EW GOODS.
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Cloths, Hunter Keise
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unbleached hollands and
of all descriptions, Jeans
nd Grandrills, Manchester
ions, Hats, Boots, Shoes,
ng Paper, Quills, Lines,
rockery ware, Paints and
l Glass, Putty.
L S O.
aica Rum, proof 22.
flavored Demarara.
ar, Coffee, Starch, Blue
ass, Crockery &c. &c.
JAMES BOYD
h May 1835

TICE.
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first day of May next
and Commission Room
Town of Saint George
fully receive an quan
y Consignments he ma
NCIS M'LORINAN.
March 1836

TICE.
ving demands against the
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THOMAS BERRY.
Administrator
March 1836.

TICE.
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Andrews, Farmer, decea-
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date and all persons in-
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AH CONNICK Exec.
N M'KENNY Exec.
26, 1835.

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CHALMERS, Executrix
S CARTER, Executor
0, 1836

NOWLES.
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MARKET WHARF lately
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and PROVISIONS,
neral selection of Choice
hich, he will sell at the
for Cash only.
, 1835. 32tf

MEAL &c. &c.
ew York per Schooner "Com
the following articles.
our Bags Corn Meal
Tobacco—(16s)
ns and Rice Race Ginger
& American Gent. Snuff
rshall brls. Jamieson's do.
old for a very small advance
JAS W STREET

TICE.
aving any legal demands
of the late Charles Chris
Mariner, deceased, are
in the same to the Sub-
ent, and all persons in
Estate, are hereby request
ate payment to
ANN CHRISTIE.
Administratrix,
h 6, 1836.

THE
WS STANDARD
EVERY THURSDAY,
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SAINT ANDREWS
STANDARD,
NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 3. SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1836. *Number* 52.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1836	SUN		MOON.		High	
NOV	rises h m	sets h m	rises h m	sets h m	water h m	
Th 17	5 27	6 36		6 3	2 15	
Fri 18	5 28	6 35		— 2	3 —	
Sat 19	5 29	6 34		— 1	4 —	
Sun 20	6 0	6 33		6 0	5 10	
Mon 21	6 1	6 32		5 59	6 50	
Tue 22	6 2	6 31		0 58	7 45	
We 23	6 2	6 30		1 57	8 40	

Moon's Phases.
Last Qr 2nd. 2h 1 P M | First Qr 17th 5h 23m P M
New - 10th 8h 32 P M | Full - 24th 8h 36m P M
Mean Equation—Watch slow 10 minutes.

ROYAL MAIL

St. John's *departs*— Mon. Wed. and Frida at 3 P. M.
arrives— Tuesdays and Saturday 12 A. M.

St. Stephen, *departs*— Tuesd. and Thursday at 10 A. M.
arrives— Wednesday and Friday at 3 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.

[*From the Casket.*]

THE SISTERS.

"And she will be his bride;
At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother,
Oh! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my Mother."

The room was small, but the splendid and almost oriental style of magnificence with which it was furnished, left not a doubt that it was the boudoir of some favourite of fortune; the carpet so thick and soft, that the heavy tread of the mailed warrior could not be distinguished from the soft fairy tread of beauty; the low and velvet covered couches, the large mirrors, the splendid pictures, whose style bespoke them from no less masters than Titian or Claude; the marble tables, the rich curtains, all spoke of wealth, taste and elegance. But with this splendour there was a certain something, which told the inmate was careless or indifferent to it all. On a small centre table of the purest Italian marble, stood a rich porcelain vase filled with rare exotics; but they languished and looked nearly withered—books and engravings strewed the table, but they too lay untouched and unopened—a guitar and a harp stood near, but several of the strings of both were broken. On a beautifully arranged toilet table lay a casket of rich and sparkling gems—the casket was half upset, and many of the trinkets laid strewed about in confusion. Turn now from this minutia, and look at the inhabitant of this apartment, and tell me if happiness dwells with wealth and splendour. On a low crimson Ottoman reclined a fair being who might have been thought to be as inanimate as the objects around her, except for the low passionate sob that at times burst from her bosom, as if her very heart were breaking; she was even in her sorrow an exquisitely beautiful creature: her fairy and perfect form; the infant like delicacy and purity of her complexion; her head of Grecian like dignity; the profusion of dark curls, which shadowed without concealing the intellectual loveliness of her pale face, all bespoke her lovely; she had apparently but just returned from a ball or party, if one could judge by the elegance and costliness of her dress, which was of white silvered crape, confined at the wrists and waist by bracelets, and a girdle of pearls, with a web twisted necklace, and pendants of the same, a pearl bandeau, in which was fastened a plume of white feathers, lay on the floor as it dropped from the head by accident.

