SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1835. JAN.	SUN rises h m	SUN sets h m	MOON rises h m	MOON sets h m	High water h m
Thu 1	7 37	4 23		7 12 a	0 49 a
Fri 2	7 37	4 23		8 17	1 20
Sat 3	7 36	4 24		9 20	2 02
Sun 4	7 36	4 24		10 24	2 45
Mon 5	7 35	4 25		11 25	3 26
Tue 6	7 34	4 26		11 53	4 10
We 7	7 33	4 27		0 25 m	4 55

Moon's Phases

First Qr. 6th 4h 55 m PM | Last Qr. 21st 4h 13m PM
Full - 14th 4h 31 m PM | New - 28th 4h 26m PM

Mean Equation—Watch fast - - 4 Minutes.

SAINT ANDREWS MAIL

Departs for	
St. John,	Monday, and Friday, at 3 P. M.
Saint Stephen,	Wednesday and Friday at 10 A. M.
United States	Mon. Wed. & Frid. at 10 A.M.
Arrives from	
St John,	Tuesday, and Saturday, at 3 P. M.
St. Stephen	Thursday and Saturday at 4 p. m.
United States	Mon. Wed. Frid. at 2 P. M.

GEO. FRED. CAMPBELL P. M.

HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

When we acknowledged the receipt of the Address delivered by Mr. Howe at the opening of the present Session of the above Institution, we promised to present our Readers with copious extracts from it; but on further consideration, we think we would be doing injustice, both to them and the author, should we withheld any part of it—we therefore publish to-day about one half of it, and intend to give the remainder in our next number.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, *On the 5th November, 1834*

BY JOSEPH HOWE.

After a season of unexampled trial to this Community,* and of anxious solicitude to us all, it is with no ordinary feelings of pleasure that I open this fourth Course of Lectures to the Institute. Although, since we last met, some of us may have lost relatives and friends; still, when I find so full an attendance of my brother Members—when I see around me so many familiar faces, I cannot but feel that the most appropriate sentiment for me to utter, and that to which your hearts will most cheerfully respond, is one of gratitude to Him, through whose sparing mercy we are again permitted to assemble to tread the paths of Science; and attain, through the right use of the means which he has placed within our reach, some knowledge of the wonders created by his hand, and of the laws by which they are controlled.

It is our practice, in these opening Addresses, without confining ourselves to any particular subject, to touch upon the past history and future prospects of the institute; to take a discursive range over the wide fields of Literature and Science, for illustrations of the value of such societies—to build each other up in the love of knowledge—to cheer each other on in that course of improvement which has been so successfully commenced. As this duty usually devolves upon your Office Bearers, and as, for many reasons, it is my wish and my intention to fall back into the ranks at the close of the present year, I shall avail myself of this occasion, to impress strongly upon your minds some general views that have long been forming in my own—and which I would fain leave among you ere I retire from the Chair.

The abstract or cosmopolitan idea of Knowledge is, that it is of no country—the world of Science and of Letters comprises the learned and the ingenious of every clime, whose intellects, reflecting back the light which each in turn bestows, serve to illuminate and cheer the dark places of the earth, and roll off the mists which ignorance and prejudice have gathered around the human mind. To benefit his whole race, and to earn universal applause, are the first great stimulants of the student and philosopher; but the all-wise Being, who divided the earth into continents, peninsulas, and islands—who separated tribes from each other by mountain ranges and unfathomable seas—who gave a different feature and a different tongue, evidently intended that there should be a local knowledge and a local love, binding his creatures to particular spots of earth, and interesting them peculiarly for the prosperity, improvement and happiness of those places.—The love of country, therefore, though distinguished from this universal love, boasts of an origin as divine, and serves purposes scarcely less admirable. It begets a generous rivalry among the nations of the earth, by which the intellectual and physical resources of each are developed, and strengthened by constant exercise; and although sometimes abused by ignorance or criminal ambition, has a constant direction favourable to the growth of knowledge, and the amelioration and improvement of human affairs.

