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# The Standard.

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1845.

[15s. at the end of the year

[From the Ladies National Magazine for March.]

## The Burning Ship.

By the author of "Cruising in the last War."

My friend Harry is the happiest of men. He has the sweetest and most romantic cottage in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It is but nine miles from the city and near a fine old turnpike, so that a span of blood horses will take you there in forty minutes. His wife is a perfect angel—beautiful, sweet tempered and loves Harry devotedly. And then a group of such lovely children!

"Did you ever hear how Isabel and I became acquainted," said he to me one evening looking on his wife. I shook my head in the negative. "Well, then, draw your chair closer to the fire and I will tell you."

It was a night in the tropics. We had been in pursuit of a merchantman, but a fog coming up the ship was shut in from our sight, and for more than an hour remained invisible. Suddenly, however the moon broke forth, and we saw the chase close-hauled, on the very point of escape. We instantly made all sail, but the wind was so uncertain that the stranger kept his advantage, the air being comparatively still with us while he had a respectable breeze. At length it fell a dead calm, the chase being by this time several miles off.

She could not be seen, lying in a liquid flood of moon light, rising and falling lazily upon the swell, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance, like a sea-gull's snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinizing her through his glass exclaimed—

"There's something the matter on board there, the men have almost all left her decks—and even those aloft repairing are coming down—what can it be, Mr. Jones?"

"I can't make out, sir—the crew perhaps has mutinied, they are running wildly hither and thither, nor my God, the ship is on fire!" he ejaculated as a cloud of thick, black, smoke suddenly puffed up her fore hatchway, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up as brightly into the midnight sky. We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had attained an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them. It was a fearful sight. The eager element still along the rigging, ran swiftly up the foremast, and wrapping the hamper in a sheet of fire, streaming almost perpendicularly upward a fathom or two above the truck. There was no breeze; but the undulations of the atmosphere swept the dense smoke to one side, forming, as it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that all at once the crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant was shown on the quarter. All this had passed in a moment.

Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick, sir, or the poor wretches will be lost," thundered the captain.

The men hurried to their stations, fired with a sympathy equal to his own.

"Mr. Danforth," he said, "I shall give you the command of the leading boat, spare no effort to reach them in time—but," he continued in a whisper, "mind the magazine!"

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, touching my hat, and leaping into the stern sheets I continued, "push off there, forward—and now give way with all boys—pull!"

At these words the men bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in foam beneath our bows, and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure skiffs.

But swift as was our progress, that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such frightful rapidity as to wrap the whole fore-part of the ship in flames, and threaten to consume her before we could arrive. Since it had found vent it raged with redoubled fury, until now the shrouds the fore-mast, the bowsprit, the yards, everything, was sheeted with fire, which, whirling round, and ascending spirally to the mast head shooting its forked tongues out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up into the calm blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and catching at once the rigging, spread almost instantly to the huge lower masts, hissing, flashing and roaring as they went, until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of lurid fire, and nothing was left untouched but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavouring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and stretching out their hands imploringly for help.

"Give way, my men, give way—pull!"

see them miserably burnt to death before your eyes!" I shouted, raising in the boat and waving my hat to the sufferers, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the imminency of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter of the burning ship answered back with a hysterical shout. Our gallant tars started like mettled hounds at the cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

"Keep her off there," I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape, "keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up," as we fell off from her quarter again; and in less than three minutes the deck was bare, and our boats full of the rescued crew.

"Mr. Danforth," at this moment shouted Jack, from the other boat ahead, "there's a lady and her father, they say here—still on board—for heaven's sake let us save them!"

For one moment as I remembered my orders and the extremity of our danger, I paused, but when I reflected that by departing we should abandon two human beings to a horrible death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily leaping from the mate of the vessel that they were the only passengers, and having taken refuge in the hold during the late chase, had since been forgotten—and not feeling warranted in ordering any on so dangerous a service, I gave the boat in charge to Irvine, who had luckily snuggled himself on board, sternly bid one or two of my crew who attempted to follow to keep their stations, mounted her side by a rope that hung over the quarter, rapidly traversing the deck in the midst of a tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring not five feet from its entrance.

The cabin was a large one, and fitted up with the decorations were even luxurious and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchantmen. The state rooms were of mahogany, inlaid with ebony, and finished off with the greatest elegance. Curtains, apparently of damask hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way even brilliant. The cabin was however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an ottoman and beside it was an open book; but no other traces of a human being were discernable around. Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to the frightful element?—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had not been removed from the hold?—was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrible death? All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind, and my heart sickening as I owned I could not answer them.

The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent—I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung; for should the flames reach the magazine, inevitable destruction must ensue.

Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all around, and even now might be eating its way recklessly towards it. Besides, if I paused a moment longer the fire would reach the companion way, and all hope of escape from the cabin be cut off. Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in periling it to the utmost—but when I remembered that a dozen gallant fellows of my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty.

These reflections, had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the various state rooms. Alas! all were empty. With a heavy heart I was about to mount the companion, when I noticed that at the farther end a massive curtain seemed to divide off a smaller cabin in aft of the one I was in. Without a moment's delay I rushed towards, hastily lifted it aside and there beheld a sight I shall never forget.

