

ICE
Persons indebted to late Bryce Chalmers are to be paid before the 1st of May. They will be for collection without delay.

JALMERS, Executor
ARTER, Executor
836.

ICE.
ed to Mary Chalmers, and that unless the 1st of May be before the 1st of June, the 1st of June will be put into collection.

Y CHALMERS.
836.

ICE.
being duly Licensed) at 1st of May next, and Commission Room of Saint George, receive, and punctuations he may

IS M'LOINAN.
ch 1836

ICE.
demands against the M'Gee late of the deceased will pre-fer daily attested with all persons indebted to make immediate

THOMAS BERRY.
Administrato
ch 1836.

ICE.
any legal demands late Samuel Connick, James, deceased, in the same to within twelve and all persons in-ate are requested to ent to

CONNICK Esq.
KENNY Esq.
1836.

V. GOODS.
at St. John, the Hub-on consign, at the articles.

to the Hunter Kennedy, plours, Antwerp stripes; Emmette, a large bleached Cottons in great bleached Shirts and descriptions. Jeans, Greater, Manchester, State, Boots, Shoes, Paper, Quills, Linen, very-ware, Paints and glass, Putty.

S.O.
Rum, proof 50, ured Demarara, Coffee, Starch, Bi, Crocker & Co. &c.

JAMES BOYD
May 1835.

OWLES.
his friend's and the he has opined a APPREY WHARF lately at Gilliland, where he ally on hand a com

PROVISIONS.
selection of Choice he will sell at the or CANE only.

EAL & Co.
York per Schooner of 2000 a following articles:
Bags Corn Meal, Flour, Rice, Raisins, and Rice, Rice Ginger, American Corn Stalk, hull bris, Jamieson & Co. for a very small advance

JAS W STREET

STANDARD.
VERY THURSDAY,
New Brunswick, N.S.
N. SMITH.

DESCRIPTION.
of postage, payable

ADVERTISING.
and under, 50
12 lines ad per line,
lines 1d per line
and according to special

Without the number of in writing, will be re-ail countermanded ining must be in writing

ENT'S:
Purvis, Wagon
Campbell, Salt Water.
Winter Eq. Milltown.
Nicholson, Oak Hill.
George Esq. Dennis Mill.
John Esq. Tower Hill.
Jalmer, Oak Bay.
vid Turner, Boscabe.
hn Murphy, Digby.
ry Seely, Lower Falls.
eph Pratt, Upper Falls.
Knight Esq. Knights Mill.
Fisher Esq. Wils. Cove.
Shannon, North Head.
Perley Esq.
Layton Esq.
Sheriff Esq.
Reid Esq.
Barker, Esq.
Hart Esq.
Tanner Esq.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1836	SUN	MOON	High
JUNE	rise	set	rise
1st	4:24	7:36	2:16
2nd	4:24	7:36	2:16
3rd	4:24	7:36	2:16
4th	4:24	7:36	2:16
5th	4:24	7:36	2:16
6th	4:24	7:36	2:16
7th	4:24	7:36	2:16
8th	4:24	7:36	2:16
9th	4:24	7:36	2:16
10th	4:24	7:36	2:16
11th	4:24	7:36	2:16
12th	4:24	7:36	2:16
13th	4:24	7:36	2:16
14th	4:24	7:36	2:16
15th	4:24	7:36	2:16
16th	4:24	7:36	2:16
17th	4:24	7:36	2:16
18th	4:24	7:36	2:16
19th	4:24	7:36	2:16
20th	4:24	7:36	2:16
21st	4:24	7:36	2:16
22nd	4:24	7:36	2:16
23rd	4:24	7:36	2:16
24th	4:24	7:36	2:16
25th	4:24	7:36	2:16
26th	4:24	7:36	2:16
27th	4:24	7:36	2:16
28th	4:24	7:36	2:16
29th	4:24	7:36	2:16
30th	4:24	7:36	2:16

MOON'S PHASES.
Full - 1st, 5th, 28th P.M. New - 15th, 6th, 24th P.M.
Last Qr - 20th, 18th, 22nd P.M. First Qr - 23rd, 10th, 6th P.M.
Mean Equation - Watch last - 2 minutes.

COLONIAL.
From the Halifax Times.

This week will be the first of the third year, since the experiment of a public paper, depending for support on the advocacy of Conservative principles, was attempted in this Province: and however feeble has been the effort to inculcate the doctrine, (on which we are confident depends the integrity and well being of the British Colonies,) we have every reason to be gratified with our yet in-ant prospects.

