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MOON'S PHASES.  
First Qr. 5th 5h 58 m Full 12th 10h 20 m  
Last Qr. 19th 5h 55m New 27th 5h 48m A M

Mean Equation—Watch slow - - 3 m 30s

Poetry.

BY MRS. MOODIE, OF LOWER CANADA.

Son of the Isles talk not to me,  
Of the old world's pride and luxury.  
Why did you cross the western deep—  
Thus, like a lone, lone maid to weep  
O'er comfort lost and pleasure fled—  
Mid forests rude to earn your bread?

Did you expect that art should vie  
With nature, here, to please the eye—  
That stately tall, and fancy cot,  
Would grace each wild concession lot—  
That, independent of your health,  
Men would admire your claims to birth?

Believe me, youth, the truly great  
Stoop not to mourn a fallen state;  
They make their wants and wishes less,  
And rise superior to distress—  
The globe they break, the skies they bind,  
But elevate a noble mind.

No tyrant custom binds the soul  
That once has spurn'd its base control;  
Necessity, that makes the slave  
Has taught the free a course more brave,  
With bold determin'd heart, to dare  
The ill that all are born to share.

Contented in my rugged cot,  
Your lordly towers I envy not;  
Amid these forests dark and wild  
Dwells honest labour's hardy child—  
His independent lot I share,  
And breathe a purer, freer air.

Then smile not at my homely cheer,  
This wealth the world can give, is here;  
Beneath my axe the forest yields  
Its tangled mass, its fertile fields;  
Indulgent Heaven has blessed the soil,  
And plenty crowns the woodman's toil.

No more by wealthy upstarts spurn'd,  
The bread is sweet in freedom earned—  
This goodly breadth of well-till'd land,  
Thus purchas'd by mine own right hand,  
With conscience clear, I can bequeath  
My children, when I sleep in death.

ORIGIN OF A PEN.

By the Hon. William R. Spencer.

Love begg'd and pray'd I'd Time to stay,  
Whil' he and Psyche toy'd together;  
Love held his wings, Time tore away,  
But in the scuffle, dropped a feather!

Love seiz'd the prize, and with his dart,  
Adroptly would to trim and shape it—  
O Psyche! tho' 'tis pain to part,  
This charm shall make us half except it!

'Time need not fear to fly too slow,  
'When he this careful loss discovers;  
'A pen's the only plume I know,  
'That wings his pace for absent lovers!'

Mont. Herald.

Canada.

GENERAL MURRAY, THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.—General the Honourable James Murray, and son of Alexander, the fourth Lord Elibank, was one of the Brigadiers with Wolfe's army in America, and was well known at the taking of Quebec under that General, and at the defence of it by himself when nominated its Governor. He was afterwards appointed to the Government of Minorca, and in his defence of fort St. Philip in 1781-82 displayed, with his heroic garrison, as noble traits of fidelity and valour as, perhaps, was ever exhibited in the annals of warfare. The fort having for some time been actively besieged by the combined forces of France and Spain, under the Duke de Crillon, the most strenuous efforts were made to obtain possession of it; but so bravely was it defended at all points, that the assaults were repulsed in every encounter. The occupation of the Island, however, was of the utmost importance to the allies, so that after repeated failures with the ordinary means of war, the Commander-in-Chief took the opportunity of a communication relative to an exchange of prisoners, to offer the British Governor through the Aide-de-Camp, Captain (the late Sir George) Don, one million of money, together with a foreign passport, to surrender the place. Indignant at the proposition, the General immediately notified it in orders to his garrison, and sent the following noble letter to the Commander of the allies:—

"Sir, When one of your Kings proposed to your brave ancestor to assassinate the Duke of Guise, he made the answer which you should have made to the King of Spain when he employed you to assassinate the character of a man whose birth is not less illustrious than your own, or that of the Duke of Guise. Henceforth I can have nothing to do with you but in arms; and I will admit no intercourse between us which is not in the highest degree hostile.

JAMES MURRAY.

To which the Duke de Crillon wrote this reply:—

"A Mahon, ce 16 Octobre, 1781.  
"Monseigneur, Votre lettre nous remet dans une note place. Elle me confirme dans l'estime que j'ai toujours eu pour vous.  
"J'accepte, avec plaisir, votre dernière proposition. Je suis de votre Excellence le tres humble et tres obéissant serviteur.  
"B. B. DUC DE CRILLON."

SAINT ANDREWS

ST ANDREW,  
NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 2,

SAINT ANDREWS, WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1835.

Number 31.

ROYAL MAIL.

St. John, departs— Thursday 10 a. m.  
Wed. Fri. 6 p. m.  
arrives— Monday 9 a. m.  
Wed. Fri. 5 p. m.

St. Stephen, departs— Tuesd. and Thursday,  
at 10 a. m.  
arrives— Wednesday and Friday  
at 5 p. m.

