SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 3. SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1836. *Number* 37.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1836 JULY		SUN rises h m	SUN sets h m	MOON rises h m	MOON sets h m	High water h m
Th	28	4 44	7 16			11 49
Fri	29	4 45	7 18	8 54		morn.
Sat	30	4 47	7 13	9 19		0 40
Sun	31	4 48	7 12	9 41		1 0
Mon	1	4 49	7 11	10 1		7 32
Tue	2	4 50	7 10	10 22		2 14
We	3	4 51	7 9	10 43		3 0

MOON'S PHASES.

Full - 28th. 1h 7 A M | New - 3d 4h 9m P M
Last Qr 5th 0h 56 P M | First Qr 21st 10h 26m A M
Mean Equation—Watch fast - 2 minutes.

ROYAL MAIL.

St. John *departs*— Mon. Wed. and Friday at 3 P. M.
arrives— Tuesdays and Saturday at 12 A. M.

St. Stephen, *departs*— Tuesday 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.

POLITICAL.

Scotch Advocacy of Irish Rights.—We have much pleasure in copying the following from the *Glasgow Chronicle:*

"The town council of Irvine have resolved to petition the House of Lords to give the same measure of municipal reform to Ireland as is enjoyed by England and Scotland. A familiar petition is under signiture by the inhabitants of Irvine, who are manifesting the deep interest they feel for their brethren of the sister kingdom, by the crowds that are pressing forward to adhibit their subscriptions—that justice may be done to a people who are their best and only customers in the coal trade, and with whom they reciprocate in the corn and provision trade, from Dublin along the east, north, and west of Limerick."

A great meeting of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, was held yesterday in the Waterloo Hotel, to consider the propriety of petitioning the House of Commons, in favour of the Ministerial measure for reforming the corporations of Ireland. There were on the platform—the Earl of Buchan, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir A. M. Gibson, Sir Donald Campbell of Dunstaffnage, Sir David Brewster, &c. &c. The speakers called upon the people of Scotland to come forward in support of the Irish at this time in gratitude for the past exertions of the Irish in order to carry Scottish Reforms; and a petition to the House of Commons was unanimously adopted.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.

The Assembly met this day at 12, when certain clergymen were appointed to preach before His Grace the Lord High Commissioner. The Assembly spent the rest of the time, in devotional exercises, and adjourned about half-past one, until three o'clock.

The Assembly resumed sitting at that hour, when the answer to his Majesty's gracious letter was read and approved of, and the Moderator instructed to request his Grace the Commissioner to transmit the same.

The following is the letter;—

"May it please your Majesty,

"We, your Majesty's dutiful subjects, the Ministers and Elders of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, acknowledge with sentiments of deep gratitude and devoted loyalty, the gracious letter with which your Majesty has condescended to honor us.

"Convinced that the christian religion is the true basis of national prosperity, as well as of individual happiness, we rejoice in your Majesty's continued recognition of this great principle, by the countenance bestowed by your Majesty on the successive Assemblies of this Church; and we thankfully receive the assurance of your Majesty's deep interest in the welfare of our national Church, and of your Majesty's determination to uphold it in the full possession of all its rights and privileges.

"Deeply sensible of the value of this favourable disposition towards our church, we entreat your Majesty to place the fullest reliance in our desire to pursue those measures by which the piety and morality of our fellow countrymen may be most successfully promoted; and in the prosecution of these great objects, we humbly trust that our discussions shall always be marked by the moderation and temperance which best becomes religious questions, and tend to advance the spiritual welfare and peace of those of your Majesty's subjects who are committed to our care.

The experience which we have had of the zeal, fidelity, and other eminent qualifications of the Right Hon. Lord Belhaven, as your Majesty's Representative, in former assemblies lead us to regard his re-appointment to that high office with unmingled satisfaction, and we view it as a distinguished mark of your Majesty's attention to the ministers and Elders of the Church of Scotland, that the object of your Royal choice is a Nobleman who has proved himself one of her most enlightened and stedfast friends.

"We receive with lively gratitude your Majesty's donation of £2,000 for the reformation of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and it shall be our study so to expend this liberal grant as to confer farther benefits on that portion of your Majesty's subjects, for whom former acts of Royal munificence have provided the means of being taught to fear God and honour the King.

