great Park, a thunder storm came on, and the horse which her Majesty the Queen of Belgium was riding became unmanageable, and suddenly started off. Two of the gentlemen of the suite, however, very promptly took a circuit, and by judicious tact succeeded in stopping the career of the horse, and thus fortunately prevented any injury to Her Majesty beyond the fright which she experienced.—*Windsor Express.*

EARL OF ERROL.—On the death of the Rev. Mr. Cook, minister of Cruden, near Aberdeed, the inhabitants sent a request to the Earl of Errol in whom rests the presentation, humbly soliciting that their feelings and wishes as to a successor might be consulted. In course of post his lordship, in the most generous manner, returned an answer, stating his willingness to appoint that minister whom they should call to the Church. —*Aberdeen Journal.*

UNITED STATES.

While our Common Council, and all who presumed to justify the course of our active and energetic Chief City Magistrate, have been subjects of vituperation in some quarters it is consolatory to find that the subject has excited great attention on the other side of the atlantic. At Liverpool, the Town Council have had under consideration the frauds practiced upon a trusting and deluded people to induce them to leave their homes and to emigrate to the United States; and a committee has been appointed by that body to inquire into the matter, and, if possible, to devise a remedy:

MADAWASKA.

We are not aware that any steps have as yet been taken to effect the release of Mr. Greeley, who is incarcerated in a British prison. From all the information which we can collect about this "census" business and the arrest of an "American citizen," we think the State of Maine has been in the wrong. Certainly if our State Authorities have ordered or commissioned one of our citizens to take the census in Madawaska, and that citizen in the lawful discharge of his duty, has been arrested and imprisoned by a foreign power, it is incumbent upon our State Executive not only to *demand*, but immediately to *obtain* his release. But why did these authorities *order* the census to be taken? Was it because Madawaska was incorporated by this State in 1831? But this act of incorporation was manifestly a violation of the agreement made in 1825—'6, between the two Governments, by which it was agreed that the *status quo* should be observed by both parties until the question of boundary was settled. Unless, therefore, the State of Maine intends to take the whole matter out of the hands of the National Authorities and settle the question herself, and in her own way, it seems to us, to say the least of it, that the act of incorporation was premature, and that her subsequent "acts" have only tended to lessen the honour and dignity of the State.—*Calais Adv.*

SELECTIONS.

Provender and Mathematics.

There is nothing in this world like calculation. The Southron may *reckon*, and the Yankee may *guess*, but after all, if they would know how they are going, and where they are going, and what they are about, they must make a fair *calculation*.

In proportion as they calculate right, or exact, so will they be enabled to get along well or ill. The common rules of arithmetic will generally give the true results if property applied, that is, if they have the right data to start upon. But what we were about to say more particularly is this—There is a rule in our Arithmetics not much used, and yet one which may be often used to great advantage. It is called "Allegation," and the object of it is to give a few rules whereby different substances of different prices or qualities may be combined to greater in such way and manner as required to bring about a certain required result. It occurred to us the other day farmers might use it to very good advantage.—We met with an individual, with the money in his pocket, in pursuit of some Peas & Oats to fatten his hog. Why do you not purchase corn? It is too dear. Why do you not give him Oat-meal? I have plenty of Oats, said he, but they have not "heart" enough in them to fatten hogs. I should be willing to give 67 cts. per bushel for peas & oats, if I could find them "*handy*." Well, if you can't find them "*handy*," buy some corn and mix it with your oats until you get a mixture worth 67 cts. per bushel. How much corn, said we to him, at one dollar per bushel, must you buy to mix with your oats at 34 cts., to make the mixture worth 67 cts. per bushel? Fact, said he looking very grave, I used to do such *sums* at school, but I havn't thought of them since. Probably you used to do it thus

67 { 34 —— | 33 Oats, / 100 —— | 33 Corn, } taking 34 from 67 leaves

you 33, which you put next the corn, and 67 from 100 leaves 33, which you put next the oats. Thus you see at the prices which you have put down, you must buy thirty-three bushels of each; or if your oats are worth 40 cts. and corn 120 cents, it will be

thus— 67 { 40 —— | 53 Oats, / 120 —— | 27 Corn.