The elements which mingle in the political world—or those parts of it under the influence of what is meant by the term superior civilization—it must be apparent to every observer, are working together for a change of the social system. The eager desire for equality, which the mass who constitute all men equal by nature, and who are not apt, from being lowest in the scale, to make any allowance for an inequality of circumstances though it is resolvable on every principle of political economy, is the main spring which will operate to effect a revision in ancient and established forms of government. This cause which has gathered strength from being permitted to assume itself as a principle, will roll on and increase, till it either receives a tremendous discomfiture, or ultimately proves too strong for the opposing materials, and monarchy totters and falls before the nod of the radical. No matter of what pliability is the Government, or how happy a constitution may be—though it admits of a remedy for every abuse, and by the grandeur, compactness and strength of its parts, asserts its majesty, proves its wisdom, and its capacity for every emergency—there is still to be found a force raised against it, which its own latitude to freedom of opinion, without any curb on its dangerous exercise, arrays against itself—a force which in this age has endangered the existence of national institutions and possessions, and would establish a theory of its own for a kingdom to bow down and worship, on the wreck it would make of the wisdom of ages.

But the extension of the destructive and leveling principle to the British Colonies, must be considered as capping the climax of the folly of indulging in such wild and dangerous experiments in government, as a radical domination would introduce. In countries where freedom has been elevated to the highest pinnacle of rationality, above even that of the nation which considers itself at least, the most free and enlightened on the face of the earth we might suppose the inhabitants to be contented if not rejoiced at their lot. But even here the poison has entered insidiously and spread: and as a de- sessed imagination affects the whole body, so have imaginary wrongs and grievances created a ferment, fostered by those whose element is sedition, which threatens to be in a great degree prejudicial to the body politic. The abuses which must have crept into the Home government, may require after the lapse of ages, a vigorous and searching remedy—England may be the better in time, for a Russell, purge, and Ireland claim a debt of gratitude to Dan O'Connell for that one who replete with corruption, and the other badly ruled, none will be hardy enough to deny; but that there is any reason for an exhibition of the radical propensity in the colonies, in the youth of their condition, and under the protection of the British Government, which untrammelled by considerations swaying it at home, has ever been desirous to meet to them its greatest extent of favour and the most impartial justice, is about as absurd as if a crusade were to be preached against ills in Nova Scotia, where none exist, because the same system was being pursued in Ire-land.

The only aim then of those who stir up the passions of the Colonists, must be their separation from the Mother Country. This is the drift of all the agitation and excitement in the Colonies; this is the result to which the machinations tend, of the men who at home and the cause of the democrats there—of Hume, Roebuck, O'Connell, Poulet Thompson, and others. They who would destroy the Constitution of Britain, would also dismember her sway; and it is against their power, and the influence of their principles, conjointly with the designs of the French in Canada, that Conservatism in the North American Colonies has to make head. The contest may be stubborn, for it were folly to deny that the enemy is strong; but it cannot be doubtful, for British principle must stand a determination to do battle in the right, and when the day arrives, its opposers are delusion is spreading, though not of inactive—even in Nova Scotia, though not of insupportable malignity, and only awaits an accession of strength to assume a proportionate degree of consequence.

While therefore, from the state of excitement around us, it becomes imperative to add any weight of opinion, which may aid the truly British cause in the neighboring Colonies, it is also the duty of all who are concerned in the welfare of Nova Scotia, to inculcate those principles of loyalty and af- fectio to the Parent State, which her truly

liberal and generous protection towards us as a consistent part of the Empire, so richly deserves to be rendered. The task at present appears an easy and feasible one: but the day may come, as it is now in Canada, when the dissemination of bad principles may make it matter of great difficulty, if at all to be accomplished without sacrificing the peace of society and the prosperity of the country.

It is to the assistance of those, with whom loyalty is not a mere sound, that we look for that encouragement, which will give scope and energy to our endeavours, in the path of politics we have chosen, and in which we shall persevere to the end. A vast amount of true constitutional feeling lies dormant in this Province; and the time seems to have arrived, when its assertion will be of much service in checking the wild spirit of anarchy, which is abroad. Nova Scotia from its population, resources, and advanced state, must command attention in any political convulsion which may happen to the contiguous Colonies, and the principles which are adopted by her children will have their just weight in their and her future destiny. Our cause is her prosperity, best cultivated by promoting an attachment to that country and those institutions, under which she has flourished and will continue to flourish, while peace dwells within her borders, and faction is known to her inhabitants but by name.

SAINT ANDREWS

STANDARD,

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 3. SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1836. Number 31.

