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otatoes Do of the Applicant and one res-swill be required as proof of each description of Grain and r notice will be given as to

D. D. MORRISON.

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is selling off his large and Stock of Fall and WINTER much lower prices than herein the market. The goods mported, and of the best qua-

s do, blue, black and Sattmetts, Moleskin, rects of white and red Sa'islary and Swans lown do-eavy Kersies do-2 baies Blank-144 to 64 - Counterpairs, and ings of different colors—61 pieces 9 4 to 3 4; grass bleached white 61 pieces of Orleans & Saxonies a and patterns, Orleans der Joras olors—150 pieces of prints suit-spring—furniture cotton, checks willed jame and lining cottons, fine Regatus table covers blu-c and brown cloths do—Ladies indkerchiest, silk Handkerchiels white and brown do—wollen & white and brown do-woollen & relors - course Warps white and r Boots and Shoes, carpet & kid r Boots and Shores, carpet & kid and morrorce walking Shores—
I Berlin do—L'Ambawool Hose, ed do, Boldometts and Lacos, jamid Meslins, Feshopianus and hom Boldometts, Quilinetts and low Boldometts, Quilinetts and lower and silk Hats, for and lifetime, oil cloths and covered hats, oil cloths and covered hats, of ready made ciciling, 50 pairs fierent qualities, frock ceats and ak coats, gaussey trocks, ead and a variety of other articles in the

ARE AND CUTLERY. Sersions large and small, taxus, packet and pen kelling taxe pass and covers

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illast white Soap,
togow
on and Liverpool ditte,
on mon d and dipt Candles,
ble refused Lost Sugar, from 4 tofor family use,
seen Teas,
found Coffee,
e, Cloves, Cinnamon, Pepper, All.
e, and Salaratus,

Black Lead.

thwite and save expense. C. BRADLEY. h February, 1842

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TH E DEAD ALIVE.

THE DEAD MAIVE.

AT EXPERT.

I gave finm the reversion of what the clais contained. "A sh, thank you This has really contained on the reversion of what the clais contained." A sh, thank you This has really contained on the claim of the contained of the containe

bee n lying here? The open window presented to them as it was to me.

'The chapel where I was to be been lying here? The open window urn ed posture, the ligature round the O (jod! it flashed upon me at once oust; have laid me out for dead; and is weight upon my chest was the bible of my countrymen always place upon the dark and laid at the mouth of the vault, while of my countrymen always place upon the chareau. Thither I was carried, and laid at the mouth of the vault, while of my countrymen always place upon the chareau. Thither I was carried, and laid at the mouth of the vault, while ces that bound me on every side were an elodious enthanasia for my soul. What a mockery did it all appear to me!—to me, and the thought. I screamed with while the choir were straining more than mortal agony, a me at the thought. I screamed with but it was a voiceless cry. O horrors! It is said there are 160 ships, barks, brigs, besides a quantity of smaller craft, now lying the presented to them as it was to me.

'The chapel where I was to be buried the light went and came upon their figures. Had I looked upon the blackness of must have burst. Better the blackness of darkness itself than the ghasily light of a fee-ble flame in such a place.

(Conclusion in our next.)

It is said there are 160 ships, barks, brigs, besides a quantity of smaller craft, now lying the prospect of employment.

live only to trace the progress of the body's words. In bitterness of spirit I cursed the decay—to feel the icy worm fatten its obscene solemn farce, for such I thought it; and when

was.

I could not think of death, or fix my contemplated beneath my pressure, and the fall-transported by the most of single others as under the fall-transported by the my dear transported by the my dear transported by the most of single beneath my pressure, and the fall-transported to some time, and the fall-transported the fall-transported to some time, when meriting of some spintered wood struck my ear.

The could not think of death, or fix my conditions with an eye as unquail upon dissolution with an eye as unquail upon dissol

any sign that life had not passed away. To of a recent surfeit hanging like lead upon his

"The 1 re tired to rest one night in my usual heaks a leer taking a draught of mulled wine as a seed to be a ray of light streaming against a pillar at a distant sound of many footsteps entering the room, which I was subject. My wife had mixed it for metter red lift, and given it to me with a fondness of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission mess of man per that threw all our recent mission to the which it is a single man per that threw all our recent mission to the man per that threw all our recent mission that the whole energy of my will be a suggest itself than I started from my bier, and staggered forward in the direction of the deavors were as fruitless as before. I felt the seemed to be a ray of light streaming against a pillar at a distant would be forgotten only with they room, and they want. A gleam of hope broke in upon me. There was, I remembered, a door that want. It might be open. No sooner did the vault. It might be open. No sooner did the vault. It might be open. No sooner did the vault. With the whole energy of my will light. The first touch of the ovary but my end as a suggest it well than a transport in the course of the vault. A gleam of hope br quick to car ich every impression that the senses conv eye d; but the body was palsied, inert
stark, is d r notionless. The eyelids refused
to unclose et bemselves, the tongue lay icebound
the limbs is were stiffened into markle, the very
templation upon eternity. At another, time

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine for August.
THE INCOME TAX. AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG All you who rents or profits draw, Enough to come within the law, Your button'd pockets now relax, And quickly pay your Income tax,

A pleasant medicine's sure to kill, Your only cure's a bitter pill, The drugs of base deluding quacks, Made Peel prescribe his Income tax,

You can't enjoy your pint or pot And then refuse to pay the shot; You can't pursue expensive tracks Without a toll or Income tax.