Very true said he but that will make more provender than I want All you have to do then is to vary your mode of calculation.—If you have but ten bushels of oats to spare, and they are worth 40 cents, how much corn must you mix with them to make the mixture worth 67 cents?

67 { 40 —— | 53 Oats. / 120 —— | 27 Corn. } Then say, as 53 is to 10 so is 27 to the required number—

53 : 10 : : 27

10 ans.

53 | 270 | 5. 5 five bushels and a little more
| 265 |
| 5 | 53

than one-tenth of another bushel. The querist bought the corn—mixed it with his oats and is now fattening his pig with what he calls his *mathematical* provender, and we hope he will send us a piece of his pork by way of fee for *cyphering* for him. The proportion of corn to the oats is the same as the general proportion of peas to oats; though the corn may not be quite so nutritive as the peas. We are inclined to believe the mixture better than all corn.—*Maine Farmer.*

PRICE OF BREAD.—Few in affluent circumstances are aware how much difference in the health and comfort of the great mass of the people is occasioned by a few cents rise in the price of a bushel, or of a few shillings advance on a quartern of Wheat. Mr. Barton, an English medical gentleman, has been making some inquiries connected with this matter, and the following extract will show the importance of having bread cheap in order to sustain life. Mr. Barton's reports comprise returns from seven manufacturing districts in Europe, distinct from each other:

Years	Price of wheat per qr.	Deaths.
1800	118s. 3d.	55,965
1801	60s. 1d.	44,774
1804	73s. 7d.	48,108
1807	106s. 2d.	54,864

There can be no question, but that in order to enjoy good health, the food should be in abundance and of good quality, requisites rarely to be found where more attention is paid to commerce and manufactures than to agriculture.—*Genesee Farmer.*

POETRY.

The following exquisite piece of poetry, by the Rev. Mr. Crabbe, is founded on an incident in the life of George III. The simplicity of the verse and touching pathos of the sentiments are admirably adapted to the subject, and do a measure of justice to the memory of the pious and benevolent monarch whose rule of conduct was the word of God:

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

Outstretched beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood.
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother! do not die
And leave us all alone."—
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggled hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath.
And up she raised her head;
And peering through the deep wood maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
"Will he not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen;
All breathless with her speed:
And following close, a man came on,
(A portly man to look upon)
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek,
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down
The minister to seek.

"They told me here—they told me there—
I think they mocked me every where;
And when I found his home,
And begg'd him, on my bended knee,
To bring his book, and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the Minister;
I begg'd him, for dear Christ, his sake,
But oh!—my heart was fit to break—
Mother! he would not stir.

"So; though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back fast as fast could be,
To come again to you:
And here close by, this Squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
And when I told him true,

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed.'
Mother, he's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Look'd on with glistening eye.

The bridle, on his neck flung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man—a statelier steed,
Never on Greensward paced, I rede
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms; and in his look,
Something that, like a sermon-book,
Preached—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay,
And kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying—"I am a minister—
My sister! let us pray."

And well, without a book or stole,
(God's words were printed on his soul)
Into the dying ear
He breathed as 'twere, an angels strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate.
In Christ renewed—regenerate—
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me!"

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith, and love,
Sure, in God's own good time to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebb'd away—
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass:
And then—the orphan's sobs alone
Were heard, as they knelt every one
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wond'ring eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise
Who rein'd their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who in the heat of chase that day,
Had wander'd from their track.

Back each man rein'd his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride—

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep hush'd, bare-headed band;
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed King.