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Portrait Painter.—Portrait Painting is decidedly the least calculated for the display of poetical feeling, not only because it is generally practised under the arbitrary will of those who possess neither taste nor understanding in the fine arts, but because there are so few subjects really worthy in themselves, and those few are frequently beyond the reach of the artist; while the rascally and wealthy citizen, having grown sleek upon turtle soup, after raising with his money consort to their Belle Vue, or Prospect cottage, in their gratifying appropriation of some portion of his hard earned wealth, to employ one of the first artists of the day, in making duplicates of forms, which a full sized canvas is scarcely wide enough to contain, and faces in which the expression of cent. per cent., and the distinction of white and brown sauce, are the only visible characteristics. While the painter is at work, sacrificing all that is noble in his art, to the sad necessity for sordid gain, the gentleman insists upon a blue coat and buff waistcoat, but, above all, upon a gold-headed cane, which necessarily mars the picture with a bright yellow spot full in the centre. This however is a trifling consideration, for the buttons help to carry off the glare of the gold, and the artist re-creates himself by making the hand approximate to the same colour. It is in attempting to delineate the august person of the lady, that his skill and his taste are put to the severest test. With consternation in his countenance, he eyes the subject before him, and in the first agony of despair, queries within himself whether he cannot really afford to lose the offered reward. He ventures to remonstrate with great delicacy on some particular portions of the dress: but the lady is inexorable. It is a dress for which she has paid the highest price, and must look well. Money rules the day; and the painter, covering his palette with double portions of red and yellow, commences with his task. Upon the head of the fair sitter is a pink turban, interwoven with massive gold chain, surmounting a profusion of flaxen ringlets, in the midst of which twinkle out two small blue eyes faintly shaded by thin eyelashes of the palest yellow, while cheeks that might vie with the deepest pearly, and a figure upon which is stretched almost without a fold, a brilliant orange dress of costly silk, make up the rest of the picture. It is upon the same principle, and with similar restrictions, that portrait painting is generally practised in the present day. But let the painter rule his subject, and the case will be widely different. He who is worthy of his art, sees at once what are its capabilities. His imagination immediately places the object before him in some appropriate situation. He assigns to it a character of which it may be wholly unconscious—one to which by nature it was peculiarly adapted, though circumstances may have conspired to it a totally different destiny. Perhaps there is no class of pictures in which the painter's want of taste is more frequently displayed than in the portraits of children. We see them standing like wooden images, holding in one hand an orange, never meant to be eaten, or flowers, which it is evident, they have not gathered; their hair smoothly combed, their frocks unruined, and their blue moccasin-shoes unsoiled by the dust of the earth. In short, they are always dressed in their best, to be painted, and the mother is often as solicitous about the pink sash as about the likeness.

ALABAMA.—Mr. King, of Alabama, stated, from information, which he had received, that which was entitled to the utmost reliance he learned that there were numbers of individuals who had been driven by the Indians from their homes in Alabama, and compelled to cross the river and take refuge in Georgia. These persons being driven from their homes

and having no means, are reduced to the greatest possible distress, and it was the duty of Congress to do all which they could do to enable the flying citizens to sustain nature. He would therefore, ask leave to introduce at once a joint resolution to authorize and direct the delivery of rations from the public stores to the individuals until such relief shall be no longer necessary.

Leave being given, the joint resolution was introduced, read twice, and ordered to be engrossed. It was afterwards read a third time and passed.

Portry.
A WISH.
BY HARRIS F. GOULD.

When I sink to sleep the sleep
Once to come on every eye,
Set me stubborn stone to keep
Silent watch where I may lie.

Marble were too hard and cold,
Thus to tower above my heart;
Never may my name be told
By a lifeless form of art.

Nature, that I loved so well,
Till the power to love was o'er—
Let her sweetly show and tell
What I loved, when I am more.

Lay me where two shadowy pine,
Sighing o'er my dust and wave:
Let some humble creeping vine
Try to creep me in the grave.

By the banks that wildly sing,
By the verdure of the tree,
By the lowly falling thing,
May my friends remember me.

SELECTED.

How bright was my youth's early morn,
Ere reflection had clouded my brow;
I selected the rose from the thorn,
And was happy, I hardly knew how.

I joined in the sport of the plain,
With rapture I heard the blithe song—
When they danced, I was at the train,
And gayest among the gay throng.

'Tis true my heart oft breathed a sigh,
But it rose from mild pity alone—
If a tear sometime strayed from my eye,
It flowed not for grief of its own.

