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es, at Ten Pounds each.
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nty, that he has received in-
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ny of New Brunswick" at Fre-
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ibers from the County until
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ADAM JACK.
October 1, 1835.

LET.
n Queen Street, occupied by
ALSO,—
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Mr. C. Ingram. Terms li-
ision given on the 1st day of
ly to F. E. PUTNAM
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AN'S VADE MECUM.
d Splendid Engraving of
ated Race Course.
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ng Journals of this country, was
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ill their work with subjects calcu-
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g; the popular Comedy of the
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R SALE.
od Flats remaining unsold on
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by water; and as the great-
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of which will be sold with
r separately, as may be re-
to C. H. JOUETT, Esq.
t St. John to
W. & F. KINNEAR,
Atty's for Devisees
35.
ots are not disposed of by the
, they will on that day, be
Auction at Indian Island at
oon. Terms at Sale

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ellent Ship Bells, are at present
the ST. JOHN FOUNDRY at
can be had in any other part of
ROBERT FOULIS
10, 1835.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1835. NOV.	SUN rises h m	sets h m	MOON rises h m	sets h m	High water h m
Th. 10	7 38	4 22	8 18		2 0
Fri. 11	7 38	4 22	9 24		2 30
Sat. 12	7 39	4 21	10 31		3 23
Sun. 13	7 39	4 21	11 39		4 17
Mon. 14	7 39	4 21	morn		5 17
Tue. 15	7 39	4 20	0 49		6 22
Wed. 16	7 40	4 20	2 2		7 33

MOON'S PHASES

Full - 6th 6h 52 A M | New - 19th 4h 30m A M
Last Qr. 26th 6h 2 A M | First Qr. 26th 2h 50m A M
Mean Equation—Watch fast - - 2 minutes

SAINT ANDREWS
STANDARD,
NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 3. SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1835. *Number* 6.

ROYAL MAIL.

St. John,	*departs*—	Tuesday 10 A. M. Wed. Fri 6 P. M.
	arrives—	Monday 9 A. M. Wed. Frid. 5. P. M.
St. Stephen,	*departs*—	Tuesd and Thursday at 10 A. M.
	arrives—	Wednesday and Friday at 5 P. M.
U States,	*departs*—	Monday Wed Friday at 10 A. M
	arrives—	Monday Wed. Friday at 2 P. M.

GEO. FRED. CAMPBELL,
Post Master

Communication.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

SIR,—Whale Cove, on the North end of Grand Manan, my place of residence, now exhibits a scene of Shipwreck and distress. I presume unequalled (for so small a place and short a time,) in New Brunswick, since its earliest settlement. On Monday evening the 23d inst. the Schooner Brothers, Capt Bradley, from St. John, having lost his best chain off Partridge Island, on Saturday evening previous, and experienced heavy weather in different parts of the Bay, for forty eight hours, came up for Grand Manan; and, in a thick vapor ran for Whale Cove, supposing it to have been Flagg's Cove, nor was he apprised of his mistake, until he had run too far to beat out again, and having but one light anchor on board was obliged to run his vessel on shore on Whale Cove beach; a violent storm on Monday evening immediately followed, and, on Tuesday morning she was literally in splinters. The amount of five pounds will not be saved from her wreck.

While engaged in saving the fragments of said wreck on Tuesday, the snow storm yet continuing violent, I discovered twelve men approaching me from the North end of the beach, who, from their exhausted appearance and trembling nerves, required but few words to explain the manner in which they had spent the night previous. They proved to be the mate, Joseph Reed, and twelve of the crew, of the Barque Julius of London, bound from St. John N. B. to Hull, England, laden with timber and Deals. She left St. John the morning previous. When off Point Lepreaux, Capt. R. shaped a course which he supposed would carry him to the Northwest of Grand Manan; but, meeting the flood tide, which set him to the Eastward stronger than he, or any person unacquainted with the Bay of Fundy tides, could be aware of; at half past nine o'clock struck on the ragged rocks between Whale Cove, and Eel Brook. She immediately filled, and keeled off. The crew clung to rigging, where they remained exposed to merciless waves, the ringing of the Ship, and the violence of the storm, until half past six yesterday morning, when they all got on shore, except the carpenter, James Longley, who in attempting to swim on shore with a rope with which to rescue his fellow sufferers, perished in the attempt. The Julius was insured at Loyd's Office, for three thousand pounds. Her bottom and Cargo to the lower beams are now ground to pieces, and, in one more storm she will disappear.

