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AM BARCOCK & SON
11, 1835
EW GOODS.
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JAMES BOYD
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MEAL &c. &c.
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—the following articles.—
our, Bags Corn Meal,
Tobacco—(16s.)
ins and Rice, Race Ginger,
& American Gent. Snuff,
ns, half bbls. Jamieson's do.
old, for a very small advance
JAS. W. STREET
THE
WS STANDARD,
D EVERY THURSDAY,
ws, NEW BRUNSWICK, BY
E N. SMITH.
OF SUBSCRIPTION.
clusive of postage, payable
e.)
OF ADVERTISING.
2 lines and under, 3s
1s 3d
over 12 lines 4d per line,
12 lines 1d per line
e year according to special
t without the number of in-
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d until countermanded
continuing must be in writing
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SAINT ANDREWS

STANDARD,

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 3. SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1836. *Number* 25.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1836	SUN		MOON.		High
APRIL	rises h m	sets h m	rises h m	sets h m	water h m
Th 6	4 57	7 3		4 53	9 10
Fri 7	4 55	7 5		4 14	10 14
Sat 8	4 54	7 6		4 37	10 43
Sun 9	4 52	7 8			11 19
Mon 10	4 51	7 9	9 13		morn
Tue 11	4 50	7 10	3 31		0 7
We 12	4 48	7 12	3 44		1 0

Moon's Phases.

Full – 1st. 5h 28 P M. | New – 15th 6h 24m P M
Last Qr 8th 11h 22 A M | First Qr 23d. 10h 6m P M
Mean Equation—Watch fast - 2 minutes.

ROYAL MAIL.

St. John, *departs*— Mon. Wed. and Fri. at 3 P. M.
arrives— Tuesdays and Saturdays 12 A. 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.

CANADA.

THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR AND THE ASSEMBLY OF UPPER CANADA.

The instructions brought out by Sir Francis Bond Head, the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, were so ample and so liberal, that they left nothing to be desired by any loyal British subjects in that Province. The Assembly found no fault with them; but they seemed anxious to have the execution of instructions placed in the hands of their political friends. The Lieutenant Governor proceeded to indulge them in this desire. He called to the Executive Council, a majority of gentlemen who were acceptable to the Speaker and leaders of the Assembly, notifying them, however, that they were only to be his advisers *on such matters as he might submit to them.* All was quiet for a time, and the Lieut. Governor was lauded by the Assembly's Press.

The new Council, however, soon insisted on having *all* "the affairs of the Province" submitted for their advice. They had taken the usual oath, which binds to secrecy on the business of the Council, yet they wished to appeal to the Public on these affairs; and on the refusal of the Lieutenant Governor to allow of such a course, the whole council resigned. Since this time, the Lieutenant Governor has been abused by the dominant party in the Assembly, and even spoken of in that body in a way in which no person of honorable feeling would permit himself to speak of the Representative of his Sovereign.

Sir Francis Head has condescended to reason with his late Councillors and the Assembly; but men who are aiming at the possession of his power, are not very likely to be persuaded, without they obtain it. The Assembly now threatens to stop the supplies, unless Sir Francis chooses Councillors *to their liking.* They have fancied that there is a parity between the Executive Council, appointed to advise a Governor, and the King's responsible servants in England. Sir Francis, however, is not the King, but his delegate in the Colony, invested with such of the King's powers and prerogatives as are entrusted to him,—for the exercise of all of which, he is responsible to the King, to Parliament, and to the Law. Being responsible, he must be free to follow his own judgment. It would be an act of baseness, cruelty and injustice, for any one to endeavour to control him, and make him bear the responsibility of acts not the result of his own judgement. It would annihilate the power of the Crown in the Colony, destroy the authority of the Empire, and render its laws to be enforced in the Colony little better than nugatory.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

It will be seen by the following information, received by the schooner Equity, from Brazoria, that the Mexicans are literally engaged in a war of extermination, and more brutal than the untutored savages of the desert, are making an indiscriminate slaughter of the old and young, sparing neither age, sex, nor condition. The day of retribution is however at hand, and justly odious as their barbarous conduct must ever appear in the eyes of the civilized world, it will have but the effect on the brave inhabitants of Texas, to produce a more determined spirit and concert of action, in sweeping from their plains enemies, who appear lost to every sense of humanity, and only bent upon glutting themselves with the blood of helpless victims.