U States, departs— Monday Wed. Friday  
at 10 a. m.  
arrives— Monday Wed. Friday  
at 2 p. m.

GEO. FRED. CAMPBELL,  
Post Master.

From the Augusta Age.

RAIL ROAD TO QUEBEC.

We have been furnished with copies of some correspondence in relation to the proposed Rail Road to Quebec, for publication. The several documents speak for themselves. The movement here has been met with commendable and unexpected promptness by the Governor in Chief of British America. His proposal to meet our Government half way in relation to a survey, made as it was, not only without solicitation, but even before he was officially advised of any movement on our part, evinces commendable liberality and zeal on the part of that officer, and promises well for a successful issue of the enterprise, as far as the Canada is concerned.

Castle of St. Louis.

Sir:—The report of a Select Committee of the House of Representatives of the State of Maine respecting a Rail Road to Quebec, has fallen under my notice through the means of the Public Press of this Province, and being of opinion that the accomplishment of that work holds out very important advantages to the interests of Lower Canada, I avail myself of the opportunity afforded by the journey of John Neilson Esq. through the state of Maine to put myself in communication with your Excellency, for Mr. Neilson is eminently qualified to furnish local information which may be relied on, in so far as this Province may be concerned in the undertaking.

If it should meet your Excellency's views, I will direct a scientific gentleman in the service of this government to meet any person to be appointed by your Excellency, with the view of deciding upon the most eligible line for the contemplated Rail Road. Should circumstances hereafter prevent the construction of it, the examination of the country by the two persons to be appointed by your Excellency and me will probably be attended with the advantage of suggesting improvements in the line of communication already existing, so that in any event their joint labours will not have been thrown away.

I have the honor to be,  
Sir, your Excellency's  
most obedient humble servant,  
AYLMER, Governor in Chief.

The Governor of the State of Maine.

The Hon. J. NEILSON and MR. WALKER JEN. Montreal for England on the 11th inst. and embarked from New York on the 16th. They are the leaders of the "Protonotary and Address" Association of Lower Canada—bodies of local subjects drawn together for common preservation against the machinations of the radical faction Mr. Walker who was tricked out of his election for 4th ward Montreal by Papineau, is an able, intelligent man, and this visit to England will certainly serve the cause of rational liberty.—Ed. Standard.

On Wednesday last, wheat was sown at the Cote St. Paul, by Mr. WILLIAM EVANS, and it is supposed that this is the earliest operation for the present season.—Mont. Gaz.  
Radishes have been exposed for sale for some days in our markets, but of course, at high prices. Generally speaking, all the articles usually disposed of at the market, are dear at present, which is naturally to be charged to the existing bad roads and the consequent scantiness of supply.—Id.

Correspondence.

FOR THE ST. ANDREWS STANDARD.

Raspberry Patch, N. B. April 9, 1835.

MY LOVING COUSIN,

When I got your letter I was pretty considerable well pleased you may depend. So the President has made you go home, to uncle—now Moses, you mind what you're after—a fellow does not fall in with your lay every day; and if he lets a good chance slip through his fingers like a knotless thread, he may as well try to count them spriters of saw dust from the tail of a mill as expect it over again.

As to that air business about the flower, you need not mind it a mite; it's all a flourish and not a wheat delay. I kind a guess it will never grow into any thing ripe for the good of them Provinces, and I can tell you right off, the reason why.

Well, cousin Moses, the people here are considerable clever neighbors; some of 'em considerable forehanded with thriving snarls of childling, and larus going ahead; but there is some kind a drag like—something that clogs them people's prosperity like meadow mud to a waggon wheels. Instead of the smart, sleek, right away, smashing life and active industry of our Union, this here country gets along like a lonely traveller in a cloudy night, afraid of every object he cannot readily define, and standing still and breathless until everything that makes a mite of noise, passes by. I have just wrote out their notions, you see, out of a book that I set them down in, just as the consent comes

up; and I conclude from considerable of thinking that the difference twixt the States and this here country is, that the strength of our Union is the independence of the People, but here the power of the rulers is the weakness of the People. For why? because I cannot make out to find that their interests are of the same nature: the people are screwed out of the last cent—not to form a common store for the good of the whole, but to puff up and pamper a parcel of drones that are turned out of the mother hive and sent to suck the honey of the colonies. Finally, Moses, you and I differ in our politics—you for the General—I for all out rights—but you would agree with me, if you knowed all about this here Province, that it would soon be a tawny fine country if it was kindly, and cordially and wisely conducted. But instead of that, you see, the government thinks the people is nothin'; and so they are all jammed and cringed up like a starved critter in a keen growster; they know as much about the real go ahead thing to carry a country on, as an esquimaux does about sweetzel.

