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forms the Public, that he  
the Business of  
MISSION MERCHANT  
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ing punctuality, to merit  
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ny part of the County  
HUBERT EUGGIES.

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MARKET WHARF lately  
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PROVISIONS,  
ral selection of Choice  
he will sell at the  
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LET.  
en Street, occupied by

Street at present in-  
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F. E. PUTNAM.  
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the title of "The Poles in  
to be published by a  
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ompanied with authentic  
the residence of the Poles  
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IN ROSKIEWICK,  
GWINZEWASKI  
KRAKOWSKA

to CHARTER.  
ons register, for a Voy  
ELIAN KER, Agent.

Be Let.  
on the first of November  
the toy. DWELLING  
cupation of Henry Beam-  
the first of November, 1835.

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16 years of age, of good  
who has a good English  
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GLASSES &c.  
ons, from  
at Molasses,  
prime Sugar,  
Service, and for sale by  
JAMES RAIT.  
tober, 1835.

BELLS.  
Ship Bells, are at present  
ST. JOHN'S FOUNDRY at  
to be had in any other part  
ROBERT FOULIS  
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AFLOAT.  
Salt, per Ship Princess  
For Sale by  
JOHN WILSON.  
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THE  
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D EVERY THURSDAY.  
WA, NEW BRUNSWICK, BY  
E. N. SMITH.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1836.	SUN	MOON	High
JAN.	h m	h m	h m
Th 21	7 31	4 23	8 55
Fri 22	7 31	4 23	10 4
Sat 23	7 30	4 20	11 11
Sun 24	7 29	4 21	11 11
Mon 25	7 28	4 22	11 11
Tue 26	7 27	4 23	11 11
Wed 27	7 26	4 24	11 11

MOON'S PHASES.  
Full - 3rd 56 35 P.M. (New - 13th 3h 49m A.M.)  
Last Q 11th 51 A.M. First Q 25th 10h 10m A.M.  
Mean Equinox - Watch slow - 4 minutes

# SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 3, SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1835. Number 12.

ROYAL MAIL.

St. John's,	departs— Mon. Wed. and Fri.
	at 3 p.m.
	arrives— Tuesdays and Saturdays
	at 12 a.m.
St. Stephen's,	departs— Tues. 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.

MONTREAL.  
The following interesting sketch of that city is extracted from the Pencilings by the Way, of a correspondent of the Greenfield Gazette and Herald, who is travelling in that region.

The approach to the city is pleasing. On your right is St. Helena, a beautiful wooded hill lately recently purchased by the Government, and now occupied by the artillery barracks. Moored along the quays are seen the shipping with the British ensign proudly floating from the masts. And then the city, spread out before you with its spires and massive stone edifices, with their glittering tin roofs, has a very novel and interesting appearance. Above all, rises pre-eminent the grand Catholic Cathedral. We landed among a confused assemblage of French, English, Irish, Scotch, and for aught we know Yankees each and all vociferating in their respective languages, reminding us of Babel and the confusion of tongues.