By the schr. Equity, from Brazoria, Capt. Martin, reports as follows:

That the fortress at Goliad had been blown up. That Col. Fannin had made good his retreat to the main body of the army on the Colorado, fighting his way with 500 men through the whole Mexican army. The Texian army, 5000 strong, was advancing against the Mexican army, and a decisive battle was momently expected.

The Equity brings up a large number of women and children; several vessels had been detained to bring up to New Orleans women and children.

So far as the Mexican army had advanced they had made an indiscriminate slaughter of women and children. The orders gave to the soldiery being, to spare the lives of no individual over ten years of age. The whole population of Texas was in the field, burning with a desire to meet the enemy, and revenge the slaughter of defenceless women and children.

We also learn by several gentlemen direct from Texas, that on the 20th March, Gen. Houston, with 12,000 men, was on the East side of the Colorado, and that he had driven back the advanced guard of the Mexican army, and taken two spies. It was daily expected that an engagement would take place between Gen. Houston and Santa Anna on the Guadaloupe river.

The Texian army consists of about 5000 men, and reinforcements arriving daily.

Col. Barrett from Texas, who has a correct knowledge of the situation of that country at this time, will give a more detailed account to morrow.—*Adv. & Adve.*

A Parisian Gambling House.—In a walk through the Rue Richelieu, my companion Sir Henry L. proposed to gratify me with a peep into a great gambling House—the rendezvous of the nobility. I entered with becoming acquiescence through the hall, where servants in livery attended us, taking our hats and canes, and bringing us refreshments with princely ceremony. Tables in some of the rooms were covered with gold, at which many ladies and gentlemen were playing. Others were looking on with interest at the game. Around about, some were coteried in corners, others strolling in pairs and groups through the rooms while others again were rambling into an adjacent flower garden, or seated in earnest conversation in its arbors. "That gentleman," said my companion, "with an Adonis neck and myrrhed and glossy ringlets, is the Duke de Broglie—that is the Marquis of Braganza, from Spain, and that is Prince Caramarica." I looked particularly at Lord Brougham, who had just arrived. I could descern immediately the great traits of genius—the bitter sarcasm—the overwhelming energy—which characterize this eminent man, in his strongly marked features. And, if I had been introduced to him, I should have marked him at once as a distinguished character. Among the ladies were the Princess of Orleans, and her attendants, and the Countess of Blacas, and others of the nobility. A dutchess at my left (I have forgotten her name) had a look as haughty and uncondescending as if she felt the length of her genealogy. She seemed displeased at every being introduced to her. But there was one young and beautiful—so beatiful—so beautiful that I could not, with all my efforts, keep my eyes from her; and I observed that she more than once reciprocated my anxious glances. I felt pleased at being the object of her attention. What an elegant countenance! thought I, what sweetness and simplicity of expression! How strange that, brought up amid the refinement of a court, she should maintain all the innocence of a dove! No one can hope, unless by some interposition of heaven in his favor, to know her and not to love her. In the midst of this rapture, and just at the moment when I had become *enchained*, by the eyes of another lady opposite, Sir Henry dissipated the charm, by informing me these were courtezans! The cloud burst from over my eyes, and I saw a group of the ugliest wretches I had ever beheld before.—*N, Yorker.*

Mrs. Trollope's New Work.—With all her assurance, and cool facility of misrepresentation, and economy of truth, Mrs. Trollope is a shrewd, sensible woman, and a very entertaining writer. She is a keen and close observer, and if one could but overcome a certain suspicion of her *prejudices*, to call them by no harsher name, her descriptive books would be valuable as authorities. Nothing is too high or too low for her researches; the shrinking jealousy of her sex, with her, finds no subject prohibited, and her frankness of discussion and disclosure has something quite masculine about it. From fashion, cooking and literature, she goes by a wonderfully easy transition, to politics, morals or religion; and is quite as much at home in the details of a revolution, as in those of a novel or a dinner. Her "Paris and the Parisians in 1835," is a striking illustration of this "many-sideness," to use a favorite German expression; there is not a feature of that wonderful capital and still more wonderful people, of which she has not something to tell, and that sometimes smart, *frappant* and original. She lets us into a great many secrets which, if not *vrai* are at least *varisemblable;* and even when her revelations are not new, they are so well put that we are content to overlook the want of novelty for the sake of the illustration. As to the present political condition of France, she is clearly of Lafayette's opinion, that Louis Philipe is the best republic; and in the support of this her doctrine, all parties except *doctrinaires* receive but little mercy at her hands. Her statements must probably be taken with allowance, but there is no denying that the book is well written and very entertaining. We are disposed to consider it much the best of her productions; infinately superior in style to that in which she treated the Americans so severely, and greatly before her novels in power of mind, as well as in intent.

