

RMS.

Office to order:
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B. Baileys writ:
B. Baileys Issue; and
B. Baileys non-bail
and F. Pas.

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ILLIAM KER,
Agent.

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IES CHRISTIE.
5. 361f

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F. E. PUTNAM.
1835

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Nicholas Johnson,
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ISON, } Executors.
1825.

SSION BUSINESS
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to carry on the Auc-
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where he is also ready
in the NOTARY line,
and every description of
Shipping Papers &c.
order at the shortest no-
conate terms.
WM. McLEAN 38f

STANDARD.
VERY THURSDAY,
New Brunswick, by
V. SMITH.
SCRIPTION.
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ENTS.
Jonick, Wang.
Purvis, Chemcock.
Campbell, Salt Water.
liester Esq. Milltown.
uchanan, Oak Hill.
loore Esq. Dennis Hill.
wa Esq. Tower Hill.
almers, Oak Bay.
rid Turner, Bonacks.
id Murphy, Digbywash.
ic Ruggie, Lower Falls.
ph Pratt, Upper Falls.
Knight Esq. Knights Mills.
Fisher Esq. Wds. Com.
Shannon, North Head.
Perley Esq.
Layton Esq.
Shaff Esq.
Reid Esq.
Barker, Esq.
m. Grant, Esq.
a Hall Esq.
Donner Esq.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1835.	SUN.	MOON.	High.
SEPT.	h-m.	h-m.	h-m.
Tu 17	5 51	6 9	horn
Wed 18	5 53	6 7	0 43
Th 19	5 54	6 6	1 55
Fri 20	5 55	6 4	3 7
Sat 21	5 57	6 3	5 1
Sun 22	5 59	6 1	6 23
Mon 23	6 1	5 50	6 45

MOON'S PHASES.

Full - Ch 10h 7 m New - 23d 4h 45m A.M.
Last Qr 14h 11m 6 s First Qr 20h 2h 41m P.M.
Mean Equinox - Watch last - 5 minutes

GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.

LATELY MADE

By Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, L. R. S., F. R. S. &c.
At THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

From the Supplement to the Edinburgh
Journal of Science.

[Continued from our last Number.]

The elder Herschel had never less demonstrated that with a power of 1000 times he could discern objects in this satellite of our planet, the moon, in a manner which would have been impossible to the unaided eye. It had been the full capability of the instrument had been elicited by the new apparatus of reflectors constructed by his son, it would follow in a moment that the objects which could be discerned by the unaided eye, and which had been the subject of the most accurate observations, would be seen in a more perfect manner than they had ever been seen before. The objects which had been seen by the unaided eye, and which had been the subject of the most accurate observations, would be seen in a more perfect manner than they had ever been seen before. The objects which had been seen by the unaided eye, and which had been the subject of the most accurate observations, would be seen in a more perfect manner than they had ever been seen before.

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SAINT ANDREWS ST ANDREWS, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 2, SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1835. Number 47.

no one leave it! and here, landlord, go and bring your wife's brass kettle—
Why—w! want to know! my stars! my stars! my wife's—when—ew! quoth Boniface.
Why you wouldn't be more struck up if I told you to go to pot.
Boniface did as commanded. The great brass kettle was placed in the middle of the door, its bottom up—as black, sooty, and smoky as a chimney-back. The landlord got into his bar and looked on with eyes as big as saucers.

You don't want any hot water nor nothing to take off the bristles of no critter do you, Squire, said the landlord, the preparation making a little too much like hog killing, the old woman's gone to bed and the well's dry!
Now go into your barn and bring the biggest cockerel you've got.
When I—you won't bile him will you—he's tough one. I can swear, squire, he didn't sweat the watch.
The old rooster knows when it's time to crow without looking at a watch.

Go along! or I won't detect the thief.
Boniface went to the barn, and soon returned with a tremendous great rooster—cackling all the way he laid.
Now put him under the kettle, and blow the light out.
Now! gentlemen! I don't expose the thief in the company, but if he is, the rooster will crow when the offender touches the bottom of the kettle with his hands.
Walk round in a circle, and the cock will make known the watch vessel. The innocent need not be afraid you know. The company then, to humor him, and carry on the joke, walked round the kettle in the dark for three or four minutes.