No sorrow corroded my heart,
No falsehood excited a tear—
For my bosom a stranger to art,
Believed every friend was sincere.

But ah! these fair visions of youth,
Disappointment has clouded from my mind,
And the friends whom I fancied all true,
Alas can be sometimes unkind.

I have seen the bright azure of morn,
With darkness and clouds shadowed o'er,
I have found that the rose has a thorn,
Which wounds when its bloom is no more.

The sigh which from sympathy rose,
Now leaves rest for others alone,
And the tear as it silently flows,
Confesses a source of its own.

such as laughter, or gross impertinence. It is a true the nostrils are distended by any effort of daring, but it is rather with animal than moral courage, such as might animate a barbarian or a horse. It is, indeed, a curious but incontrovertible fact, that while the enraptured slave of beauty is at liberty to expend his poetic fire in composing sonnets to his lady's eye, no sooner does he descend to the adjoining feature, than the poetry of his lay is converted into burlesque, and he is himself dismissed as a plagiarist of love and the muses. Every one sees at the first glance that the chin is not a subject for poetry; for though its peculiar formation may be strongly indicative of boldness or timidity, as well as some meaner traits of character, it is so incapable of changing with the changing emotions of the mind, than the chin must remain so considered merely as a feature of the face, and nothing more.

A VISIT TO MADAME LETITIA BONA-PARTE.
For several years past, the mother of Napoleon has been an object of interest to foreigners on their visit to Rome. All have been anxious to see, it but for a few moments, the great living ruin, in the centre of ruins. During the latter years of her existence, Madame Letitia had fallen into such a state of feebleness, that she could receive but very few visitors, and the shortest conversation exhausted her. The assiduous attention of a few faithful friends prolonged her life in its very utmost span; and even death seemed to respect the venerable mother of a generation of kings.

In the spring of 1834, I obtained permission to pay my respects to Madame Letitia. Ere then, this was a special favor; for the lady received no visitors except her brother and her son Lucien. The Prince de Montfort (Jerome Bonaparte) whose friendship I had the honour to enjoy, gave me a letter of introduction to his mother, couched in such kind terms, that I obtained without difficulty an interview with Madame Letitia.

I resided in the Rucellini Palace, situated at the angle of the Piazzetta Venezia and the Corso. On entering the palace, I was struck with the sepulchral silence which reigned throughout the majestic edifice: even the vestibule and staircase presented an aspect of melancholy and solitude. After I had passed through several dreary rooms, and cold, deserted-looking corridors, a servant opened a door, and ushered me into a spacious saloon. There I found two ladies (the youngest) was sitting at an embroidery frame, and the other, who was reclining on a sofa, turned her eyes towards the door on hearing it open. The servant having announced my name, she motioned me to sit down near her. This was Napoleon's mother.

"You have just come from Florence," said she—"How are my children there? Did you see my son Jerome? Are he and all his family well?"

"The Princess de Montfort," I replied, "has been indisposed. She was confined to her bed on my arrival in Florence; but during the last two months she has been recovering rapidly. She is an admirable woman. She seems as though she had never descended from her throne. She is still a queen. She does the honors of her palace with an exquisite grace, which wins the admiration and regard of all foreigners, especially the French."

"Oh yes! the French!—She is so attached to France and the French people! But pray go on; I feel pleasure in listening to you."

"The young prince Napoleon, Madam, is the living portrait of the Emperor, when he was a youth attending the school of Brienne. The Prince is a child of singular intelligence and vivacity, and is a great favorite with the Florentines. The Princess Matilda, his sister, is extremely clever and accomplished."

Madame Letitia wiped a tear from her eye, and by a sigh expressed a wish that I would continue. I obeyed.

On the morning of my departure for Rome, I went to take my leave of Prince Jerome: I was ushered into his private cabinet an apartment which was hung round with trophies of the glory of his Imperial brother, brother. There every relic bears a victorious name, and calls to mind an imperishable recollection. The Prince showed me the Sabre which Napoleon wore at the battle of Marengo. "When the victory was gained," said he, "my brother presented this sabre to me." Madame Letitia, who seemed to enjoy a melancholy pleasure in listening to me, now covered her face with her withered hands and the tears trickled between her fingers.

The walls of the saloon in which I had an interview with Napoleon's mother were hung with family portraits, painted by celebrated French artists. There were Napoleon Jerome, Louis, Joseph, Lucien, Hortense and Caroline, besides various statues, groups, and busts, representing different members of the ex imperial family.