Montreal including its suburbs, contains about 30,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the south of the island of the same name and extends along the St. Lawrence, about two miles in length, and a half a mile in width. The buildings are mostly constructed of stone on regular but very narrow streets, which gives the place a sombre dungeon like appearance. A stone wall formerly encircled the city but it was some years ago demolished, by the sanction of government. There are but few objects of interest here to detain the traveller. The Cathedral, Nunneries, and Montreal Mountains, are about the only "fines" which are visited by tourists. The Cathedral is open at all hours of the day, both to worshippers and visitors. For size, grandeur, style and decoration, it is probably not excelled by any edifice on the continent. It is built in the Gothic style, of a species of dark granite, hewn in small blocks, and is 255 feet long and more than 100 feet wide, and sufficiently capacious to hold 10,000 persons. The interior is truly magnificent; the triple tier of galleries, and the huge columns which support them, are marvelled in the most exquisite manner. Back to the high altar, is the great window filled with the painting of Christ and the 12 Apostles, executed on glass. The walls are decorated with various splendid sacred paintings. Before the different pictures and images of Christ and the Virgin hang lighted tapers, which are kept constantly burning. But we will not attempt a description. The whole combined has a grand and solemn appearance, that is calculated to impress upon the mind at all hours, first step to the foot of holy water, dip their finger, cross themselves all upon their knees, then repeat over their prayers and depart. Three or four priests in their white robes are seen in different parts of the Church, ready to hear those who wish to make confession. The whole cost of this Church we are told, was \$200,000 sterling, which we should think was within the bounds of truth. There are four convents within the city, viz: the Hotel Dieu founded in 1644, and under a superior and 30 nuns, whose occupation is to administer relief to the sick, who are received into the hospital; the convent of Recollets, and that of the sisters of Notre Dame—and the general hospital, or Convent of Grey Sisters. This last is the only one we have visited; it is situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, a short distance from the town, from which it is separated by a small rivulet. We were admitted to only one of the wards, which was occupied by a number of superannuated old men. The room was the very picture of neatness, and the occupants appeared as if their wants were attended to. While we were at the convent, the Sisters attended mass. Preceded by the Superior, they came chanting, two by two along the corridor, and entered the chapel, a neat little room, filled with a variety of sacred paintings. After going through the services in Latin, the nuns, at a signal given by the Superior, rose from their knees, and departed in the same order as in which they entered—the right hand one as she passed the font of holy water dipping her fingers and clasping the hand of her companion to communicate its virtues. This institution was established in 1763, and is under the management of a Superior and 19 nuns.

The prevailing religion here, is the Roman Catholic. The Clergy derive a revenue from grants of land made to them under the ancient regime, and from contributions ordained by the Church. Besides these a principal source of revenue from lines for alienation, which amount to 8 per cent, paid by the purchaser of real estate, every time the same is sold, and which extends to all sales on real estate in the seignior or island of Montreal.

We did not find so great an amount of shipping here as we expected. The depth of the water in Lake St. Petres is only from 8 to 12 feet so that vessels of a heavy tonnage are not able to come up so far. The city however is doing a large and increasing business. Being a sort of depot for Upper Canada, its business will increase as that Province becomes more settled. This city as well as all the Lower Province you are aware was first

settled by the French. Jean Cartier first discovered the island, in 1535, in his second expedition from France to Canada. It was then called Hochelaga, and there was a large Indian settlement on the island. Cartier gave it the name of Montreal. It was some years after this, however, before the French colonized Canada. A large proportion of the city is French, but there is a liberal sprinkling of English and Irish. The principal mercantile men, we believe, are chiefly English. There are but two daily papers printed here, viz: the Morning Courier, and Montreal Gazette, and those are not well supported. There are besides several weeklies and semi-weeklies. The Canadians are not a very reading people. Comparatively few emigrants have arrived here the present season, and the city has been uncommonly healthy; neither the cholera nor any other epidemic has visited it.

AN INCIDENT.  
In an obscure village in the State of Vermont, there lived an aged man, friendless and without connections, for he was one of the early settlers, and came here alone. During the revolution, he took arms with the rebels, and gave his property for the benefit of the revolutionary army. He endured all the privations which characterized that struggle for liberty, he signalled himself in several battles, and after the efforts of the friends of freedom met with success, he returned to private life. He became very poor, and was compelled to earn his daily bread by working one day here and the next there. His wife died; children he had none. In this state alone in the world, devoid of property, aged and infirm, a creditor seized the few little effects he had and committed his body to prison. Some of his acquaintance bailed him out of the "liberty of the yard." He remained within the "bars" 27 years, sometimes working for one person, and sometimes for another, at such work as he could perform. Gardening in the summer, and doing chores in the winter, were his usual occupations. Finally he made a bargain with the village tavern keeper, and his board and clothes. He used to ride of horses, make fires, &c. At this period of his life, there was a conspicuous character travelling through the country, receiving the congratulations and attention of all classes of our citizens. As he hastened through our villages, his fame went before him, and the people turned out en masse to bid him a hearty welcome. He arrived at the village where the old soldier lived, and stopped over night in the same house.