"The Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, may bless your Majesty, your Royal Consort, and all the members of your Royal House, that he may guide your councils, prosper your reign, and long preserve your Majesty to protect the interests of Christ's Church upon earth, and that he may at length admit you to the enjoyment of an unfading crown in Heaven, is the earnest and united prayer of, may it please your Majesty, your Majesty's most faithful, most loyal, and most obedient subjects the ministers of this General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

"Signed in our name, in our presence, and by our appointment,

"NOR. M'LEOD, Moderator.

"Edinburgh, May 20, 1836.

From the Montreal Morning Courier.

It is gratifying to learn that the inhabitants of New Brunswick are to lose no time in making the proper use of the £10,000 lately granted by Government for the purpose of effecting a complete survey of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railroad. A letter from Mr. WILSON of St. Andrews, (N. B.) to Mr. AULDJO, of this city, explanatory of the steps the Railway committee are about to take is subjoined:—

ST. ANDREWS, *June* 14 1836.

DEAR SIR,—You will ere this have received a plan and Prospectus of our projected Railroad, from this place to Quebec, and probably have heard of our expectations having been so happily realized by our noble Government in England granting us £10,000 the fully to explore and ascertain the practicability of making the road. And we have the strongest assurances from Government, that on this point being ascertained, we shall not be disappointed in the grant of Crown lands through which this road will pass; as well as aid in money from our Casual and territorial revenue. With these high favors we are fully confident of ultimate success in this great work.

A Deputation is now at Fredericton advising with Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, our Governor, so as to make the necessary arrangements for the exploration.

We purpose to begin at Point Levi and, from thence proceed the whole route to St. Andrews. As the season is advancing, we wish not to lose any time in commencing the survey, and the invaluable services of Captain YULE, we fully calculate on, and as many other scientific gentlemen to be selected at your City and Quebec, as may be necessary for the work; the object therefore, in taking this liberty is to ask the favor of your communicating with Capt. Yule, and should he be absent from your City, be pleased to address him advising him of our wishes, and that a Deputation will leave here in eight or ten days for Quebec via Montreal, with a view to the necessary arrangements for starting of the exploring party; when they will have the honour to wait upon you. I am, very respectfully, &c. yours,

JOHN WILSON,

GEORGE AULDJO, Esq.

ST. ANDREWS RAIL ROAD.—Among the arrivals at *The Albion*, Palace-street, yesterday, was J. WILSON, Esquire, of St. Andrews (N. B.,) agent of the projected Rail-way from that town to Quebec. Mr. Wilson as it has already been stated, had left St. Andrews for Quebec. The very liberal support this undertaking has met on the part of Lord Glenelg and the authorities, will probably be supported by the Home and colonial public.

We have seen a MAP & PLAN of the Railway from St. Andrews, (a port open to Navigation all seasons of the year,) executed with skill. It indicates the exact line of route to be followed, which turns round the point of the monument of the North Eastern Boundary.

A prospectus of the proceeding in New Brunswick, with other information, is also in town. The reconnoissance of the route will it is said, be commenced at Pointe Levi, and it is stated that Capt. Yule's services are to be again engaged.

Mr. Wilson came down by the *Canadian Eagle* yesterday.—*Quebec Gazette July* 11

From the Royal Gazette.

We have authority to state that replies have been received from the Rev. Dr. Buckland, Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, and from Dr Thompson, Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow, to the letters of enquiery some time since addressed to those distinguished gentlemen, respecting a Lecturer in Natural and Experimental Philosophy for King's College, Fredericton.

In consequence of an expected vacancy in the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a resolution was lately adopted by the College Council, requiring in the gentleman who might be appointed to fill such vacancy a thorough competency to give instruction in Experimental Philosophy; a resolution at the same time passed, requiring any gentleman who might be appointed to the Lectureship to be equally well versed in Mineralogy and Geology.

On Saturday a deputation from the students of our College, waited upon the Rev. Dr. M'Cawley, and requested his acceptance of a silver Cup, as a mark of well merited esteem on his removal to the sister University. The Cup is of very beautiful workmanship; within a wreath of flowers is placed an appropriate Latin inscription, and over this the College Arms in relievo. We understand it had been the intention of the students to have presented it publicly the Encœnia, but in consequence of some delay the order was not executed before the commencement of the Vacation, when they had all returned to their respective homes. We have been favored with a copy of their address, as also of the Rev Dr. reply, which we hear subjoin.

King's College, Fredericton July 16, 1836.

REVEREND SIR,

In the name of the Alumni of this University, we beg leave to present you with a Silver Cup, on your retiring from the Chair of the Mathematical Professor.

Gratitude for the kind services which you have always been disposed to render us, and an exalted respect for the consistency of conduct which you have invariably displayed in the discharge of your duties as a professor, demand on this occasion something more than a mere complimentary address.