Private Enterprise.—Mr. Pascal Lachapelle, a Canadian Gentleman, has we understand, been engaged for some time in constructing at his own expense, a wooden bridge at the back of the Island of Montreal, which is to connect it with the mainland. We are astonished that this vast undertaking has not been noticed in any of the papers. It is built on quite a peculiar plan, and is much superior to any in Canada. It is about eight hundred feet in length, and the pillars supporting it two hundred feet asunder. We undertand that it has already cost Mr. Lachapelle upwards of £12,000. It will shortly be completed. As we have been able only to obtain an imperfect account of this important work, we will be obliged to any one who will furnish us with a more minute and correct one.

Poetry.

SPRING.

Spring time of year is coming—coming;
Birds are blythe, are blythe and gay;
Insects brighter, humming—humming;
O'er all the world its' may, love!
O'er all the world its may.
The glorious Sun is brighter;
The balmy air is lighter;
And woman, when we meet her,
At that sweet time is sweeter:
Spring time of year is coming, coming
Birds are blythe, are blythe and gay;
Insects brighter, humming, humming;
O'er all the world its' may, love!
O'er all the world its may.
Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat;
Spring makes the heart with raptures thrill;
And maidens haste their loves to meet,
In hopes their hearts with joy to fill:
Spring time of year is coming, coming;
Birds are blythe, are blythe and gay;
Insects brighter, humming, humming;
O'er all the world its' may, love!
O'er all the world its' may.

There is a beautiful moral in the following effusion from the ever sweet muse of Mrs. Sigourney;

THE LADY-BUG AND THE ANT.

The Lady-Bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smil'd with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain drest Ant go by.
With a heavy grain of corn.—
So, she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her class of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laugh'd so loud that the Ant looked up
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice but travell'd on
At the same industrious pace;
But a sudden blast of Autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the Lady-Bug bent,
And scatter'd its leaves around,

Then the houseless Lady was much amaz'd
For she new not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow:
Her wings were chilled and her feet were cold
And she wished for the Ant's warm cell,
And what she did, in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful Ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all, like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride:
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time.
Than be idle and dress in silk.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh, there are holy hours in the dull round of human existance; and they come around us like the dark and shadowy yet mild and beautiful visions of our dreams.—Interrupted alone by the wild and fitful gushings of the care-subdued and humbled spirit, hovering around the flickering lamp of existence, they come up with their thousand hopeless realities and visionary joys, to the chafed and stricken tablets of our hearts, lulling into calmness our ambitious soarings, and lighting up the unfitly tenement for the abode of higher and more holy aspirations.—When the voice of the spirit wanderer is on the earth, speeding us onward, and the magic touch of inspiration is upon the winds; when the warring of our unearthly passions is tearing away the slender fibres of our hearts, and breaking up the sealed fountains of our earthly enjoyments; how sweet are the sequestered haunts of solitude, unbroken by the deep weight of care. We turn away from the world, sick of its recklessness, to commune with our own souls. We pierce through the dim vista of future years, and behold the last twilight of time lingering around the brow of heaven, when the stars shall have closed their nightly vigils, and the sun sunk in darkness to rise no more for ever; and but hail that as the foretaste of the better land, 'formed for the good alone' Old Time, who, with hoary head and grisly beard, has marked each victim as his own, seeks not our pathway. He may rear the leaves—he may blight the flowers and still the music of the winds—but these are hours of holy purity and beauty, broken only by the deep thirst of feeling, and our unearthly yearnings for the better world. Oh, how oft, in my hours of musing and solitude, of childish suffering and sorrow, have I sought each dear familiar scene of my own native mountains, telling my wild thoughts to the winds, which were not unkind, and to the gay woods that would not betray me: when, gentle as the low whisperings of heaven, did the mild breezes, fawn around me, kissing my parched lips and sun-burnt brow, and moistening with the winds, when none might listen the song; I have sung my sorrows to the gentle flowers by a thousand streams, wild yet loved and lovely—to the foliage-crowned hills of my own loved land, and as to the sorrowless songsters of the woody dell. The hills echoed back the sound; while the forest birds, in harmony with my own wildwood song chanted a requiem to childhood's departed pleasures; and I have felt that I was not quite alone, and that though the world might shut me out from its presence for ever, yet I should be happy with myself in solitude.