When engaged in relieving the sufferings of the two former Crews, and removing the body of the late Mr. Longley from the rocks we discovered a vessel approaching the Cove from the Eastward, from whose movements we soon discovered that the object of the crew was to preserve their lives, apparently regardless of the vessel and cargo. She proved to be the Schooner Rainbow, from Parsborough, N. S. James Morris master, with two men and three passengers, having been driven by the violence of the gale past their intended port (St. John,) and having thrown off their deckload, and stood at their pump thirteen hours, bore up for Grand Manan and beached their vessel, within twenty yards of the first wreck, she was laden with deals, and will probably become a total wreck, the remainder of her cargo will be saved. Thus within 12 hours have three vessels been wrecked within a hundred and fifty rods space, manned with twenty four men, the crews are now occupying three rooms in my house each engaged in saving a sufficiency from their respective wrecks to remove them to better quarters.

R. E. FOSTER.

Grand Manan 25th Nov. 1835.

HORRID CRUELTY BY A FATHER.

A crime of a most revolting nature has just been discovered in a little village near Landau, in Rhenish Bavaria. The ages of barbarism can hardly offer an example of a case of such atrocious cruelty. In that village resided a respectable family, consisting of a father, mother, son and daughter. Until the year 1829 they had always lived in harmony As that period the daughter, then very young, formed an attachment to a man of low birth, and connections, which circumstance gave the greatest offence to her family, and more especially to her father. Neither entreaties nor menaces were of avail to stay the young lady's affections for her lover; and the father seeing that all was in vain, resolved to employ the most horrible means to be revenged upon her. He made her go into one of the cellars of the house, where he walled up a space in a corner so as to form a narrow dungeon, the entrance to which he afterwards closed up with stones and mortar, leaving only a small aperture, through which the hand could be introduced for the purpose of supplying her with food. He then to allay the suspicions of his neighbors, gave out that he had sent his daughter to a boarding school. Shortly afterwards he spread abroad a rumour that she was dead, and went into mourning for her. During seven years the unfortunate girl remained enclosed in this dungeon. Every week her father took her down a fresh draw to lie upon, and a measure of boiled potatoes which was to serve her for her whole nourishment until the next visit. About three weeks ago a happy accident delivered her from this dreadful durance. One of the servant maids whose curiosity had been excited by the father's conduct, and to the circumstance of its being strictly forbidden to all the family to enter the cellar, resolved to approach the interdicted cave. When at the door she began to sing, and soon afterwards she heard a faint cry in the corner. Approaching the spot whence the sound proceeded, she was soon informed of all the circumstances of this horrid affair. The maid immediately gave information to the authorities of the place, who on arriving, rescued the wretched being from her long and dolefu captivity. The father and mother have been placed in custody. The unfortunate girl on being restored to the light of day, presented the most hideous appearance. She was unable to stand, her legs having been a long bent under her as to have deprived her of all use of them. Her body was covered with hair, and it was hardly possible to recognize a human being in the miserable and deformed object.—*Courier Francais.*

WOMAN.

We have lately seen an article going the rounds of our exchange papers, written no doubt by some crusty old bachelor, who has long ceased to consider *who he would have*, and was lost in the maze of *wondering who would have him*, in which article a long array of celebrated names is paraded to the world in proof of the allegation that a majority of mankind unhappy in their matrimonial relations, and that "the last, best gift to man," has turned out to be "veriest shrew," from whom he would be most happy to have "gentle riddance." To attempt to contradict so bold an aspersion upon the gentler sex, or to enter into a disquisition to prove the value of the inestimable jewel with which man for his happiness has been by his maker intrusted may seem to some a complete work of supererogation, which like the arguments in favor of the Christian religion would imply a doubt upon a subject, upon which the minds of all *sane reflecting* men have for centuries been made up, yet we think the calumny should no longer remain unanswered, as it may serve for an argument by which disappointed old bachelors may influence timid, doubting young ones, to follow in their footsteps, thus depriving the latter of an entrance into that state where alone true happiness can be found.