Accept our best congratulations on your advancement to the High situation of President of the University at Windsor; and, be assured, that with our Alma Mater your name will ever be gratefully associated.

We have the honour to subscribe ourselves with the greatest respect

JOHN S SHORE, A. B.
GEORGE LEE Jun. A. B.
On behalf of the other Alumni.

REV. GEORGE M'CAWLEY, D. D.
King's College, Fredericton July, 16, 1836.

GENTLEMEN,

That very gratifying tribute of regard which you have presented to me, in the name of the Alumni of King's College on my retiring from my Professorships has been much enhansed by your affectionate address.

The gratitude and respect which you express for the manner in which I have discharged the duties of my office cannot but afford me much satisfaction; while the congratulation which you offer on my removal to the Sister University engage my best thanks,

Be assured that I shall never forget the kindly emotions of this day; and in withdrawing from you to another Province I shall not fail to entertain the confident hope that you will advance through life adorning your several professions with the fruits of cultivated minds matured talents, and all the virtues of the Chistian character.

Believe me to be,
with cordial regard,
your sincere friend,
GEORGE M'CAWLEY.

Messrs JOHN S SHORE and
GEORGE LEE, Jun, *A. B.*
Committee of the Alumni,

LOST AND WON;

OR THE THIRD SEASON.

"YES: he *shall* propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him. It will only serve him right!"

Such was the Language of Florence Neville's eyes as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the grateful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attiring for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? of whom thinking? Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn as the last look was given at the snowy dress, which hung in its lace folds like summer clouds round the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at that moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine—of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance, and tranquility disapproved her 'style.' It was insufferable: so Florence determined that her third season should be distinguished by the conquest of the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde—not that she cared for him; oh, no! she was only determined to make him propose Indeed there was a sort of playful wages between her cousin, Emma Neville, and herself on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

'Have you thought of your wager, Florence?" said Emma Neville, as they descended to the drawing-room together.

"Te be sure!—You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts."

'If he is the St. Clyde of last season, you certainly will,' laughed Emma. 'That man is invulnerable, Florence.'

'*Nous verrons, nous verrons*!' said the beauty, and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball! the rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful—all were there, and in the centre of an admiring circle dazzlingly conspicuous, stood Florence. She was preparing to waltz with a tall, dark unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent whether he supported her light figure or that of any one else. This was Lord St. Clyde. Florence, on the contrary, was all sparkling gaity. She was dancing with him for the third time. Another moment and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well. Florence knew her ground and the game she was playing, and as she passed Emma, the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said, 'He is won!' that of Emma, 'Not yet.'

'I'm afraid you are fatigued,' said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

'Oh, no, not much,' replied Florence; 'but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breath—particularly here.'

She was in one corner of the room—the most crowded and removed from either door or window.

'The conservatories are cool,' said the Earl, but he did not offer to lead her there. Florence was perfectly aware that the conservatories, were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees, consequently, no spot was ever better suited for a flirtation, *perhaps* for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leaned gracefully back and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was anything but a ball-room man, for though his figure was faultless, and his dancing just enough to show it off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have; he could not pay a compliment if he did not feed it—he would not if he thought it was expected; therefore had he been Mr. St. Clyde, jun. he would have been a great bore in Society; as it was, he was a delightful young man—so much proper reserve.

The *Galloppe* in *Gustave* roused the Earl from a reverie.

'Are you too much fatigued to join in the *galloppe*. Miss Neville?'

'Oh, yes! I never *galloppe*, it fatigues me so! Is it possible you like that romp, Lord St. Clyde?'

The Earl persisted but Florence would not dance—he persuaded, but she would not listen—he condescended to repeat the request, and almost allowed a compliment to escape him—no, Florence was firm—the Earl said no more but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with he brightest smile.

'I am too selfish, my Lord; that *galloppe* is so inspiring that I cannot resist it'

A change came o'er the spirit of St. Clyde he was another creature, and Florence was herself again, all triumpant. The next moment the dancers were thrown into confusion there was a rush toward the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through the crowd toward the conservatory with a fainting figure in his arms—it was Florence Neville!

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water.

'It was my fault exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice, 'I made her dance—good God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive—what shall we do?'

'Has no one salts?' cried Emma: "call my uncle, I think we had better go home—oh, who has any salts?'

The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh Florence opened her wide beautiful eyes and started up.

'Was it not well done?'

'Good Heaven, Florence!