The Marquis of Waterford, who some time since received some serious injuries in what his Lordship and his friends are pleased to call a lark, at Bergen, is quite recovered and has arrived, we understand, in this country. One of the Marquis's party arrived at Douglas's Hotel here on Tuesday, and left next day for the south. We believe the whole party arrived in the Marquis's yacht at Aberdeen from Norway.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

FEROCITY OF THE EAGLE.—A curious instance of the ferocity of the eagle occurred lately in a solitary chalet, on a pasture mountain in Switzerland. A peasant boy, eight years of age, was engaged in looking after some cattle, and he was the sole tenant of the cottage, as the Swiss train their children very young to this occupation. He perceived two young eagles at no great distance on the ledge of a low rock. Tempted by the prize, he drew silently close behind the rock, and suddenly grasping them in his arms, took possession of both birds in spite of the most determined resistance. He was yet struggling with his prey, when, hearing a great noise, he saw to his no little terror, the two old birds flying rapidly towards him. He ran with all his speed into the chalet, and closed the door just in time to shut out his pursuers. The boy afterwards spoke of the terror he suffered during the whole day in his lonely chalet, lest the old eagles should force an entrance; as, being powerful birds they would soon in their fury have ended his life. They kept up the most frightful cries, and strove with all their might, to break down the barriers of the frail chalet, loosely built of single logs, and find some avenue by which to rescue their offspring. But the young peasant kept his prey, well aware of its value a louis d'or being given by the government of Berne for every eagle killed. As night approached, he saw the pursuers, tired with their useless efforts, leave the chalet, and watched their flight to the lofty, though not far distant precipice; and as soon as the darkness had set in, he again grasped the two eagles in his arms, and ran as fast as his legs could let him down the mountain to the nearest village, often looking back lest their parent birds should have descried him, and fancying he heard their cries at every interval. He arrived in safety however, in the hamlet, not a little proud of his prize.

THE DEARLITTLE PET.—There is one who loves every living thing that is small. The fact of being small is quite sufficient to guarantee her affections without any additional requisite whatever. So strong is this love of hers for smallness in any shape, that her favourite term for expressing intense admiration is the word "little." Thus if she see a horse that pleases her, she instantly cries out, "What a dear little horse!" though the horse be as big as a hay stack; if a dog "what a nice little dog!" if a house, "What a sweet little house!" Her whole language is a compound of diminutives. Instead of saying "mouse," she says "mousey;" instead of "aunt," "aunty," instead of "shoe," "shoey." The petting young lady began her small existence with loving a little doll—When she was three years old she fell in love with a little lamb, an affection which lasted till the little lamb became a large sheep on which act of insubordination she discarded him into the hands of the butcher. Her next attachment was a little dog till the little dog became a big dog; on which she took a little canary and a little kitten. Of late she had been petting a little poney, till it is ready to burst; and finds no delight so great as in nursing a most particular small baby, belonging to the married house maid, which she calls a sweet dear little thing, and half suffocates with hugging, at least a dozen times a day. If you call at the house, you will be sure to find her in tribulation about some favourite. Either her chicken has broken its leg, or her spaniel has shattered his constitution; by tumbling off her lap upon the rug; or her pet pig has been slaughtered for salting; or her canary has been killed by the cat. It is surprising what a host of troubles she has; you would fancy her the mother of a dozen children—And yet with all this love for animals, a hundred to one but she is unkind towards her young sister, if she has any. Her selfishness knows no bounds. She is always appropriating.—When you call take care how you lead the conversation to zoology. She will be sure to coax you for a chinese pig, or a little Andalusian cat, or a little Mexican dog, the uglier the better. A much cheaper way of gaining her regard is to kiss severally each and all of her pets in regular rotation. This will be sure to please her, and when you go away, she may, perhaps, eulogistically say of you it you are particularly lucky, "What a nice little man."