In the article to which we refer, the writer to prove his proposition that "*there is but one shrew in the world and each man has her*," instances a number of names of distinguished literary men and celebrated warriors, whose wives had in their dispositions more of the lion than the lamb, and who occasionally gave way to paroxisms of passion in which the writings of the former were committed to the flames and by which there was more "terror struck to the souls of the latter than could the substance of ten thousand men arm'd all in proof." For the sake of the argument we will admit the truth of the authorities cited, although many of them are new to us, and proceed to show that they do not warrant the author in his sweeping allegation, and that the actions charged upon the slandered women were fully justifiable on the principles of self defence, and the lex talionis. When a man takes a woman to be his wife, he promises in the face of Heaven and of Heaven's "best gift" "to forsake all others and cleave only unto her," and this he is bound faithfully to do, whether *the forsaken* be persons or things. A married man who should devote the larger portion of his time and his attention to another woman than his wife, is justly liable to the severest censures of society, and can have no claim upon the affections of her whom he has basely neglected, but a man may make a mistress of his business or pursuits, whatever they may be, and in like manner forfeit the regard of the wife of his bosom, and become rightfully the object of whatever means of annoyance she may have in her power. We believe that in these few words are comprised the reasons why so many distinguished men have been unfortunate in their domestic relations. When first beguiled from their all absorbing pursuits, by the charms of some fascinating woman, the bring to the attack upon her affections, the rich stores of their superior minds, and for the time they are irresistible, and throw into the shade a host of less gifted lovers; but when their efforts have been crowned by success, and the fervor of passion has passed away, they return to their first mistresses, and she who has all and all before marriage, finds herself converted into a mere housekeeping animal, whose sole business it is to provide food and raiment for some great literary lion of the day, receiving for her share of happiness that portion which is left after the "lion's share" shall have been abstracted. Under such circumstances, can it be wondered at, that the disappointed wife, who has garnered up her affections in one who has enthroned in an overgrown brain, should after all other rational measures had been exhausted, resort the extremity of turning up the mastiff within which had usurped her place or even given a latent transformation to the "lex talionis," and apply the "law of talons" to her husbands face. A man who should be married with a house keeping wife, and find great his quiet invaded, and his domestic happiness destroyed by the exclusive attention which she paid to the entertaining and scientific conversation of her sex, would not be considered even a cool tyrant if in a moment of passion he were to commit her to the red hot coals of the fire; and has not the wife the same right over her husband's hobbies? We answer unquestionably, yes!—Throughout the whole economy of animal life, we observe that the softer sex, when enraged from whatever cause far surpass in their anger their male compeers. A mother will fight and die for her young, when they would be deserted by those who would arogate to themselves not only all the moral but the physical courage in the world, and in what nobler cause can a woman be engaged, than in contending '*tooth and nail*' for her husbands love. Where there is one great man in the world there are a hundred fair, and a hundred thousand of inferior minds, and the very fact of the wholesale slanderer restoring to the first named description in support of his allegations, proves conclusively that the "shrews" are but in proportion to the men of superior intellect, and we regret for the sake of our sex, that they are not in greater numbers.

We have been led to these remarks by hearing on a recent occasion the Article to which we refer, quoted as authority by some per young man, who for aught we know may have been refused by every thing in the shape of a woman, with whom he had ever the honor to stand up for the dignity of human nature in opposition to those who delight in picturing it, as totally depraved; but above all things we will resist to the death all general allegations against that sex, to whom we are indebted for whatever portion of goodness may still reside within us, nor can our pen be employed in a holier cause than in vindicating woman's title to "the last, best gift to man," and where it not like "gilding refined gold," we could produce a host of authorities as to her truth, constancy and self devotedness which should make the most inveterate bachelor hide his diminished head with shame.—*N. Y. Adv. & Adv.*

From the Knickerbocker

THE PETITION.

I do not know what boon to name,
When I shall ask one thought as mine;
Nor urge my fond heart's gentle claim
Upon that hurried life of thine.