Is that feeling alive in your breasts? Is it abroad in this country? Has Nova-Scotia received the power to attach her children to her bosom, and make them prouder and fonder of her bleak hills and sylvan vallies, than even of the fairer and more cultivated lands from which their parents came? I pause for no reply—the unerring law of nature is my answer; and though addressing an audience composed of all countries, it is with the conviction that their children are already natives of Nova-Scotia, and that their judgments will approve of the direction I wish to give to those feelings of patriotism which that circumstance will inevitably inspire. You who owe your origin to other lands, cannot resist the conviction, that as you loved them, so will your children love this; and that though the second place in their hearts may be filled by merry England, romantic Scotland, or the verdant fields of Erin, the first and the highest will be occupied by the little Province where they drew their earliest breath, and which claims from them filial reverence and care.

Far be it from me to wish, on this occasion, to draw national distinctions. I desire rather to show you how the certainty that your descendents will be one race, having a common attachment to Nova-Scotia, and knowing no higher obligation than to love and honor her, ought to draw you closer to each other in friendly union, and make you solicitous to give that direction to their minds which shall best secure their happiness, and promote the welfare of their common country.

I must confess that, at a first glance, the youthful native of Nova-Scotia would seem to require more than an ordinary share of amor patriæ, to justify much pride at the present condition of his country—or to inspire any ardent hope of her future prosperity and renoun. He sees her the least in population and extent in the whole range of a mighty continent; and without reference to the glorious nations of the old world, but a child in resources and improvement, as compared with the States and Provinces by which she is more immediately surrounded, and upon which the signs of a manhood, vigorous and advanced, are already deeply impressed.—He may love her, but can he hope to render her conspicuous among such competitors!—to raise her up to the level which they may, without any extraordinary efforts, attain!—To the South and West a more generous sun warms a more fertile soil into a higher measure of fruitfulness and beauty than nature bestows on him; and to the North, he finds countries which, from their geographical extent and earlier settlement, have a greater command of resources—are already vastly in advance—and seem destined to leave Nova Scotia far behind in the race of improvement; and to merge, in their own mental effulgence, the feeble light of science which even ardeat patriotism may kindle upon her soil.

Turning from Virginia, with her 66,000 square miles, covered with flourishing towns, and more than a million of population—from New York, with her magnificent rivers, princely cities, and two millions of people—from Massachusetts, with her extensive borders crowded with acturity and intelligence—from the Canadas, with their national dimensions, great natural resources, and rapidly increasing population—to our own little Province, hemmed in by the Atlantic and its Bays, and presenting an outline as comparatively insignificant as her numbers, we may be pardoned if, at times, the desire to elevate and adorn our native land, is borne down by a sense of the competition we must encounter, and the apparent hopelessness of the task.

Many a time has my own mind sunk under a sense of these inequalities; and if I present them thus broadly to yours, it is because I wish to show you how I have learned to overcome them; and, as it were, to console you on the possibility of rendering them a source of excitement, rather than of depression; to the generation now rising around us.

With nations, as with individuals, much depends upon the principles and resolves with which they set out, and the strength of their determination to surmount the untoward accidents of birth; and command, by energy and perseverance, the honors and rewards which circumstances would seem to have denied. The conviction of this truth prompts the utterance of sentiments on this occasion, that many may regard as far fetched and premature—but which, after long and painfully revolving our present condition and future prospects, I feel it my duty to express. And something tells me, that although from the feeble manner in which they are urged, these views and opinions may now be held in slight esteem, a time shall come, when they will, with the genius and ability of a riper and more cultivated age, be infused into the minds of my countrymen, and stimulate them in their love of knowledge, and their pursuit of an honorable name.

We constantly see Individuals, of good natural capacity, and superior opportunities and advantages, outstripped in the pursuit of influence and distinction, by those who, viewing the point from which they started, would appear to have had, in the paths of emulation, hardly any chance. We see the poor, but persevering and industrious man, accumulate wealth and, purchase extensive domains, while, by the idle and dissolute, the most ample fortunes are wasted; and these examples are seldom lost on those by whom they are carefully observed. Though an accident may bring wealth or reduce us to poverty, we know, by a comparison of many facts, that in nine cases out of ten these result from the possessions of certain qualities, and the exercise or neglect of peculiar powers. Hence the poor and the wise man derives lessons of encouragement: and if the estate of the rich landlord spreads its countless acres beyond his narrow field, or if the spacious palace overtops his humble store, his spirit is not depressed, but borrows strength and energy from the view of that affluence he determines to attain.