You might as well expect to dam the 'piskaway with a gad stick, or try to upset Cathawdin with a crow-bar, as think to make a country happy and contented by making and keeping the people poor. By this time, loving cousin, you are up to a little of my acquaintance with Provinces. Your advice to keep them in the dark as to the flower dooties, you need not mind about; I war'n't down 'long Kennebec for this here folks to take a slim trick out of me. Finally it must be many a day before they can raise bread for themselves in the kind of way they are now chisselled. They cannot raise their own oxen and the laws makes them pay tax for bringing them from States, for fear farmers might get more than they could feed; so you may guess when they shall grow bread-stuffs with us—and then they have to down with their dooties on flower—in case they should raise more childling than they could feed, too; but this tax does not answer, for the best crop on their farms is the youngsters.

Do you ever put on any of your influential frowns now, Mossy? I guess, when you are a reading this, your countenance is not all as smooth as the shlabster brow of that air stucco lady, goddess thingumie, that President sent down east with uncle to Downingville. Now in fairly to all men, I must say, a pretty considerable number are wide awake to the way they're used here; others sputter a slight taste; and some, thinking they have lots of independence, swear right out: but after all it is soon puffed off, like militia smoke on a muster day, and does much about the same good or harm; and finally leaves every thing as it was, as flat as a jona-cake. I am sometimes a most fairly squizzled to think what chancues them Provinces have and make nothin of them—the lays and privileges, and ternal sight of everlasting timber shares, and master streams, and roaring falls, every where a most a noble chance for mills and towns of machinery; and coal and limestone and slate, and clay for pottery and bricks, and cedar for shingles, and hemlock for wharves and red pine, and thousands of spruce, and hardwood ridges the makings of noble farms, and wild meadows and intervals; and—oh I could go on for half an hour—well, what a country they might make of it! Who? Maybe I shall make the answer to this question the subject of a future letter.

Finally I guess I have now set your mind no small at rest, and you need be no great frightened at their newspaper stories as long there be a want of unanimity among this here people about the dooties. At present Saint Andrews, the county town of this Province, a village down Scoudiac on the Bay—this here St. Andrews pays the piper the hand-somest in dooties, for most the whole other places get their articles across without giving any trouble to the gentlemen of Custom House, and as long as this lasts there will be little effort made for getting them dooties tak-

en off, altho' that would restore their trade and render them prosperous and rich and happy: their vessels would also supplant ours in the natural course of trade, and the old circle of interchange between the Provinces and other Countries would be set in motion, and leave the deposits with them which we now enjoy. This is another touch from my jot book, and finally I must copy out another memorandum I made on seeing a whaler along side one of their wharves.

The United States possess a source of growing wealth in their whale fishery that excites the admiration of the world. Men of sound judgment and acute perceptions look to this trade as the greatest possible means of the augmentation of national riches. The forest must in time be exhausted; the timber share must be paid; the enormous expense of transportation must be met; the uncertainty of freshets may cause a total lack of profit, and at best the returns of this trade are distant and precarious; but the whaler once equipped and on her fishing grounds, fulfils the saying of our great Franklin that in every fish she raises from the deep she acquires a mass of silver.

Now loving cousin, let us stay as quiet as a dead squirrel on this here trade, and try to keep it to ourselves—not that we much fear the Provinces making every finger a fishing hook; but their mother country would soon tune up their harpoons, and then all we could expect of her would be that she would put some tax on the Provinces for our advantage and their destruction like "the Imperial duty on flour."

Do you remember, Moses, when my uncle Major Jack Downing, that splendid man your father; and your uncle deacon David Downing, my honored and lawful progenitor, with that solid and awful learned Attorney, Lawyer Abel Ketchum, used to smoke their pipes and sip their toddy together before them air Temperance Societies came about? How wise they did talk and what volumes of wisdom were uttered as free as the circling smoke! and do you mind how you add me and Asa were shooed into corner of room, sitting our lessons make be, but skitting and laughing when you kind of frowned us to listen to old Gentlemen. You were always for minding your betters, Moses, as uncle Major Jack does President and so sign you are now a Captain at Downingville and I am kind of wanderer. I often think on them happy days and all friends. Tell aunt Sarepta that the socks and saucages were seized on the Catsbridge which is considerable of a way from here; there is a plaguy sight of hungry look-out chaps there so tell her not to send any thing bulky. Let me know when you hear from the Major, and how he gets on in France. Mr. Luxury is well, but you mistake his sentiments. You have more friends in the Council than in the House. Best respects to all inquirers.

Ever your loving Cousin,

SOLOMON DOWNING.