The old man, knew him and often tried to get access to his apartments, but without success. The aristocracy of the place, the ruffian shirts, the silk gowns, the little masters and pretty misses must first greet the stranger. However, the old man made interest with one of his village acquaintances to request an interview with the stranger. "Tell him," said he, "that Capt. B. of the 4th Regiment of Infantry wishes to see him at his leisure." The stranger was electrified. "What," said he, "is he alive? where is he?" at the same time leaving his ruffian shirt company, he went into the bar room in search of the old soldier. He found him. "Is it possible," said the stranger, "that you are alive?" They embraced each other, and were so affected that neither could give utterance to one syllable. The spectators gazed, and were confounded. The best feelings of human nature founded the mastery of the whole assembly. At last said the stranger to the old soldier, come and converse about by some times; about the battles they had fought together, and the hardships they had encountered. Each gave a particular narration of his life since their separation, and that of the old soldier was heart rending to the illustrious stranger.

He told him his poverty, his troubles, and his incarceration in prison, his present means of subsistence, &c. "How much do you owe?" said the stranger. "I have been on the limits twenty seven years for NINETEEN DOLLARS. The cost and interest may now amount to one hundred." "There are two one hundred dollar bills, said the stranger, pay what thou owest. I shall leave a deposit in the Bank, where you can draw for two hundred dollars a year, as long as you live." By this time the people without were impatient and could not divine the nature of the privacy between our two heroes. They went out, and took some refreshment; the stranger returned to his company, and the old soldier went to the Lawyer's office and paid his debt. He then went into the tailor's and procured a suit of clothes. The next day the stranger and the old soldier departed together leaving the people to conjecture the cause of the metamorphosis of the one, and the strange conduct of the other. The old soldier however, returned to his native village in a few weeks, and the people who would before scarcely speak to him unless it was for the purpose of telling him to get out of the way, were now glad to see him. He, nevertheless, pursued the even tenor of his way. This stranger, was GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—Re-lector.

Original.  
To L.  
And must I bid my friend farewell,  
And part with her forever?  
Yes, but succeeding years shall tell,  
That I her memory loved full well—  
And will forget her never

If we must part, once more adieu;  
To me no hours are given  
To spend in social chat with you;  
But the right path we pursue,  
We'll meet again in heaven  
Eastport, 1835.

A REMINISCENCE.  
From Captain Morrell's Diary of a Slave.  
I was observing, that I here met with a person whom I could not recollect, and, as usual I continued to talk with him, trusting to my good fortune for the clue. At last it was given me. "Do you recollect the late doctor and his wife, who has often made me laugh as I consider it one of the best specimens of wit for wit, I will narrate it to my readers."

A certain little army surgeon, who was stationed at Bangalore, had selected a very pretty little girl out of a service of young ladies, who had been freighted out on speculation. She was very fond of guiney and amusement, and after her marriage, appeared to be much fonder of passing away the night at a ball than at the home of the little doctor. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, in every respect she was very correct. The doctor, who was a quiet, sober man, and careful of his health, preferred good food early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning. And as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At last his patience was wearied out, and he told her plainly, that if she staid out later than twelve o'clock, he was resolved not to give her admittance, "wherefore," said he, "he never would presume to do any such thing."

He laughed heartily, and from the next ball to which she was invited, did not return till half past two in the morning. As soon as she arrived the palanquin bearers knocked admittance, but the doctor true to his word, put his head out of the window, and very ungraciously told his wife she might stay out all night. The lady coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened, but it was all in vain. At last she screamed, and appeared to be frantic, declaring that if not immediately admitted she would throw herself into the well which was in the compound, not fifty yards from the bungalow. The doctor begged that she would do so, if that gave her any pleasure, and then retired from the window. His wife ordered the bearers to take her on her palanquin to the well; she got out and gave her directions, and then slipped away by the bungalow, and stationed herself close to the door against the wall. The bearers, in obedience to her directions, commenced crying out, as if ex-pounding with their mistress, and then detaching a large and heavy stone, two of them plunged it into the water, after which they all set up a howl of lamentation. Now the little doctor, notwithstanding all his firmness and impetuosity, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. He knew her to be very quiet, and he remained on the watch. He heard the heavy plunge, followed up by the shrieks of the palanquin bearers. "Good God!" cried he, "is it possible!" and darted out in his shirt to where they were all standing by the well. As soon as he had passed, his wife hastened in doors, kicked and made all fast, shortly afterwards appeared at the window from which her husband had addressed her. The doctor discovered the *ruse* when it was too late. It was now his turn to expostulate, but how could he hope for mercy, rendering none? "The lady was frantic and decided," "At least, then throw me my clothes," said the doctor. "Not even your slippers, to protect you from the scorpions and centipedes," replied the lady shouting the "jalousie." At day-light, when the officers were riding their Arabians, they discovered the poor little doctor pacing the verandah up and down the side of the morning with nothing but his shirt to protect him. Thus were the tables turned, but whether this *ruse* of the well ended well, whether the lady reformed, or the doctor conformed, I have never since heard.