Compare the advantages of Burke and Sheridan, Canning and Mansfield, Curran and Erskine, with those of the thousands of wealthy youths poured out from the ancient Colleges of Britain, whose command of masters, well stored libraries, and leisure for foreign travel and domestic study and reflection, would seem to have peculiarly fitted them to shine as Orators and Statesmen—and you will be convinced that there is a power in the human mind, to control all outward circumstances, and raise itself up from the lowest deep of social degradation to the highest point of moral influence and intellectual renoun. Need I refer you to the Franklins and Fergusons, the Johnstons and the Falcons to convince you that, even on the roughest roads of Scholarship and Science, those who would appear to have the greatest advantages may be distanced by the genius and perseverance of the most obscure.

These splendid individual instances have often been pressed upon your attention, and I only allude to them here, that I may enquire, whether men in masses may not achieve for their common country, a moral and intellectual reputation, and a measure of collective prosperity and influence, equally disproportioned to her apparent means—equally honorable to their joint exertions—and equally worthy of that untiring diligence and indefatigable hope, without which nothing valuable can ever be attained? I think they can. I would have you think so, and sanctioned by your judgment, I wish the sentiment to go abroad over the Province, and to become strongly impressed upon the minds of my youthful countrymen, until it ripens into a cheerful and fixed determination to raise up their native land to a point of destinction in Agriculture, Commerce and the Arts—in Literature and Science—in Knowledge and Virtue, which shall win for her the admiration and esteem of other lands, and teach them to estimate Nova-Scotia rather by her mental riches and resources, than by her age, population or geographical extent. With Nations as with individuals, though much depends on natural endowments, much also depends on first impressions and early culture; and with them as with us, though in some cases accidents may make or mar, it rarely happens that their ruling passions and fixed determinations do not control their destiny.

This is the infant hour, or if you will the childhood of our country; and it is, if not for you and I, at all events for the race among whom we live, and to whom our public declarations are addressed, to say what shall be her future progress—what resources shall be placed within her reach—what rules laid down for her guidance—what opinions and determinations indelibly impressed upon her mind.

Shall we then neglect this high duty, which we owe alike to the hardy pioneers by whom the Province was conquered and explored, and who have done so much for us; and to those generations that must come after, and to whose feet our knowledge and virtues should be as a lamp, and over whose destiny, whether for good or evil, we have such extensive control? Shall we lie down in idleness and doubt, because we are but a handful of men, and because our country might be almost hidden in some of the Canadian Lakes? Shall we foreswear all mental competition, because other countries are larger and more advanced? Shall we aspire to no national character—no combined influence—no honorable report? Shall we turn recreant to the blood and example of those glorious Islands, from which we derive our language and our name? Shall we forget the obscurity of their origin—the vicissitudes of their history, and the obstacles which *their* children and *our* fathers triumphed over and contended?—Or shall we, upon a continent peopled by their descendants, sell our birthright for the pottage of timidity and sloth? Shall we teach our children to seek excuses for idleness and irresolution, in the narrow dimensions of their country—and so tacitly yield to a Canadian or Virginian superiority in all things because he chanced to inherit a more fertile soil, and can reckon a million who bear his name?

The doubt that we could not do otherwise, has often painfully opressed my mind; but I have sought myself to hope, to reason and resolve and I am satisfied that we may if we choose, tread a far higher path than that to which it would, at a first view, appear our destiny must inevitably lead. Will you throw aside your own doubts, and labour for a "consummation so devoutly to be wished!" Will you, on this night, pledge with me your faith that there shall come a time when *Nova-Scotian* will be a name of distinction and of pride; when it shall be a synonyme for high mental and moral cultivation; when the sound of it in a Britain's ears, shall be followed by the reflection that the good seed he sowed has fallen upon genial soil—and when the American, while glancing his eye over the map of this mighty continent, shall recognize, in the Peninsula jutting out upon the bosom of the Atlantic, the home of a race, superior to many and second to none of the countless tribes by whose gigantic territories they are embraced?