The JAMAICA House of Assembly appear to entertain quite as high an opinion of their powers and privileges, as their brethren belonging to the same branch of the Legislature in this Province do. Towards the close of last year a clergyman named Annot, residing near MONTGOMERY BAY, in the course of a private conversation with a person whom he considered his friend, expressed an opinion upon the probability of the "apprentices working, or not, for hire." This was reported to a Committee of the House then sitting, and the Reverend Gentleman was cited to appear before it for the purpose of giving his own account of the matter. Although his residence was at a considerable distance from Kingston, he lost no time in repairing thither but great delay attended by heavy expense took place, previous to his being brought before the Committee; when, however, they declared their readiness to go on, Mr. Annot attended them, but preparatory to their entering upon his examination, the President proposed to administer an oath. This was refused on these grounds—1st The Committee was not a judicial authority, and had no right to propose an oath, Committees of the House of Commons in ENGLAND never did so, except in the case of contested Elections. 2d That it was "absurd and impious" to take an oath on a mere matter of opinion. 3d That charges had been preferred against him before the Committee, and that he was not bound to answer any questions on oath, "which might have a tendency to eliminate himself." Notwithstanding the force of these reasons, the House on the representation of the Committee sent Mr. Annot to jail for a "breach of privilege" and there, for any thing we know to the contrary, he still remains.

The conduct recently pursued by our Assembly in reference to Mr. Jessop and that of the JAMAICA House, as detailed above shows

we think, the urgent necessity of an act of the Imperial Parliament being passed defining the precise privileges of Colonial Legislatures. As the matter now stands, one person may be punished for discharging what he conceives his duty to the Executive, and another for refusing to give an account on oath of a conversation, strictly private in its nature, and which might operate on being made public, greatly to his prejudice.—Mont. Gaz.

The conduct of the Chief Justice of Bermuda in bringing before his Court and subsequently emancipating a number of slaves found on board of an American brig, lying in the port of Hamilton, is exciting much keen discussion in the STATES. One part of the press maintains that he was perfectly justified in acting as he did, and another that he committed a highly culpable breach of the law of nations. Before giving any opinion upon the point at issue, we shall briefly recapitulate the circumstances connected with the freeing of the slaves.

Some time during the month of February the *Enterprise*, a brig owned, commanded and manned by Americans, was, when voyaging from Alexandria to Charleston, driven by stress of weather into Hamilton in the Bermudas. A Society of free blacks belonging to the town learning that a considerable number of slaves were on board, and were detained against their will, obtained from the Chief Justice a writ of Habeas Corpus, with a view to bring them before him to answer for themselves, "whether they would proceed with the vessel to her destined port and continue slaves, or remain and be free." The slaves, to the number of seventy-eight, were shortly afterwards brought ashore, when the following interesting scene, for an account of which we are indebted to the *Bermuda Gazette*, took place:—

"The first man called upon was desired to stand up, and turn himself towards his honor the Chief Justice, who plainly, kindly, and very appropriately, addressed him to this effect:—'Your name is George Hammet, you came in the brig *Enterprise*, as a Slave, and it is my duty, understanding that you were kept on board that vessel against your will, to inform you that in this country, you are free,—free as any white person; and should it be your wish to remain here, instead of proceeding to the Port whither you were bound, to be sold or held to service as a Slave, you will be protected by the authorities here; and if you decide to remain, you will become as I observed, a free person, and will be punished for any breach or breaking of the law, of this colony; while, if you conduct yourself with propriety, sobriety, honesty and industry, you will meet with encouragement from the whole community—do you therefore wish to remain and be a free person, or continue your voyage to the vessels destined port, and remain a Slave?'

The whole of the slaves, with the exception of a woman and her five children, declared that they were desirous of remaining on the island and becoming free. A subscription was entered into for their support, until such time as they could find employment.

We conceive that the Chief Justice of Bermuda acted strictly according to law, and that both he, the Attorney General, and the Benevolent Society, who obtained the writ of Habeas Corpus, are deserving of the thanks, not only of their fellow citizens, but of every friend of humanity throughout the world.—Mont. Gaz.

From the Eastport Sentinel.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.—By Rebecca Theresa Reed.—The call for this work which has lately been issued from the press in Boston is said to be so great that forty men constantly employed in printing and binding it, are incompetent to supply the demand in that city alone. We have been favoured by the publishers with a copy of the work, and although it is quite a well-told story, and details many minute incidents with much seeming accuracy, which are calculated to throw a guise of truth over the whole, we are inclined to consider it essentially devoid of that qualification. Passages of it may be true, and many of the incidents may have actually occurred, probably have—still we believe it is, throughout, a work of great exaggeration and in very many instances, that events stated to have transpired are without the least foundation. There is certainly an antipathy existing in many, towards the Irish part of our population, at least towards the Catholics, a prejudice, which forbids the award of even that poor boon, which common justice requires;—and as if the withholding of that were not sufficient, how many are there who are guilty of maliciously representing them in such a light as shall create a feeling of enmity towards them? We need not say that such practices do not accord with our professions of freedom and equality; it is unnecessary.

He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse, for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.

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