"Yes," she exclaimed in a low broken voice, "she will be his bride, and I—what am I—a poor despised creature, looked on with indifference, perhaps with hate, by the being I feel I yet adore—he will be happy while I am miserable: but I deserve it all. Oh, that I could die and be at peace," again she wept bitterly. A low tap was heard at the door, and before she had time to refuse admittance, a fairy form glided into the room, and in a moment was locked in her arms.—"My own sister," "dearest *Helen*" was all that was uttered by either for some moments; at length the visitor rose up from her fervent embrace and seated herself on a low stool, at the side of the couch, while her sister, (for such she was) as if overcome again, sunk back in her reclining position, and gave vent to a fresh burst of tears, still clasping the hand of the fair intruder in her own.—"Tell me, my own Helen what ails you—is this my welcome, after months of separation:—am I instead of meeting with your own gladsome smiles to be greeted with tears.—Tell me," she continued, throwing herself upon her knees, and pressing her lips to the pale cold forehead, "what can possibly ail you: are you sick; you cannot be unhappy, surely, or your own Cecile would long ere this have known of your griefs, and flew to sooth them: if you are ill, cheer up and smile upon me, and your own sister will be your faithful nurse. With so kind a husband, and all else your heart can desire, you must be happy." "Happy," murmured the lady, while her very frame seemed shook with the agony those words called up, "happy—never in this world—my happy days are over Cecile." She seemed quite overcome, and Cecile forbore to answer her, lest she should renew sorrows which she wished to alleviate: she at length insensibly sunk into a light slumber, whilst the young and beautiful being who seemed by her bright and radient face never to have known sorrow, bent over her with the anxiety of a fond mother, watching her sleeping infant, afraid to move lest she should disturb the sleeper. She continued in her kneeling posture, watching the countenance of her sister. "And I thought she was happy—no, she is not," thought the gentle girl, as she gazed in painful silence upon the altered features of Helen. Her moans and inarticulate murmurs sometimes escaped from her as if her sleep was far from peaceful; at length after a deeper moan, she opened her languid blue eyes, and they fell upon her gentle nurse, "my sister," she exclaimed with a mournful smile, "how good you are thus to watch over me; but will you not retire, it is late, and I in my selfishness had forgotten that you have walked far, and must feel fatigued. "No, no, my sister, I cannot sleep: wherefore then leave you. I am miserable because you are so, let me know the cause of your unhappiness, and if I cannot relieve, at least your Cecile can weep with you." Helen had risen at the close of her sister's remark, and for a minute paced the room with quick and hurried tread, as if to escape some painful recollection: at length seating herself by a low window, where the moon poured her silver rays upon her face, she said, "The task is a painful one, but to you I have long wished to speak freely—yes, it will console me to know there is one to sympathize with me. "She pressed her hand forcibly to her head, as if to still the throbbing temples, and with a low faltering voice commenced, "You know I am your senior by several years—you know, too, how dearly we have loved, and how bitter were the tears we shed when I was sent for, home from school, and obliged to be parted from you: all this you know; but you know not, that dearly as I loved you, my sorrow was evanescent. I was going into that gay world, into whose scenes I had so often entered in my waking as well as midnight dreams—I sighed at our close confinement to studies, our simple recreations, and our country situation—I wanted to visit the gay balls, parties, theatres, &c. which I had so often read of, and more than all this, I earnestly wished to love and to be loved. With all these thoughts thronging in my young heart, can even you wonder that my tears were soon vanished. You know that I arrived safely at my mother's splendid mansion, and she received me with a mixture of affection and gratified pride, and prophesied I would make a 'brilliant match.' I was introduced to the gay world, and entered with pleasure into its extravagancies and follies. I was styled beautiful, known to be wealthy, and