CONTRIVANCES OF ARTS.  
A GENTLEMAN of unimpeachable veracity, remarked to us the other day that while in the Island of St. Croix, he instituted several experiments with reference to ascertaining the truth of what he had been often told, of the ingenuity and apparent reasonings of the art of that beautiful island. Having slain a friend, he laid it on the window seat within his apartment, where, though not a single individual of that miscreant race of tortois had been seen, to his great satisfaction in the

course of a few hours, one solitary ant made its appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted probably by the odor of the dead body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeared, but speedily returned with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of the prize had unquestionably been communicated; a more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was instituted. The whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcass, examined minutely its exact positions and satisfied themselves that it was actually bereft of life, and that no danger would be incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlooked for series of labours were commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called contrivance, that if there is no intelligence in it, why the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation. Well, not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and cut the body into portions of a soul full an inch in length, which was effectually and skillfully done, between a two hour in the afternoon and the following night, and with pace transported to their citadel through some contiguous aperture, of sufficient diameter to allow the loads to pass. When the observer arose at daylight, every part had been carried away but the head, which was really moving off towards the hole, surrounded by an immense concourse of admiring spectators probably on the *qui vive*, happy in the delightful anticipation of future toasts and revellings. On farther scrutiny, he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a *testudo* upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner, towards the same orifice through which all the rest had disappeared.

Gifts.—In receiving a gift from another, none but the object mind can contemplate with as much complacency, as innate value as the knowledge of the donor's worth. We receive a nobility of feeling, that hallows the gift, and makes it a treasure with which we would not part for treble its inherent value. The slightest prating token of affection—a word—a look—a look rendered dear by satisfaction, after our friends have left us, because we appreciate those feelings in our own bosoms. The story of Damon and Pythias, so long enrolled in the annals of history, as a model of pure disinterested friendship, at which the degenerate devotee of selfish gratification, might blush to look, if every spark of modesty were not extinguished in his constitution. Indeed, benevolence and self-love like the centrifugal and centripetal forces, impel in different directions; but both are necessary for the harmony of the moral system.

SACRED HYMNS AND MUSIC.  
Church music is one of the most agreeable accompaniments of public worship, and the tunes should be so simple that all who are capable of singing, may participate in it. But such is the rage for novelty, that most of the sterling old fashioned tunes have latterly been, to all intents and purposes, read out of church. Their place has been substituted by collections of "new music," which are not half so good as the old collections; and, what is worse, they are not understood by one in ten of the congregation. In many instances, composers have attempted to alter and improve some of the best standard old tunes. In almost every instance, they have altered them for the worse. Unfortunately, these new collections which were probably modified for the benefit of the compilers and publishers, have been turned into the service of most of our churches and the consequence is, that few of the people are able to join in the music of public worship.