Think of me, when the languid night
Closes around the weary hours;
When far-off stars are pale with light,
And the sweet air is fill'd with flowers.

Ah, yield not to the soother, Sleep!
But think—ah, no! that must not be;
Enough for me to watch and weep,—
I would not have thee wake for me.

Think of me when the earliest rose
Melts gradual in the summer skies;
And the glad birds their wings unclose,
While light and music bid them rise.

When the sun makes each dewy spray
A mirror for the morning's smile;
But no!—that hour is all too gay,—
Thou must not think of me the while.

Nor will I ask a sweet brief thought
Amid thy days of common care;
I would not have my image brought
With wordly hopes and fears to share.

Ah! folly of a loving heart!
What fancies wild and vain are these,—
Fain their own colors to impart,
For Love is full of phantasies!

Think of me:—why, it matters not
At night—or morn—in crowds—alone;
So I can think me unforgot,
And trust that true heart as my own.

L. E. LANDON.

PUT IT DOWN IN INK.—In Halifax, county Virginia, a man entered his name on the list of a Temperance Society, in *pencil*, saying, that if after trial he did not like the temperance plan, he did not like to be erased. In a short time he came to the Secretary, saying "put it in ink, that it may be a permanent record, and be seen as my testimony, after I am gone." This incident opens an interesting train of reflections. After we are gone, and the places which now know us, shall know us no more—our children will regard the expression of our firm opinion of the nature of ardent spirit as contained in the pledge to which we have affixed our names as a memorial to be trifled with; and that very signature may save more than one of our descendants from all that is terrible in a drunkard's life and death.

After the close of the American Revolution a peddler with his goods, a assortment of nick nacks arrived in a village in the district of Maine and called at a house to dispose of his wares. After selling a few small articles to the lady of the house, who seemed to live in the midst of a blessing of children but few compared with that enjoying, she declined in a manner to purchase more for the want of money.

But, marm, haven't you any rags?

None to sell, sir.

Well, marm, said he, about returning to his cart, you seem to have a plenty of milk on a shelf yon, can't you sell me one of them for the ware?

What will you give, sir.

Why I'd give $10 for one of them.

In good tin ware?

O yes, marm, the best

Well sir, it's a bargain

She then handed one of the bare headed urchins to the pedler who, rather surprised that the offer was so readily accepted, yet feeling convinced that the mother would not part with the boy, placed him upon the seat of his cart and supplied the woman's demand for tin pan dipers, coffee pots, &c. until the sum of $10 was made up.

The pedler yet feeling certain that the woman would rather make an effort to raise the sum than part with her boy, (a sort of wary to the way in which he had a particular desire to deal) mounted his cart and seated himself by the side of the urchin, who seemed much tickled at the idea of taking a ride.

The reins were gathered up, and with an eye cast back at the house in the expectation of seeing the relenting mother coming forth to redeem her boy, his horses were started off at a slow pace. After proceeding a quarter of a mile, and casting many a wandering look behind—the pedler began to repent of his bargain—and turned for horses.

The lady had just finished ornamenting her dresser with the bed and bargain she had made, when a rap at the door turned her attention.

Good woman I think your boy is not quite large enough. I guess you had better take him back, and let me have the ware.

No, sir, you have got him, and you shall keep him. The bargain was a fair one, and you may go off with Dick as soon as you please.

Surprised at the woman's indifference about her boy,—why, marm, how can you think of parting with so young a child, to an utter stranger, who you do not know?

O sir we should like to sell off all our town *paupers* for $10 a head.

Dick was dropped at the door, the whip cracked, the wheels and ware rattled, and the pedlar measured the ground at a much quicker pace than before; never after forgetting his pauper speculation.

THE LATE COLONIAL SECRETARY.—Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride and reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him, a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made, a waist coat buttoned up to his throat and a cravat of the most primitive *negligee*, his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him, and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an undefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes conversation to any shrewd observer. This entry in his manner towards the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society.—*Willis's Pencilling by the Way.*

LIBERALITY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Even a vacant seat in a parish church, is, by an act of Parliament, common property the moment the service commences. Pews that have been locked, have thus been broken open, even by order of the bishop himself. Does any such republican privilege exist in any denomination in America? We think not. We are all exclusives—aristocrats.