was therefore followed by many admirers, but my heart remained untouched. Even then, my sister my heart would oft times pine for your society, and I would wish myself back a simple happy school girl. So true it is, that pleasures, however delightful in imagination, lose much from constant repetition. I wished for something to love and to be loved. My mother was kind and I respected her; but her manners were not calculated to gain her children's love, and consequently she was not my confidant—Unhappy situation when a daughter may not confide in a mother. Who so suitable a friend, a guide, an adviser as a mother. You may remember our sweet friend, Rosa Evelyn, who was married shortly after I left school, and for whom I was bridesmaid; it was at her happy home that I first met her cousin, Eugene Evelyn, that I first knew what love was." A long silence followed these words, as if they called up scenes too painfully pleasing for memory to dwell upon. "Enough my sister, to say I was beloved and loved devotedly; a few happy months flew round and then I was awoke from my dream of bliss—my mother was petrified and enraged at the idea of an alliance destitute of all that she thought made an alliance desirable; that is, wealth and rank. She forbade my again seeing Eugene. Fear not duty led me to obey her; for oh, how will you believe me when I tell you that knowing my fortune to depend entirely upon my mother, I dared not, much as I loved, encounter privations and want of luxuries.—In short, I dreaded poverty (or an approach to it) as one of the greatest evils in life. I received from my lover many letters breathing affection and tenderness, and conjuring me to fly with him.' 'If,' he said in one of his letters, 'if, dearest Helen, your mother's refusal was grounded on the Idea that I was vicious or dissipated, I would not urge you to flight; I would strive to convince her of her error and gain her esteem; but no she would sacrifice the peace, the happiness of her daughter, of me, for what—because I possess not wealth. I ask not your fortune: I have competence, and if faithful love and constant endeavour, on my part, to make you happy, can make up the luxuries, the splendour of your home, then consent, my own love, to unite your fate to mine.' And yet, even after I had read these precious lines, I became another's—yes, turn not away, sweet sister, relax not the grasp of those dear hands, I feel too deeply my own unworthiness, to hear even your unintentional marks of sorrow. Wrought upon by my habitual fear and respect of my mother—won upon (I blush to own it) by the splendid presents, the house, the equipage of Sir William Ethrington, I consented, in an evil hour, to become his bride; and now," she added breating lowly, as if the breath came from the very recess of her heart "now comes the heart breaking scene!—I had heard that Eugene had been informed of my conduct and my marriage: that he felt that his love had been thrown away upon an unworthy object, and consequently he felt for me an utter contempt so at least I was told. It has now been near a twelve month since my marriage, when, partly to gratify my husband, and partly to chase away gloomy feelings, I consented to go to a large party this evening at Lady Ranehath's. Sir William was forced to leave me at the door, as he was engaged elsewhere. I entered the brilliant apartments, blazing with lights and beauty; I had hardly reached my seat, when my eye fell upon—Eugene Evelyn; not as I once heard of him, pale and dejected but looking as when I first saw him, radient with smiles and health. On his arm, leaned a beautiful delicate girl, whom, however, at that time I scarcely observed, being so entirely taken up with watching Eugene. He did not see me, but continued in earnest conversation with the lady. As I stood in a deep recess, I could, unobserved by any, watch his ever-varying countenance: and oh, how bitter were my feelings at that moment. My musical powers, which your fond affection used to magnify into something extraordinary, were, even in the gay world, in requisition; and accordingly I was soon surrounded by many urging me to play and sing. It was in vain that I pleaded indisposition, and with a heavy heart I at length consented to be led into the music room, hoping that I was not perceived by Eugene. Feeling in a dull mood, I pitched upon the first song that was handed me; it was a low, melancholy tune, and seemed suited to my feelings. It ended with the following verse;