SMOKING AND SNUFFING.—Tobacco belongs to the class of drugs called narcotics, and is possessed of many of their most noxious qualities. The extensive use of tobacco, in whatever shape it is taken, heats the blood, hurts digestion, wastes the fluids, and relaxes the nerves. Smoking is particularly injurious to lean, hectic, hypochondriacal persons; it creates an unnatural thirst, leading to the use of spirituous liquors; it increases indolence, and confirms the lazy in the habits they have acquired, above all, it is pernicious to the young, laying the foundation of future misery. I am therefore, glad to see that our young men have very generally abandoned the obnoxious and unbecoming custom, lately so prevalent, of smoking in the streets. A patient of mine, a young officer of dragoons who was quite an amateur smoker, and used to boast of the number of cigars he could smoke in a day, produced pytalism by his folly; and had he not abandoned the practice, he would in all probability, have lived but a very short time. The use of tobacco in the form of snuff is still more objectionable than smoking. On account of its narcotic quality snuff is improper in cases of apoplexy, lethargy, deafness and other diseases of the head The use of snuff is likewise extremely dangerous to the consumptive, to those afflicted with internal ulcers, or who are subject to spitting of blood. Snuff taking is an unclean. ly habit—it vitiates the organ of smell; taints the breath; ultimately weakness the faculty of sight, by withdrawing the humours from the eyes; impairs the sense of hearing, renders breathing difficult; depraves the appetite; and, if taken too copiously, gets into and affects the stomach, injuring in a high degree the organs of digestion.—*Curtis on Health.*

WINTER WHEAT.

To persons interested in agricultural pursuits it will not be uninteresting to learn that that venerable pioneer of the forest, and first opener up of the resources of the now great Ottawa country, PHILEMON WRIGHT, Esquire sowed in August, 1836, ten acres of fall wheat and has reaped in August this year forty-four bushels to the acre, each bushel weighing sixty-five pounds. The agricultural pursuits is in his old line of settlement, and he is now engaged in building and establishing a new town considerably beyond his own town of Hull, and is prosecuting this enterprise with all the zeal and vigor with which, more than forty years ago, he penetrated seventy or eighty miles beyond the then existing settlements and fixed himself at Hull.—*Quebec Gazette.*

PROVINCIAL.

43D MONMOUTH REGIMENT OF LIGHT INFANTRY.—The Detachments of this corps, recently employed on the Frontier, having returned from their Cantonments at Woodstock and the Grand Falls, and joined Head Quarters, His Excellency the Major General Commanding in New Brunswick was pleased to issue the following official Memorandum:

"*Government House, Fredericton,* 13*th October*, 1837.

"MEMORANDUM.

"Major-General Sir John Harvey, requests Lieutenant Colonel Booth will convey to Captains Egerton and Mundy, and the Officers, non-commissioned Officers, and Soldiers composing the detachments of the 43d. Light Infantry, lately employed in the County of Carleton, his warmest acknowledgments for their exemplary conduct, during that short service, in the course of which every quality that can render troops efficient, has been displayed in a degree calculated to reflect the highest credit upon the excellent and distinguished Regiment to which they belong.

"J. HARVEY, *Major-General.*"

It has ever been the good fortune of the 43d. Regiment, since its formation, nearly a century ago, to merit the approbation and gain the esteem of the respective General Officers under whom it has served; and whether in the Field, Camp, or Quarters, it has always maintained unsullied that high character, for which it has in a pre-eminent manner been distinguished, since the corps first fleshed its maiden swords, and unfurled its maiden standards on the formidable heights of Quebec and renouned plains of Abraham, under the immortal Wolfe, to the capitulation of the modern Babylon, under the illustrious Wellington. It has invariably borne in remembrance the memorable words of the celebrated General of Antiquity,—*veni vidi vici.*

KING'S COLLEGE, FREDERICTON, 11*th October*, 1837.

His Excellency the Chancellor has been pleased to nominate and appoint David Gray Esq. A. M. of the University of Edinburgh, to be professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in this College.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

KODAK SAFETY FILM