Anecdote of John Randolph.—When John Randolph was in the United States Senate, during John Quincy Adams' administration, he mounted a horse one time to Washington, at an early hour in the morning and accompanied by Johnny, on another horse, he went to Richmond by night, and at an early hour the next morning, he arrived at one of his plantations. After having a large number of his negroes whipped, and some of the dogs killed he posted off to the other plantation, had the negroes whipped and some of the dogs killed, and then soon after started off for Washington. At Roanoke, he had an aged negro who had done no work for fifteen or twenty years. He used to keep him as a sort of companion, and always called him "*Daddy*;" but on this occasion he had the old man whipped, and set to work. He wore on this mission, his night-gown and a white handkerchief tied round his head, with the ends hanging down his back or floating in the wind. One of the warmest and most intimate friends near this place undertook to reprove him in a friendly way, for riding such an immense distance in so short a time, giving neither sleep to his eyes nor rest to his body. Randolph looked at him very attentively for a moment, and then replied sharply; "Sir, do you know there are two considerations for a gentleman to entertain who gives advice? He should first ask himself whether he is capable of advising others; and then he should consider whether his advice is likely to be received by the one to whom he offers it."

After Randolph had got some little distance on his return to Washington on this occasion, he turned round to his servant and said, "Johnny, where think you we are going now? Don't you think we are going to the devil?"—"Yes, I do, master," replied Johnny, "and I think we shall get there mighty soon, If we dont have more rest."—This reply of Johnny so incensed his master that he ordered him to turn about and go home, for he should not go to Washington with him.

A Strange Kind of Economy.—No matter for the title of that Scottish lord whom the prince regent used to mention as such a peace-maker that he would hardly speak ill of the 'deil' behind his back. On one occasion, an absentee was mentioned to whom the prince applied a very brief and emphatic title, continuing, "Even Lord ——, there, cannot deny that the man lives upon *lies.* Come my lord, is he not a *liar?*" "Indeed, your royal highnes," answered this lover of harmony, "I'll not go so far as to say *that*; but I'm free to admit that the gentleman is a great *economist of truth.*" George IV. often quoted this phrase with much zest; originality of expression was never unappreciated by him.

Notoriety.—One of the results of the newspaper paragraph and magazine writing mania, which characterizes the universal diffusion of useful knowledge age in which we live, is that a modest man can no longer remain in private life. It is a melancholy fact that we, the people of these United States, are all becoming public characters—not alone be it understood, in our sovereign capacity as the rulers of the land, but in our several and individual condition as the people thereof. Every other man we meet is a pamphleteer, or a man of letters; and, for the want of a better subject for the exercise of his pen, his retiring and quiet neighbor is dished up for the public palate. Things have, indeed, come to such a pass, that it is dangerous for an individual to step out of the beaten track of life, or lift his head above the common level of humanity. One cannot even eat potatoes with a knife, without attaining a painful and unenviable notoriety. We cannot act from impulse, or even perform a good action, if the thing is unusual, without the same provoking exposure.