All done, gentlemen!
All done! was the cry, where's your crowing—we heard no cockadoodledoo.
Bring us a light.
A light was brought as ordered.
Now hold up your hands, good folks.
One held up his hands after another—
They were of course black from coming in contact with the soot of the kettle.
All up!
All up! was the response.
All black!
A—I don't know! I saw a fellow who hadn't held up his hands—
Ah, ha, my old boy, take a peep at your paws.
They were examined, and were not black like those of the rest of the company.
You'll find your watch about him—search.
And so it proved. This fellow, not being aware, any more than the rest, of the trap that was set for the discovery of the thief, had kept stool from the kettle, lest when he touched it the crowing of the rooster should proclaim him the thief. As the hands of all the others were blacked, the whiteness of his own showed of course that he dared not touch the hot brass kettle, and that he was the offender, the jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, and was lodged in, as comfortable a place as either; to wit—the jail.

LACONICS.
Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence.
An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.
The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.
There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.
Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.
Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of our own perfection.
What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy.
Attention is always pleasant in acquaintance till we tire of them.
The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.
The old proverb, applied to fire and water may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master.
The Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they look on each other.
In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom bears them and dies.
The course of life is like the child's game—here we go round by the rule of contrivance—and youth, above all others, is the season of untutored opposites, with all its freshness and buoyancy.
The attention of a superior is too flattering to our vanity not to call for it.
Nothing spreads so rapidly as a secret.
Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.
Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar,

is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.
How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties.
Hope is the prophet of youth—youth's eyes will always look forward.
There is wisdom in the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much.
A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we at least state at the first change.

HISTORICAL FACT.
During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London, and afterwards married her. He died, however, while she was yet a very young woman, and left her a large fortune. She was recommended, on giving up the Brewery, to Mr. Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs; he, in process of time, married the widow, and was afterwards made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage there was a daughter, who was afterwards wife to James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

LOVE.
Love is immortal, and does not grow wrinkled because we and our expressions fade. His heart is still as young and his soul as light as when he trod the green knolls of Paradise with Eve. He will be young when he sits upon the grave of the thousandth generation of our posterity, listening to the beating of his own heart, or sporting with his butterfly consort, as childishly as if he were no older than the daisy under his foot. His empire is, a theme of which the tongue never grows weary, or utters all that seems to come quivering and gasping to the lips for utterance. We think, more than we ever spoke, of love; and if we have a curiosity to see whether the author has embodied our unutterable feelings, or divulged what we have never dared.

READ MY BOOK.
When Hobbes was at any time at a lawyer's arguments, to defend his unocial principles, even now, he always used to say—I have published my opinions; consult my works; and, if I am wrong, confute me publicly. To most persons his mode of confutation was by far too operative; but that might have confoundedly puzzled the philosopher in verbal disputation.

CHARACTER.
Whoever would study the characters of those with whom he lives or converses, must keep up the appearance of a kind of recklessness and frivolity, for the mind closes itself up like the hedgehog, at the least sensible touch of observation, and will not be afterwards drawn out. Men have been known in the middle of a discovery of their character, to be stopped short by a look, which brought to themselves, and traced before them in an instance the danger of their position and the methods of escape. A keen observer, indeed, may always adjust the temperature of his discourse by the faces of his auditors, which are saddened or brightened, like the face of the sea in April, as more or less of the sunshine of rhetoric breaks torn upon them.

WRITING.
It was Addison, we believe, who observed of the schoolmen, that they had not genius enough to write a small book, and therefore took refuge in folios of the largest magnitude. We are getting as fast as possible into the predicament of the schoolmen. No one knows when he has written enough; but like a player at chess, still goes on until the self-same ideas, merely altering their position.

WIT IN REASON.
The jest of an ex-minister is as flavourless as a dumpty, as unintelligible as its hieroglyphical epitaph. Three days after his fall, his wit, under the sponge of oblivion, has grown as much a mystery as the name of him who built the pyramid, or the taste of Lot's wife.

DEATH.
Oh God! what a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single breath can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower, do these hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an untarring course of nature? Have they aught which is unfulfilling, steady—some in its effects? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but our senses in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and every thing is changed. In a single

hour, the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be reversed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did: it is a blow on the fine mechanism by which we think, and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates bright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on, but it knows no symmetry or order; it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever!