'Well my dear did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager. *cuzina mia!*'

'My dear Florence, how you frightened me!'

'Never mind—hush, here they come; now take papa to the the ball room for my boa, and leave the rest to me.'

Emma did as she was desired and forebore to ask any questions until they got home; then she anxiously inquired, 'Did he propose?'

'No! provoking man! but very nearly. Did I not faint well?'

'Yes—but it will not do, Florence; that man does not care for you'

'Never mind that, he shall propose.'

'But do you not care for him?'

'*Qu'importe*! he *shall* propose.'

'Never!'

'I will make him! remember this is only the first ball of the season!'

Lady Monteagle gave a *fete* at her ville at Putney, Mr. and Miss Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite bouquet but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing toward her; therefore, she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle bush.

'You have no bouquet, Miss Neville,' was one of his Lordshio's first remarks, 'are you not fond of flowers?'

'Yes, passionately,' said Florence; 'but I have lost mine. I am so sorry, for I fear I shall not find another so beautiful.'

'Will you allow me to endeavour to supply its place with this?' was the instant reply.

Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the smile was art, but the blush nature, for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her face, and the next moment she found herself walking with him whilst Mr Neville was speaking to the hostess, whose gaunt daughter was looking very spiteful. Clarence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she had engaged him in an animated flirtation. They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed, 'Do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?

'No,' said Florence, 'but it must be very pretty; do you know it, my Lord?'

'Yes, my heart.'

"Then tell me what these flowers mean!" exclaimed the beauty quite innocently as she offered him his bouquet which was composed of a white rose, a pink rose bud, some myrtle, and one geranium. The Earl hesitated, and laughed, then suddenly recovering himself he said, 'They speak in their simple language the sentiment that I dare not in words express.'

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl,—'Florence! forgive me if'—

'Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you every where, and here you are all alone; cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

'Oh, no, not alone,' said Florence, rather annoyed, 'Lord St. Clyde—why, where is'—

The Earl was gone.

'Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to day?' said Emma to her cousin in the evening.

'Not quite, but as nearly as possible—I declare I will never speak to Sir Piercy Hope again!

'Time! Time! can nothing stay thee.'

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had four proposals; of course she had refused them, although they had not been tendered by Lord St. Clyde. Still she said, 'He shall propose,' until the last Opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leaned back in her box, deaf to the strains of the syren Grisi—regardless of the adultation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gaeity. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face. It was Lord St. Clyde—those wild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her chaperon; then winding her cachemere round her, she placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell. She said "not at home" to every one, and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way as she began to draw them up.—'Like me, poor harp" she sighed, 'you are sinking, spoiling from neglect.'

Suddenly the door opened and a visiter was announced.

'Not at home,' cried Florence hastily.

'Pardon me for once, I disobey,' and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued:—'I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come, Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you a long,—and perhaps a last farewell!'

'Farewell!' said Florence, dropping her harp key; 'this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?'

'No,' replied the Earl; 'I am going to seek in Italy that happiness which is denied me here.'

'Italy!' exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires, on the Earl—'dear, bright sunny Italy! my own fair land!'

'Is it yours, Miss Neville?' said St. Clyde eagerly.

'Yes, my Lord, Florence was my birth place, and my home for fourteen happy years.'

Lord St. Clyde paused—nothing is so awkward as a pause in a *tete-a-tete*; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said hastily:

'I will not interrupt you any longer. Farewell! perhapswe may meet again.'

'Perhaps we may—good bye,' said Florence, extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly pressed, and she was alone.—For a moment she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the ground, she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's! She turned away, and leaning on the marble slab of a beautiful mirror, she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

'Beauty! beauty!' murmured she—'paltry gilt! since it could not win St. Clyde!'—And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into a passion of tears.

'Florence! my own, my idolized!' said a voice to her She turned, with a reel, genuine, unartificial shreek.

The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet!

* * * *

'Well, Florence,' said Emma Neville to the Countess of St. Clyde, one day, 'you must really give me a lesson on proposals—how well you managed your husband's—teach me your art.'

'No, no, you are quite mistaken,' laughed Florence; 'no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. Take care how you make nets, they never answer. Men are shockingly sharp sighted now!'—*London Court Journal.*

The Barrister and Lady of the Bar:—The marriage of the fair daughter of a respectable Inn keeper of this city with the son of a country banker has been the subject of much remark for some few days past. It is stated that the young gentleman's friends were very strenuous in their opposition to the union,

[*Concluded on Fourth Page.*]

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