During a pause in our conversation, M. Robaglia entered the saloon. He held several French journals in his hand, and advancing to Madame Letitia, he said, "I have

just read in these papers, Madame, a motion of a singular kind, which has been submitted to the Chamber of Deputies. It has been proposed to allow the king of the French the right of inviting to France any member of the imperial family whom he may choose to name."

I thought Madame Letitia would have died under the violent emotion which she experienced on receiving this intelligence. Her countenance and her hands were agitated by a sort of nervous convulsion. She raised herself on her couch, and said with a degree of energy which came from her very inmost soul "My sons cannot receive favors from any man. If they return to France as private citizens, and to live there amongst the people, it cannot only be in the event of their being recalled from exile by the national voice. If any one of them should accept such a favor in any other way, I shall pray that heaven will grant me strength to strangle him with my own hands."

Hitherto I had only seen the aged and infirm woman, the bereaved mother weeping for the loss of her children; but on hearing the above words, accompanied, as they were by a sort of galvanic agitation of the skeleton I was perfectly amazed.

I shortly afterwards took my leave, and as I departed I could not help thinking of the words of the Roman Centurion, and applying them in a different way, I exclaimed to myself, "Yes, this is indeed the Mother of Napoleon!"

Madame Letitia died at Rome on the 2nd of February, where she had resided since the year 1814. She was born on the 24th of August, 1758, at Ajaccio, of the Bonaparte family. From the time of her fall at the Villa Borghese she had lost the use of her limbs, and had reclined night and day upon a couch her eye-sight had failed, her for several years past; she took very little share in the passing events of the world, and admitted to her society only a small number of intimate friends. A lady constantly watched by her side, and M. Robaglia, her secretary, once an officer in the gold guard, used to read the journals aloud to her, to speak to her of France, to make her live again in the times gone by. Her appearance gave a painful impression to the few visitors who were admitted to her palace; her frame had become so attenuated that life seemed almost extinct, and yet, at the name of France, of the Emperor, of her children, the octogenarian lady revived; there seemed to be a powerful voice on her lips, and the lightening of Napoleon's look in her eyes. Ever since the fall of the Emperor, the mother, whose children had mounted so many thrones, had received no other news from her family than those of mourning. The last blow that struck her was the death of the Princess de Montfort, to whom she was particularly attached. Few women have had so many favors of fortune heaped upon them, and few have had to drink more deeply of the dregs of the cup of misfortune. On the 27th of January, she fell into a cold stupor that alarmed her devoted friends, and Cardinal Feesh, her brother, was summoned; a slight amelioration took place after two or three days; the sacraments were, however, administered; her malady returned with redoubled violence on the 1st of this month; and on the 2nd she expired, retaining her faculties to the last, and sinking to rest calmly and peaceably.

MOHAMMED ALI.—A few years since as the Pacha and his suite passed through one of the quarters of Cairo, he was fired on from a window by a person unseen. He desired the house to be noticed, and without betraying apprehension pursued his way. The occupant, an unemployed bimbarbes (military officer,) was summoned to the Palace. On being questioned he readily acknowledged that he had fired the shot. What could induce you, asked the Pacha, to attempt my life? I never did injury to you, or to any belonging to you. The officer replied I was weary of my existence, and knew that it was a sure way to be rid of the burden. And why are you tired of life? inquired the Pacha, I have been reduced to beggary—have no employment—am without resources, was the desponding answer. The Pacha's countenance exhibited evident signs of emotion. From this moment, he continued, you shall have the means of support, adding with emphatic solemnity, but let useful employment henceforth restrain you from the contemplation of crime.—Dr Hagg's Travels.

HOG.—A species of animals having a natural knack in their tails, and employed in New York in the capacity of scavengers. They are said to be restricted by law to that part of the island above Grand street; but are known actually to enjoy the freedom of the whole city. The term hog is also used as an adjective in the superlative degree, with the prefix of the word whole; and is particularly popular among politicians. Indeed the compound word whole-hog originated among that class of gentlemen some four or five years since; and we believe is not to be found even in the latest edition of Noah Webster's N. Y. Constitution.

ROYAL MAIL.

St. John	departs— Mon. Wed. and Friday	at 3 p.m.
	arrives— Tuesday and Saturday	at 12 a.m.
St. Stephen	departs— Tuesday and Thursday	at 16 a.m.
	arrives— Wednesday and Friday	at 5 p.m.
St. George	departs— Sunday Wed. Friday	at 10 a.m.
	arrives— Monday Wed. Friday	at 2 p.m.

Geo. Fred. Campbell.
Post Master.