"Give me of cold oblivion's wave,
A draught, in sorrow's chalice sad;
My hopes are slumbering in the grave;
Past are the dreams which once could glad."

Much agitated after singing, I arose and was at length permitted to move away, while a lady took my place at the piano. 'How handsome Mr. Evelyn looks,' said a voice near me. I involuntarily looked up and encountered the earnest look of Eugene:—he bowed and I immediately turned my eyes away; but a conversation that happened near me, attracted my sole attention. It was about him who alone I loved. After speaking for some time, highly in his praise, one of the ladies remarked, 'do you know that it is a positive fact, that he is engaged to be married to the lady he is with?' Yes, I heard that she was to be the bride, the blessed bride of my own Eugene. I fainted, and when I recovered it was to find myself supported by him, whilst the fair girl, whom I had seen with him, was gently bathing my burning brow. Oh! happy, too happy moment—would that I had died even then, but no, such a blessed lot was not mine.—When he found I had recovered, he resigned me to the arms of Lady Mary Clinton, which I heard as the name of the lady. He asked me if he should call my carriage; I gladly assented, and taking his offered arm was led, more dead than alive, to the door. As he lifted me in the carriage he pressed my hand, 'You have my forgiveness, Helen, I am happy; would that you were so too.' 'Never, oh! never, shall I be happy again, Eugene; my heart is breaking.' He gave me a thrilling look of pity; even yet I see it!—pressed my hand to his lips and closed the door.—All else is a blank to me until I found myself here." She ceased and leaned her burning brow on the marble slab, as if to cool it, while her young sister wept without restraint. "I have wearied you almost to death, my own sweet Cecile, let us both kneel now in earnest prayer, even as when we were children together, and then let us seek a little rest." The two fair sisters knelt down; the one in her single innocence, the other in her deep unhappiness, and remained long in fervent holy prayer. When they arose, though their eyes were still filled with tears, there was a holy serenity visible in the features of both, lovely to behold. They together laid down to court a little repose. Tired nature at length sunk exhausted, and it was late in the day ere Cecile awoke, and recalled to recollection the painful scener of the past night.—She arose gently and stood by her sister's side. "How lovely, how angelic she looks! and what a sweet smile beams on her features. I cannot wake her—sleep on, sweet sister: be at least happy in your dreams."—So saying, she stooped over her and pressed her rosy lips to the pale forehead of a corpse.

When Cecile was recovered from a long deep swoon she found that she had not been deceived. Helen's gentle frame had sunk under the pressure of misery; and though she mourned for her sister, she could not but rejoice that her unhappiness was at an end. It was midnight when Cecile went to take a last look at the lovely remains of her beloved sister, beautiful even in death. She reposed upon that couch from whence she was to be conveyed to the dark and silent tomb! Her large blue eyes were closed, and the long, dark lash lay on her fair cheeks; a striking contrast; a sweet smile yet played round her lips, which even death had not robbed of their coral like hue—she looked as placid as a sleeping infant. She was buried with pomp and splendour; and the only tears shed for her in real sorrow, were by Cecile and Eugene, who attended her funeral. As for her husband, he had always admired her, but love with him had no existence. He considered a wife as a necessary appendage, and had chosen out a beautiful one, only because she was the fashion, and was sought by others.

Eugene was in a few months happily married to Lady Mary Clinton and their first girl was, by Lady Mary's request, named after the unfortunate Helen. Cecile also married a man in every way deserving of her, and unlike her sister, looked only for virtue and goodness in her choice, and consequently enjoyed much happiness. But it was long ere she ceased to think of and regret the mournful lot of one who was led away by the luxuries and vanities of this life from peace and happiness.