This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with everything that taste could suggest, or wealth afford. Ottomans completely around it, forming a kind of divan. At one end was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey, I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me. One of them was a gray haired man, apparently about sixty-five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of a former day. He was bending widely over the almost inanimate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale half-fainting creature seemed at that moment. One arm supported her on the ottoman, the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins discernible as they stole along beneath the ivory skin. Her head rested on the bosom of her parent, and the hair loose and unbound, streamed in dark glossy ringlets, over her snowy shoulders.

At the noise made by my entrance, she started, raised her head and I could see through the tears that glistened on her lashes one of the sweetest hazel eyes I had ever looked upon. A quick flush shot over her face, crimsoning it like a rose leaf as she beheld a stranger; and half starting to her feet, she assayed a moment to speak, and then stood with half opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

"For God's sake fly," I cried, "the ship is on fire in every part—we can barely escape by the companion way—in another instant she will blow up—why hesitate? For heaven's sake come."

"Oh! sir, God bless you for your kindness—there is then hope," exclaimed the old man—"but Isabel has fainted," he continued—"go fly, I will die with her," he added in a voice of agony, vainly essaying to raise in his feeble arms the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter, I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great, and she had indeed fainted.

It was no time to hesitate. Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the front cabin, hurried up the companion way and to my utter horror, found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For but a second I paused. Death was behind, destruction, perhaps before. Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair girl, around her face and to my made a bold, desperate push for life, and in another instant amid the cheers of men had gained the quarter deck. The boat shot to the side, a dozen arms were extended to receive my burden, I carefully gave it in charge to the nearest, almost slung the old man after, and springing with a bound into the stern sheets, waved my arm and shouted—

"Shove off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before, pull now, for your lives, my men!"

I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task, and while the ash almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with the velocity of a sea gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only half dissociated fright—while the form of his inanimate child was extended unaided for the moment by his side. It was indeed no time for delay. Every man knew we were pulling for life or death. The other boat was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the devoted ship. Far off on the moonlit horizon lay our schooner, with all her exquisite tracery reflected in the wave beneath, and seeming with her thin, taper, raking masts, like some aerial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship, presenting a vast body of lurid fire, that roared along her sides, streams out her ports, eddied spirally up the masts, & leaped in huge masses straight out in the sky. Now and then, as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall, over the consuming ship. For some instants the flames appeared to die in part away; but all at once a stream of intense fire, that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upward from the decks; the horizon for miles around, was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noonday; a part of the fore-mast lifted bodily up, shot like an arrow almost a cable-length on high; a concussion arose that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about, and then a stunning roar followed shaking the firmament to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment as the burning fragments sailed aloft, falling on every hand about, while the boat rolled wildly to and fro upon the agitated swell, we held our breaths in momentary expectation of death, and involuntarily ejaculated—

"The Lord have mercy on us all!"

"Amen!" said the rescued father at my side.

But we were again almost miraculously preserved. The offing we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the fallen timbers, however, struck us, we should all have gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrow escapes I ever made, and when I gave the command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible moment they had to a man paused—a gasp of thankfulness and devotion went up from my heart to the great Author of my being, who had thus preserved a second time my life.

The deafening uproar recalled the senses of the fair being at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent to myself, whom they persisted in considering the preserver of their lives. Suffice it to say we were soon on board, the captain deliberately resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and I then had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history.

They were easily told. Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel, was a wealthy West Indian, and was just returning from Great Britain, with his daughter, who had been there for several years obtaining her education. Before the Letter of Marque sailed, she had been fitted up for Mr. Thornton, in a style bordering on eastern luxury, with furniture intended principally for his mansion in Jamaica. But at this moment a message arrived soliciting my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the captain he frankly extended his hand, and presenting to me his now blushing daughter—for what woman, be she whom she may, can cold unembarrassed in the presence of one to whom she fancies she owes her life? I have had many moments of pleasure, but I never felt as I then felt, when Isabella Thornton, extending her delicate hand to me, with her sweetest smile uttered her thanks.

"But how," said I, to change the subject "did it happen, my dear Miss Thornton, that you were in the captain when the rest escaped?"

In the general alarm we were forgotten, having been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out were overlooked. We found our way back, but only when the whole ship was in flames. We had but just reached the cabin through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed, had despaired of all escape, when you—appeared!"

"I had forgot till this moment—we were foes," said I, determined to avoid the coming thanks.

"But foes or not," continued Harry, turning to his wife with a smile. "Isabel is now my bride; and often when I speak of the sacrifice she has made in leaving her native land for me, she reminds me with grateful tears, that I saved her life on that eventful night."

The wife looked up as he spoke, and—sworn bachelor as I am—I caught Harry's tender gaze of those admiring eyes.