Another practice in this connexion has obtained extensive indulgence, which arises from the propensity to alter standard Hymns, which have been approved of for ages. There is no author, who has suffered so much injustice of this kind as Watts. For a century, he has stood unrivalled as a writer of sacred poetry, and yet the ruthless hand of the innovator, has long been busy, in mangling the faultless numbers of the immortal English Bard! Such practices are not only in bad taste, but they do irreparable injustice, to the memory of that author. In fact, reformers have so marred the euphony and symmetry of some of Watts's most elegant Hymns, that, if he could return, he would scarcely know his own poetical offspring. Such practices are worthy of barbarians. The writings of Watts are as perfect, of their kind, as the works of the great masters in painting and sculpture. What would be thought of the taste of a painter, who should presume, if it were possible, to alter and modify the incomparable statue of Apollo, or the Venus de Medici,—those immitable wonders of ancient art? It would be dangerous for any one to appear in Rome or Florence, who should disturb either of these models. With similar feelings

do we regard any attempt to garble the admirable Hymns of Watts.  
Some people attempt to gloss over this injustice, by saying that Watts's poetry is good but they do not agree precisely to all his sentiments. Then let his Hymns alone. There is no excuse for altering either his phraseology, or his sentiments. Both belong to his fame, and no one has a right to alien them.—If one person is allowed to mutilate them, another will claim the same privilege, and if they can be altered in a little, there is no limit to the practice. In making up collections for churches, the most proper mode is to adopt them as they were originally written, or reject them altogether.

CONSOLATION.  
From the French.  
The great philosopher Citophilus, one day to a lady oppressed by grief of England, fortune, Madame, the Queen has an unfortunate as yourself. She was a Storm at kingdom, she nearly perished, and expire on a scaffold. "I am sorry for her," said the lady who continued to weep over her own misfortunes.  
"But," said Citophilus, "recollect Mary She loved—but in a honor—a very handsome musician. Her husband slew him before her eyes, afterwards her good friend and relation, Queen Elizabeth, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold hung with black, after having kept her in prison for eighteen years." "That was very cruel," answered the lady relapsing into melancholy.  
"You have perhaps heard," said the philosopher, "of the beautiful Joanna of Naples, who was taken and strangled?" "I have confused recollection of," answered the mourner.

"I must relate to you," rejoined he, "the adventures of a sovereign who was dethroned in my time, after supper, and who died in a desert island." "I know the whole story," replied the lady.  
"Well, then, let me tell you what happened," said Citophilus, "and you will speak of nothing but her misfortunes." "Why do you wish, then, that I should not think of mine?" said the lady. "Because," answered the philosopher, "you ought not to reflect on them; when so many great ladies have been so unfortunate it does not become you to despair. Think of Hebe—think of Nicobe." "Ah!" replied the lady, "if I had lived in their time, or in that of the beautiful princesses, and if, to console them, you had related my misfortunes do you think they would have listened to you?"

The next day the philosopher lost his only son—he was ready to expire with grief. The lady made out a list of all the kings who had lost children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it—found it perfectly correct, but he did not weep the less.  
Three months after, they met again, and were mutually astonished at each others cheerfulness. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription—"To HIM who Consols."

Runaway Steam Engine.—One of the most curious circumstances in the history of locomotive engines occurred on Sunday afternoon at the depot of the Leeds and Selby Railway at Leeds. The fireman had lighted a fire under the boiler of a locomotive engine which was to be attached to a train; and being unencumbered, it proceeded with fearful rapidity. The astonishment of the fireman may be easily conceived when they found the engine gone and out of sight. The persons who saw it in its flight were amazed beyond measure, as it seemed literally to fly. At length when the fire abated and the steam lessened, its dangerous speed gradually slackened, and it finally stood still in the Milford cutting, a distance of 12 miles from Leeds.

A new piece is in preparation at one of the Paris Theatres, in which a whimsical novelty will be introduced. A game at cards and dominoes will be played by characters appropriately dressed.

"Have you seen the comet?" asked a friend of our's of a fellow passenger on the Brighton Tally-ho, the other day. "No, sir; I really haven't." "Do you know it it has past its perihelion?" "No, sir; it don't go that way now; it goes through Dunstable."

Egyptian Antiquities.—The Odessa Journal states that the Mehmet Ali was prohibited any further export of Egyptian Antiquities, and intends forming a National Museum at Cairo.

Report.—A former clergyman of Westborough, Mass. more remarkable for pointed repartee than personal elegance, on being attacked by a blackguard of fifty years, who said to him, that he was better fitted for a scare crow than a preacher, gravely replied—"If I rightly understand, the scare and the scare of the birds to which you allude, it will be more honorable to possess the qualities to scare than to *dear* them."