ADALE.

THE FARMER.

On a Safe Method of Feeding Cattle with Potatoes.—The feeding of cattle with potatoes alone has ever been considered a dangerous practice. Many cattle have fallen victims to the flatulency arising from fermentation of potatoes to the paunch. Any plan, therefore, which can prevent this danger is worthy of consideration. I have fallen upon one which I think completely averts the danger. I write from Ireland, and the practice about to be related is peculiarly adapted to the numerous small farms in this country, as well as those of a larger scope in Scotland. Cut a stone of potatoes into pieces smaller than walnuts, and mix them minutely with a bushel of cut straw, for one feed for one beast. The potatoes may be cut either with a spade or with a turnip cutter, or by any other means which may effect the purpose. If a spade is used, which is a most expeditious method, its blade should be made fifteen inches in length, and bent into the shape of the letter S. The potatoes are placed in the bottom of a tub, whose diameter should be as large as to admit each potatoe of the stone of potatoes to stand singly or nearly so, that every stroke of the spade may reach the bottom of the tub. The reason for cutting the potatoes so very small is that being intimately mixed with the cut straw, the straw becomes damped with the potatoe juice, and the cattle eat the mixture with the greatest relish; and the advantage derived from the minute mixture is, that the straw completely prevents the fermentation of the potatoes in the paunch from injuring the cattle.—They eat up the prepared mess with relish, are soon satiated, and then lie down with ease and comfort, and of course fatten rapidly. For a cow in calf, and not yielding milk, or for young cattle that are intended to be kept only in a growing condition, two stones of minced potatoes, in two bushels of cut straw, each day, with straw fodder, will suffice. The quantity is at least equivalent to the ordinary quantity of turnips which is given to cattle in a similar condition. A short horn ox, intended to be fed, of the weight of forty or fifty stones, would require five stones of minced potatoes, and five bushels of cut straw each day. In regard to the cost of feeding by this method, I may mention, from experience, that a bushel of straw can be cut with one of Mr. Slight's strawcutters, as described in this journal, for one farthing; and taking the value of the potatoes, as it usually occurs in Ireland, in the early part of the season, at from 9½ to 1s per cwt., an ox might be kept on, at the highest price, for 3d, or fed off for 7 1-2d per day. In conclusion, I may relate a method which I practise conveying turnips from the field to the homestead. Through the middle of the small farm which I have, runs a ditch, in which a large quantity of water flows almost all winter. On pulling the turnips in the field adjoining this ditch, I cause them to be carried on hand barrows, and tumbled into the water of the ditch, which conveys them down speedily and well washed to a convenient place at the steading; thus saving the labor of cartage, and the poaching of naturally heavy soil in winter by carts and horses.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

FLOUR FROM IRELAND.

There was sold in New York a considerable quantity of flour at eight dollars and a half for export for south America; taking the dollars at 4s 6d British money, there is 38s 3d for 196 lbs of flour. The quantity of flour exported on an average of years from the United States is said to be a million of barrels a year; and as Ireland can ship to South America, the West India Islands, and other parts of the world at a lower price, and in quality fully equal to any American flour, as the Irish wheats are kiln-dried, the flour will stand a voyage, and at their present prices, say 36s per sack of 280lbs net for their best marks is only for the American barrel of 196 16s, 25s 3d leaving a balance in favour of Ireland 13s on 196lbs of flour. *Here* is a wide range for all the wheat Ireland can spare in flour—in markets always supplied with flour and not with wheat—at a price far superior than can be obtained in any of the English markets.—*Waterford Mail.*

Preserving Potatoes.—Chance has led to the discovery of a method of preserving potatoes, which is both simple and attended with little or no expense. A house-keeper had placed in his cellar a quantity of charcoal. Having removed it in the autumn, without removing the dust that covered the ground, he caused a large quantity of potatoes to be laid on it. Towards the spring these roots were preserved, had thrown out no shoots, and were found as fresh and well flavored as new.