## CANADA.

The following is a copy of Sir C. Metcalfe's Speech at the close of the Provincial Parliament of Canada:—

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: and

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I thank you for your indefatigable attention to the laborious duties which you have had to perform during this unusually long Session. I trust that the Acts which have been passed will prove beneficial to the Province, and I consider myself justified, in especially congratulating you on those for improving the Administration of Justice in Upper Canada, and those relating to Education and Municipal Institutions in Lower Canada, all of which are of the highest value, and promise to render essential service to the community. I regret at the same time to notice that several important measures have been unavoidably postponed. On this account I am reluctant to part with you, for I am loth to lose your assistance while any thing remains to be done which the good of the country requires. Nevertheless, I am sensible that your presence is much required at your homes, and that it would be unreasonable to expect your longer attendance at the present period. Whatever has been left incomplete, will, I hope, be accomplished at our next meeting.

I have had the satisfaction of assenting in Her Majesty's name to nearly all the Enactments which you have passed; and the few reserved for the decision of Her Majesty's Government have been so dealt with under circumstances, which have rendered it imperative on me to pursue that course. The Act to amend the Ordinance Act of the last Session of the late Parliament comes necessarily under that description as it affects the property of the Crown.

I have received authentic information of the passing of an Act by the Legislature of the United States which may seriously affect the Commercial interests of this Province. I will not fail to submit the subject for the attention of Her Majesty's Government, and I am sure that it will receive the most earnest consideration.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.

I return my thanks for the liberality with which you have provided the requisite means for the due administration of our Affairs. I shall anxiously co-operate with you in every measure of economy consistent with the efficiency of the Public Service. It is satisfactory to observe that the prosperous condition of our Revenue enables us, after providing for a reduction of the Public Debt by commencing the establishment of a Sinking Fund for the redemption of the Guaranteed Loan, to apply a considerable sum to additional Public Works calculated to produce great advantage.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: and

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.

You are about to return to your homes to

resume those occupations which in most cases are indispensable for the support of your families, and which are unavoidably interrupted by your attendance on Parliamentary Duties. I earnestly hope that you may be successful in your undertakings, and I beg you to convey to your several constituencies the assurance that Her Majesty's Government ardently desires the welfare of this Province, and is anxious that the whole of its Inhabitants, without distinction, and with perfect equality, may enjoy all the rights and privileges of a Free People, and experience the prosperity, contentment and happiness which are naturally derived from unfettered industry, prudent enterprise, good fellowship and brotherly love. And now, Gentlemen, with the heartfelt wish that you may be partakers in these blessings, I will say farewell until we meet again. I cannot however conclude without expressing my warmest thanks for the aid and support which you have afforded to Her Majesty's Government by your loyal, zealous and patriotic labors.

Information Wanted.—The Boston Daily Mail asks the following questions:—

Did you ever know a lady with white teeth to put her hand over them when she laughed?

Did you ever know a gay lad and a sprightly lass who couldn't pick berries into one basket?

Did you ever know a woman that never had any thing stolen from her clothes yard?

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer-time at church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favourite to wind without getting it strangely tangled?

Did you ever know a man with a shocking bad hat, a long beard, and a ragged coat, who could find a respectable hotel that was not full?

Did you ever know a very pretty young lady that had not a cousin to wait upon her to lectures and parties?

Light of the Moon.—As the moon's axis is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she can scarcely have any change of seasons. But, what is still more remarkable, one half of the moon has no darkness at all, while the other half has two weeks of light and two of darkness alternately; the inhabitants, if any, of the first half bask constantly in earth-shine without seeing the sun, while those of the latter never see the earth at all.

A Smart Girl.—Dan Marble, the Yankee comedian, tells of a very smart girl, a maid of all work, that he met about a hotel at Belfast. While flying about the house one morning at a brisk rate one of the boarders accosted her with—"You're a smart girl, Katy."

"Smart is it, sir? I well may say that."

"You do a good deal of work, Katy."

"Don't I, sir? Why this blessed mornin', sir, I rose at four o'clock, kindled a fire, put on the teakettle, swept the kitchen, and made every bed in the house, before a soul was up."

Pumpkin Pies.—The almost universal mode in New England of preparing pumpkins for pies, is a kind which is as universally admired as that of stewing the pumpkin after it has been cut to pieces, and passing thro' one or two other processes before it is in a state for baking—thereby making much labour. I think a more preferable mode of preparation, and one which I believe will be highly valued by all housewives, is that of grating the pumpkin; after grating add the milk, eggs &c. in the same proportion as when stewed. Your domestic readers will find that pies made in this way are equally nice, and even more delicate, with one third the labor.

Chemistry in the Dairy.—If, when butter is to be churned, a little old butter be put in to the cream, the process of churning will be rendered much easier.

A rhyming bachelor, in the Boston Post, thinks that sleigh riding, in a cold night is not what it is cracked up to be—and concluded his dissertation as follows:—

"Some lore to roam o'er the dark sea foam,  
When the wild winds whistle free—  
But to ride for fun, and freeze one's nose,  
Is just the life for me."

"There is a time for all things," said a crusty old fellow to his wife. "I'll believe that," said his wife, in a sharp vinegar voice "when you pay for your newspaper." Hit him again, old woman.

Keen Retort.—I am often found at the tables of the rich, and a good word to a poor neighbor.

So is a Calf's Head, was the answer.