A friend of mine the other day rescued a boy from drowning—and what was his reward? Why, they eulogized him in the penny papers, and wrote and published a doggerel poem to his praise! Unfortunate and injured man! Little did he think, when he plunged in, and snatched the miniature edition of humanity from the water, and handed him to his mother that he was doing an act which would place his name in the 'Transcript,' between a police report and a 'shocking occurrence'—that he would be immoralized by the 'Herald,' warmed in the 'Sun,' reflected in the 'Mirror,' and that the 'Star,' with its pale and silver rays, would shed a glorious lustre around his sweetly sounding cognomen of—Jonah Bangs!—*Knickerbocker.*

Curious Calculation.—A sovereign is about ,059 inch thick, so that a thousand measure 59 inches: Hence our debt of £800,000,000, would form a cylinder of sovereigns, if laid one on the other, of nearly 755 miles in length. But if instead of being laid on the edges, they were laid flat on the ground, and touching, they would form a line of nearly 11,048 miles, or would reach far towards half way round the globe. Again: since one thousand sovereigns weigh 16,5587 pounds avoirdupois, or 23,051 weigh 384lbs. the whole debt is 5,945 1-2 tons, which allowing two tons to a waggon load, would require 2,275 waggons to carry it, and if they contained four horses each, and occupied severally about sixteen yards in length, this line of loaded treasure would extend to twenty seven miles.—*London Paper.*

Historical Facts.—Paper was manufactured in Arabia in the beginning of the eighth century. Spain was then a Province of Arabia. Paper was originally made in China.

The use of the compass was known to the Arabians in the eleventh century. The invention of the compass has been given to the Italians and to the French in the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century.

From the ninth to the fourteenth centuries the arts and sciences rose to the highest perfection in Arabia. Europe during this period, was in darkness. Arabia now sits in moral darkness, a prey to superstition and ignorance.

The countries of Fez and Morocco, for five centuries illustrious for their academies, universities and libraries, are now deserts of burning sand.

Jesters not always Gay.—He who takes the character of jocoseness seeks to himself a superiority over the evils of life; but under the mask of jester, there is often a woful countenance and a torn heart. We laugh at the absurd lights in which Don Juan places many serious subjects; but we lay down the poem dissatisfied with ourselves for the momentary pleasure we took in it. And when Byron in his letters affects irony and the falsetto of merriment, we revolt from a kind of insincere bravado, and search for those other few letters were his heart breaks out. A feigned hilarity is like a child in the dark, who sings or whistles to frighten away ghosts.

A Professional Objection.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said 'the thing that was not,' they ought to whistle. One sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes; and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days—they were as big as the hills in Scotland.—He had scarcely pronounced these works, when he heard a loud whistle. "Wha's that," said he "wa's me a liar?"—"It is I, Willy M'Donald, the baker."—"Well, Willy, what objection ha' ye to what I ha' told ye?"—"None, Master John, only I wanted to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in."

A Speaking Pony.—One day lately, while Sibbald, the ventiloquist, was travelling between Ecclefechan and Waterbec, a boy made up to him, mounted on a pony, with whom he entered into conversation. "That's a bonny pony of your's," said the ventriloquist, "and I'll warrant it's a good one, though it's may be getting gey auld." "Auld," said the other, "what mak's you think that—it's only rising five—the best age to sell at, and none the warst to buy." "Ae what a lie!" ejaculated a most unearthly sound, "ame eight year auld, ye little scoundrel, an' ye ken that as well as me." The astonished boy looked carefully around, under the impression that some acquaintance inside of the fields, by way of a joke, had been volunteering a speech on behalf of the pony. But he discovered no one, although he kept a sharp look out by rising from his saddle, and stretching his neck in all directions. This foot perplexed him more than ever, and at length, from whatever feeling he struck the beast across the neck, and, with heel and hand, urged it into a canter, if not a gallop. But again there was a voice louder than before—"Ye nasty, dirty rasscle; if ye do that again I'll funk ye off my back, and tramp out y'er brains." This was speech the second and the dumfounded rider awaited not the effect of a third. On the contrary, he instantly leaped from the poney's back, left it by the way side, and ran home as fast as his legs could cary him. His friends marked his agitation, and eagerly inquired what had happened. "Happened," said the boy, as well as he could articulate—"the pony's yoked the speaking like Baalam's ass, and threatened to kill me if I ever laid a switch on his neck again. An' it said far mair and will soon preach if it gangs on at the rate it's just begun. As this was strange news, the incredulous auditors could only smile; still the boy's agitation convinced that in some way he had got a terrible fright and it was not until Mr. Sibbald pressed forward, and spread the news that they succeeded in calming the apprehensions of the runaway, and reconciled him to the idea of ever mounting the poney again.—*Lon. Sportsman.*

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