With mere politics, whether general or local, in this Institute we never interfere; and I have elsewhere such a surfeit of the angry contentions they engender, as to be last to introduce them here. But there is a philosophy, taught by the experience of nations and of the human mind, upon which we may reflect and reason without offence. And if any ask, how can you talk of a distinct national character, without a severance of the colonial connexion? or how can you hope to raise Nova-Scotia on the scale of importance, without schemes of spoliation, and conquest, criminal and absurd?—here is my answer. The improvement I contemplate—the distinction at which I aim—are neither incompatible with our present political position, or with the peace and independence of our neighbours. I wish to lay the foundations of our future fame much deeper than the mere politician would lay them—to reap a harvest more blameless and enduring than foreign conquest and oppression could afford.

Providence has given us a separate country, and the elements of a distinct character—we cannot change what the hand of nature has performed. But can we not follow out the benevolent designs of Providence, and fill up, with pleasing tints and graceful animation, the outline which nature has but sketched? Can we endanger our friendly relations with Britain, or excite the jealousy of our neighbors, by becoming wise and virtuous—by establishing a high standard of moral excellence, and making to Nova-Scotians the great truths of Religion, Philosophy and Science, familiar as household words—by exciting among our population a desire for distinction, and a taste for Literature and Art, as general as is the taste for music in modern Italy, or as was the love of country which distinguished ancient Rome?

But, it may be said, what can a little Society such as this, accomplish? Need I remind you that a few intelligent and determined men can do almost any thing, to which reason and sound policy are not opposed.—Have not smaller combinations, ere now broken down the superstitions, dispelled the ignorance, and elevated the moral and social character of distant millions, who seemed sunken in the lowest deep of barbaric degradation? Does not that great reformation, which is now spreading over the new world and the old, and restoring to humanity those who had been transformed to demons, and rescuing all ranks and classes from sorrow and pollution, owe its origin to a few enlightened and determined men? To the work before us our means are not more disproportioned. They had distant and hostile tribes to reform; we have our countrymen to improve, who surround us on every side. They had deep rooted customs and inveterate prejudices to contend with; we have the ductile and vigorous genius of a youthful people in our hands.

If we encourage each other to love the land of our birth, or our adoption, and make that affection the perennial spring of virtue and knowledge, that our country may be honoured—if we teach our children, our friends and neighbours, that as mind is the standard of the man, so is it of the nation; and that it becomes the duty of each individual to cast into the public treasury of Nova-Scotia's reputation something to make her "loved at home, revered abroad,"—and, if this feeling becomes so general throughout the country, as to be recognized as a stimulant and a principle of action, our work will be more than half accomplished, and we may leave the rest to time. Holding these opinions, I do assure you that I have watched the progress of this Institute with earnest solicitude and delight: for as a little leaven leaveneth the lump, I have fondly hoped, that it would become the centre from which sound knowledge and correct feeling would be diffused; and that from its walls a voice of inspiration, encouragement and hope, would go abroad over the Province, elevating the minds of my countrymen, and attuning their hearts to virtue.

DINNER TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Mr. John Miles addressed the company as follows:—

"Mr. President: I rise, sir, on behalf of the stewards who officiate on the present occasion: to propose a sentiment which, when I state that it refers to the individual by whose presence we are honoured, *the guest of the day*—will be heartily responded to by all. For the most part, our appreciation of intellectual pleasures is known only by admiration of the genius and honor to the memory of the *dead*: but when occasion happens affording us an opportunity to render a tribute of respect and friendship to the *living*, who have contributed to promote, exalt and refine such pleasures, we hasten to acknowledge and assert our obligations. Of these pleasures through the force of its controlling influence over the thoughts, feelings, and habits of men, the *Drama* assuredly ranks among the first.—The pages of its early history inform us that it *was* what it still *is*—whether in reference to history, morals or politics; whether in the exhibition of the truths of nature, or in the portrayal of human passions, motives or actions; whether for good or evil; a storied precept—a pictured example—a living instructor. If such be its powerful sway, how honourable is the station of that man, whose genius, while it has given a higher zest to its charms as a means of relaxation and amusement, has invested it with the nobler attribute of directing that influence for the attainment of moral good, and to the exclusion of all that tends to corrupt or debase.—Such a man are we happy to recognize in our guest. In his numerous writings, there is not to be found a single line inimical to virtue or offensive to modesty. To rescue the Drama, from the gross and sensual character given to it by the early authors—to purify yet adorn our mental enjoyments—has been his noblest triumph; and the rank which his productions hold upon the stage is the best evidence of the success which his object has obtained. As *poetry*, his writings have all the truth, energy and freshness of nature—they give a grace to history—a moral to fiction—they are imbued with taste and wrought with skill. Not the least merit which they possess, is the spirit in which they represent and vindicate the *female character*: we know that in proportion as this is lessened or degraded civilization boasts a refinement, without which is absent its brightest gem, its happiest grace. Most of the early dramatists, many of whose productions yet hold their place upon the stage, found points for their wit only in the ridicule and scorn of that sex, which is