LION HUNT.—MR HARDY, one of Mr. McComber's company, who has recently arrived from the South of Africa, gives the following description of a Lion Hunt:

"We started at six in the morning accompanied by two Dutch boors and four Hottentots all well armed, and each man on horseback. We travelled for about ten miles through a wild and arid district without meeting any game, but shortly after having gone that distance one of the Hottentots being a little in advance, informed us in a whisper and with the most animated gestures that there was a lion ahead. We immediately prepared for action, obeying implicitly the directions of the boors; they being experienced hunters. Using great caution, we approached to within about two hundred yards of a small bush, and there partly screened by it, we beheld, an immense lion, in an attitude of repose. We immediately dismounted and tied our horses together, (a custom generally pursued on these occasions to keep them from running) and then proceeded forty or fifty yards nearer. The noble animal lay perfectly quiet, surveying our motions very composedly and apparently wholly unconscious of our hostile intentions. Having reached to within about one hundred and fifty yds. of him, two of our company stepped to the front and fired together, the rest reserving their fire to be ready in case of accident.—The lion, wounded severely, but not killed immediately rushed towards us with inconceivable fury and rapidity, the covered a space of thirty feet, as we afterwards perceived, at one bound. We suffered him to get within ten or twelve feet of us, and then as he was about to make his last leap, poured upon him the contents of all our pieces. He staggered, fell, and in about a quarter of an hour expired. He was the largest and most magnificent creature of the kind I ever saw—full grown and with a mane as black as jet and reaching almost to the ground. We stripped him of his skin and then proceeded homeward. After travelling for about an hour on a route different from that we came, we fell in with a droves of Gnus, or horned horses; there were certainly not less than one thousand in number. We put our guns in order, and were soon in the midst of them. They are the most beautiful animals, running at large on their native plains, that the eye ever beheld. No adequate idea can be formed of their appearance from what one sees of them in a domesticated state. We killed two full grown and caught three young ones, of about a month old each. The usual method of hunting them is by riding directly into the herd.—The old ones take flight, leaving their young in the rear, which then fall an easy prey. After being captured two or three hours, they become so tame that they will follow the horse of the hunter. When the latter reaches his domicile he places them with his goats, and they speedily become domesticated.—We reached the house of one of the boors about sunset, with our lion's skin and our guns, much pleased with our excursion and without having suffered any mishap. It is rare that a day's sport of this kind terminates so happily."

CONSUMPTION OF COTTON.—"In the year 1770, the annual consumption of cotton in British manufactures was under four millions of pounds weight and that of the whole Christendom, was probably not more than ten millions. Last year (1834) the consumption in Great Britain and Ireland, was about 270 millions of pounds and that of Europe and the United States together 480 millions."

The Weymouth Tunnel under the river of that name, is the firs complete tunnel under the bed of any navigable river in the Kingdom It is 450 feet in length, elliptical in shape, of Roman cement, and lighted by gas.

PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.—At a gin palace at Lambeth, where there are 15 hands employed. It is computed that a guinea a minute is taken during several hours of Saturday evening. Again—From St. George's Church, in the borough, to the Elephant and Castle, a distance of 700 yards, there are no less than 23 gin shops.

Oyster beds are protected by an act of Parliament.—Dredging for them is prohibited from May 12th to August 4th.

Planche, the dramatic author for Drury Lane, is preparing a new piece, from the French, called Marguerita, upon the same subject as Meyerbeer's new opera of the Massacre of St. Bartholemews, the music of which will be adopted.

The late Mr. Pocock, the English dramatist, was more fortunate than most gentlemen of that class. He was a magistrate of Berkshire, and at the demise of his uncle, Admiral Pocock, fell in possession of Bay Lodge. He has left, it is said, three or four new pieces in MSS. which are to be brought out at Drury Lane.

"Are you the man," said an American coachman to the Duke Bernard, of Saxe Weimar, "that is to go in that carriage?" "Yes." "Then I am the gentleman that is to drive you!"

This sage story is from the London Courier.

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