And yet I often think that the shock which jarred on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies: it steals from nature its glory and its exultation—not its tenderness. And what, perhaps, is better than all, to mourn deeply for the death of another, looks from ourselves the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to, life. We have gained the end of the philosopher, and view, without shrinking, the coffin and the pall.

MARRIAGE GEM.
In the Duke of Marlborough's collection of antique gems, is a group of emblematical figures, representing the marriage of Cupid and Psyche; a description of which will not be unacceptable. They are of exquisite beauty, highly descriptive of the Marriage Union, finely engraved upon an onyx, by Tryphon, an ancient Greek artist.
1st. Both are represented as winged, to show the elation with which the husband and wife should help, comfort, and support each other; preventing as much as possible, the intimation of a wish or want on either side by fulfilling it before it can be expressed.
2d. Both are veiled, to show that modesty is an inseparable attendant on pure matrimonial enjoyment.

3d. Hymen, or Marriage, goes before them with a lighted torch, leading them by a chain, of which each has hold, to show that they are united together, and are bound to each other, and that they are led to this by the pure flame of love, which at the same instant both enlightens and warms them.
4th. This chain is not iron, or brass, (to intimate that the Marriage union is a state of thralldom or slavery,) but is a chain of pearls, to show that the union is precious, delightful, and beautiful.
5th. They hold a dove, the emblem of conjugal fidelity, which they appear to embrace affectionately, to show that they are faithful to each other, not merely through duty, but by affection, and that this fidelity contributes to the happiness of their lives.
6th. A winged Cupid, or Love, is represented as having gone before them preparing the nuptial feast; to intimate that active affections, warm and cordial love, are to them a continual source of comfort and enjoyment, and that this is the entertainment they are to meet with at every step of their lives.

7th. Another Cupid, or genius of love, comes behind, and places on their heads a basket of ripe fruits, to intimate that a matrimonial union of this kind will generally be blessed with children, who shall be as pleasing to all their senses, as ripe and delicious fruits are to the smell and taste.
8th. The genius of love that follows them, has his wings shrivelled up; or the feathers all curled, so as to render them utterly unfit for flight, to intimate that love is to abide with them, that there is to be no separation in affliction; but that they are to continue to love one another with pure and fervent affection; thus love begins and continues this sacred union, which death alone can dissolve, for God hath yoked them together.

The Marquess of Waterford and his brother Lord John Beresford, reached town on Thursday from Niagara, and yesterday set out for Washington and the Western States. Their beautiful yacht the Gem, remains in Boston. These distinguished individuals we understand, are extremely gratified with the interesting appearance of the country over which they have travelled, and the civility they have every where experienced. They travelled by the canal on their return from the cataract. The Baltimore clippers we understand, will be carefully examined by these amateur sailors.—N. Y. Albion.

VARIETY OF NATIONS AT NEW ORLEANS.
The port of New Orleans is called the Levee, a wide unpaired street, always filled with mud or dust, equally annoying to man or beast, on one side a row of stone and dwelling houses has been erected. The rapidity of the river prevents the building of a pier, so common and convenient to other towns of America, running in a straight line from the shore, and so wide that ships may load and unload with the greatest ease on both sides. Instead of such structure (unquestionably leave more space,) the ships lie in tiers along the side of the harbour, sometimes three or four deep. A line to the port offers a very interesting spectacle, both on account of the river, majestically washing its shores, and for the many different languages there spoken. One day I remarked individuals of the following nations:—Americans, English, French, Scotch, Irish, Spanish, Swedes, &c.

ROYAL MAIL.
St. John, departs— Tuesday 10 a.m.
arrives— Wed. Fri. 6 p.m.
Monday 9 a.m.
Wed. Fri. 6 p.m.
St. Stephen, departs— Tues. and Thurs. at 10 a.m.
arrives— Wednesday and Friday at 5 p.m.
V. Stearns, departs— Monday Wed. Friday at 10 a.m.
arrives— Monday Wed. Friday at 2 p.m.
Geo. Fred. Campbell, Post Master.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available