"'Man's chief ornament! his worldly bliss!'

"Even the deepest interest in some of the most tragic situations of the old drama, is based upon events which are repulsive to correct feeling. One of the greenest leaves in the laural of our author, is that on which is perfrayed his delineation of female excellence. Whether we look upon the juvenile devotedness of Virginia—the rebuked and suffering Julia—or the spotlessness of the wedded wife in Marianna—we cannot but yield admiration to the genius which has pictured to us the purity of woman's heart, and its holiest secret—her affections. There is another merit in his dramatic productions, which I cannot forbear to notice. In our habits of thinking on political subjects—without meaning to express an overweening Americanism on this occasion—the spirit stirring advocacy of the cause of freedom, and the noble resistence to oppression, exhibited in the language of his Tell and Virgenius find willing responses. Untuctured by common place declamation and vulgar tirade, the sentiments find a home in our bosoms, for with us they are truths. To dwell longer befits neither the time nor the occasion.' In short, sir, if most of us have hitherto been strangers to the person of our guest, we have long known him by his works, and he will not therefore esteem it as insincere when we say to him that we wear him 'in our heart's core, ay, in our heart of hearts.' I propose, sir *The health of James Sheridan Knowles*: the first of living dramatic poets

"'Whose worth
Stands challenger on mount of all the age.'"

Mr. David Paul Brown having been called on by the President, thus addressed the company:

"Mr. President: Many centuries have elapsed since the origin or foundation of the DRAMA—How far that Drama; may be impaired or defaced by the misdirected zeal or indiscreet efforts of some men, or renovated or improved by the distinguished abilities of others,—like him, for instance, whom we have assembled this day to honour,—Time, the great discoverer, shall eventfully decide. But one thing is already ascertained—it is fixed by *Destiny*, and cannot be changed by *Time*, and that *is*, that whatever may be the assaults or vicissitudes to which the Dramatic Temple shall be subjected, there is one pillar at least—one proud pillar in that glorious edifice—which being the work of an immortal hand, shall defy all mortal ravages; and which, 'when the great globe itself and all which it inherit shall dissolve,' shall still, amid the general ruin and decay, 'the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,' stand lofty—lovely—and *alone!* Upon that sacred column stands inscribed in characters of living light, the immortal name of SHAKSPARE. There it has remained—and there it ever shall remain—imperishable. The Pillars of Pompey—the Column of Trajan—the towering pyramids of Egypt, and all the mighty monuments of ancient glory, and ancient boast, shall be forgotten in the oblivious grasp of the scythe armed despot; but the pillar of Shakspeare, founded as it is in Nature, and by Nature sustained, shall endure for ever.—I will give then, Sir, as a sentiment appropriate to the present occasion, and connected with the subject to which I have thus briefly adverted:

"The Age of All Ages—that which produced a Bacon, and a Burleigh—a Sydney, and a Raleigh—and *the man* of that age—the brighest star in the brignest firmament—plain, untitled, unadorned WILL SHAKSPEARE.

"In hin own language—and what language so well befits the cause—

"'Now let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak—
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without—
The Cannoneer to Heaven—the Heavens to earth
We pledge the Immortal Bard.'"

By Louis A. Godey. "The right of Dramatic Authors to a fair share in the profits of their own Works:—May the copy-right Laws of England and America be speedily so amended that the Genius which delights for ages shall be not less righly rewarded than the art which pleases for hours.

By C. Alexander, Our Dramatic friends across the water—We hold them in our minds eye, and cherish them in our heart's fullness—a galaxy of brilliant stars, shedding rich lustre over two hemispheres.

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* From the Cholera, & commercial embarrassements

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