And all ye Baptist tribes to boot, 'Twas right perhaps to free the blacks, But thence arose this Income tax, Ye bagmen bold, ye lovers fond,

Who daily like to correspond, Remember, as you break the wax, Cheap postage means an Income tax. Ye noisy fools, who made a rout

To try to keep the Tories out, The blanders of your Whiggish backs Have brought us to this Income tax. Old Capid's wish to crush the Czar Has cost us, in the Affghan war,

Both English lives and Indian lacs, And hastened on the Income tax. Regardless of the price of teas, They angered, too, the poor Chinese; The Mandarins have shown their backs,

Yet now I hope the new tariff Will something save in beer and beef lf that be so, you'll all go snacks, And half escape your Income tax.

But war soon brings an Income tax.

At least we poor folks fear no shock At hearing the collector's knock: His jest the poundless poet cracks On him who calls for Income tax.

SONG.

With streamers gay, Our barque sweeps o'er the sea, The gentle gale, That fills her sail, Wafts her right merrily.

Lightly she bounds, As eager hounds Dart on the mountain deer, And nobly braves The dashing waves She meets in her career.

Swift from her sides The broken tides, With sparkling crests retire, And as the flow. The eddies glow, And glance with "mimic fire.

On ocean's breast Gur barque may rest, Like nymph or mermaid fair, While sunbeams bright, With sportive light, May trace her image there.

The breeze may sigh. Or wild winds high Sweep angry o'er the main, And stormy blast May bend the mast, While cords and canvas strain

In danger tried She loves to ride Before the tempest hoarse;.
Blow soft or loud, Still triumph proud Attend her joyous course.

Then loud and long, Come swell the song, As o'er the deep we roam; Our path with joys Is strewed, my boys, To deck our watery home.

O! life at sea Is fair and free, 'Tis mirth the live-long day, With hearts so true, On ocean blue, We'll chase all care away!

Montreal Aug. 15 Extraordinary Escape. A most providential escape from what appeared certain destribe secret unless he is imitated. It is like

pended platform has been used, capable of being elevated or depressed by pullies. By some means or other the tackling supporting this platform partially gave way, so that one end of the narrow planking was precipitated downwards whilst the other remained attached to the cordage. At the moment' this occurred two men were engaged on the work, at a height of nearly 80 feet above the parement. Both of them were of course unaware ment. Both of them were of course unaware of the treacherous nature of the support beneath, and both appeared doomed to destruction. As the planking sipt from their feet one of those poor fellows lost his equilibrium with it, and rolling fairly over in the descent was, by a chance which appears miraculous, deposited in a small nitch in the front of the building, on the left hand side of the figure of the Virgin—a cavity not fearly large ebuilding, on the left hand side of the figure of the Virgin—a cavity not fearly large enough to receive the body of a man, but into which by croushing his body he managed to secure himself! Here he remained, pallid and trembling, till his eomerade, who had fortunately succeeded in retaining a hold of the cordage, and who displayed extraordinary coolness and courage in his likewise perilous situation (for he was dangling high in the air) contrived by means of the pulley to re-adjust the platform, when he was rescued from his dangerous resting-place. A more from his dangerous resting-place. A more extraordinary instance of preservation was certainly never presented, for with the exception of the nitch in question there was no-thing between the ground and the platform to avert the dreadful fate which seemed to await both.

The circumstance was witnessed by a great number of spectators whose feelings at beholding the perilous situation of the men and the providential rescue may easily be imagined.—Courier.

Distressing.—A party of three, consisting of a grandmother, daughter, and her boy about eight years of age, went out early on Saturday last to gather berries, a short distance from Reading, Pa.: the boy in scrambling up a hill lost his foot nold and fell into a pond ten feet deep and twenty feet source. pond ten feet deep and twenty feet square; the mother immediately plunged into the wa-ter to his rescue without knowing its depth, and before she was able to save her son, the grandmother alarmed also, attempted to assist, when, with the great exertions the mo-ther had made, she had become completely exhausted, and all three met a watery grave. Their bodies were found and buried on Sunlast, attended by the largest concourse that has ever assembled in Reading on a similar

A Woman's Reasons.—A woman's reasons are said to be three: they are past, present, and to come; and are as follows:"Because I did"-" Because I will"-and " Because I should like." The first it is impossible to get over; the second is almost a hopeless case; and a man must be a brute, indeed, if he can for a moment object to the third. Then the way in which they bring these reasons to bear is everything. A man would knit his brows surlily, and say, in a deep repulsive voice, if he liked not the first interrogation, "Because I did!" not so with a woman; she would put on one of her sweetest looks, and, half-smiling say, "Why, my dear, because I did—and you know, my love, that's a woman's reason for everything." To the second, a man would reply, "Because I will; and if I don't why"—and he would be within a shade of swearing. But a woman would shake her pretty little head, and say, "Because I will; and you know. and say, "Because I will; and you know, my darling, when I say a thing, I always do it; and I never do otherwise than please you, do I, my love?" As to the third, it does everything;—for who can refuse them "What they would like?!—True enough, it has brought many a man to the gallows; yet who ever could grumble at so trifling a trial—a thing that can but 'happen once in a man's life, when it shows his attachment to the sex?

Cheerfulness .- A woman may be of great assistance to her husband, in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually on her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred-fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tem-pests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits .- Bez.

When the census was taken in Spain, in 1787, the number of females in that country confined in cloisters for life, amounted to 22,000. In the single city of Seville, there were, in 1895, no less than 29 numeries! These institutions are now suppressed

truction was witnessed on Saturday afternoon, in the French Square.

For some days past workmen have been employed in 'pointing' the front of the French Church, and for this purpose a sus-

the upt