THE ARMY.

42d Royal Highlanders.—The following is a copy of the address of Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, to the 42d Regiment, on its departure from Corfu. The address was made to the regiment on its march to the place of embarkation on the 1st of July:—"Colonel Middleton, officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the Royal *Highlanders*:—

"I have come hither to assure you, that the conduct of the 42d regiment has given me the highest degree of satisfaction during the time it has been under my orders, and I wish to express to you the deep regret I feel at the departure of this gallant and distinguished corps from the station under my command. The highest professional obligation of a regiment is so to act as to render itself dreaded as well as respected by enemies. This the 42d regiment has heretofore nobly and effectually done, and that power, though it exist unimpaired in the condition of this regiment, repose, for the present happily in peace. It is peculiarly the duty of a British soldier to conciliate by personal demeanour and individual conduct, the esteem and regard of his fellow subjects at home, and wherever he may be serving abroad, to cultivate the best terms, and gain the respect and good will of all classes of persons in the community of the place wherever they may be quartered. This, too, 42d, you have well done, the good terms which so happily subsist between the protector and protected here have not only undisturbed but cemented by your good conduct, and it affords me the greatest pleasure to have heard it declared by the highest authorities here, that you take with you the regard, respect, and good wishes of the population. As I was honoured by having found this regiment placed under my orders, and I am highly satisfied with the conduct of the corps up to the moment of its departure so should I feel honored and gratified again, if I should ever have the good fortune to have you again under my command. If this should be in peace, I should have the pleasure of renewing the very agreeable intercourse I have had with the officers, and the very pleasing duties I have to discharge in connexion with you; should a renewal of the connection take place in war, it would afford me the greatest delight and the highest satisfaction, and I should feel great honour conferred upon me by being associated with a corps which I well know would make fresh inscriptions to its own renown and to the honour of our country, on the banners which have braved many a hard fought battle field, and waved triumpantly over many a victory. Forty Second, fare well!"

On Tuesday morning, the Prince Regent transport arrived in Leith Roads, with three companies of the 42d regiment, last from Portsmouth. The 79th regiment not having marched from the Castle, the 42d did not land till Wednesday at one o'clock. As their arrival excited great interest, an immense crowd collected at Newhaven to witness their debarkation, which was effected by means of the steamer Dart which brought the three companies ashore in two trips. The division then marched up by Inverleith Row under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Middleton, accompanied by a great concourse of people, which was continually receiving fresh accessions of numbers as they approached the town. Pitt Street, Hanover Street, the Hound &c. were also crowded with dense masses of people, who successively cheered the regiment as they approached. They reached the Castle about half past three o'clock, after an absence in Gibralter, Malta and Corfu, of 12 years.

On Tuesday evening, previous to the 79th regiment marching for Paisley, they were entertained by the 42d regiment in the Castle. It was a pleasing sight to witness the good feeling which prevailed during the night; music, the song, and the dance, were kept up till the hour fixed for separation, and the whole passed off with the greatest *eclat*.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

The greatest Timber Merchants in the World.—At the recent sittings, in Bristol, of *British Association for the advancement of science*, Dr. Cleland read an elaborate paper on the Statistics of Glasgow, in which the following notice occurs:—

Messrs. Pollock, Gilmour, & Co., who are chiefly engaged in the North American timber trade, have eight different establishments, that ship annually upwards of six millions cubic feet of timber, to cut and collect which, and to prepare it for shipment, requires upwards of fifteen thousand men and six hundred horses and oxen in constant employment; and, for the accommodation of their trade they are owners of 21 large ships, the registered tonnage of which is 12,005 tons, navigated by 502 seamen, carrying each trip 20,000 tons of timber at 40 cubic feet per ton; all of which ships make two, and several of them, voyages annually. It may be truly said that this establishment is unequalled in Europe.

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