

The Standard.

Vol. 15

No 20

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance

ST. ANDREWS N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1848.

[15s at the end of the Year

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF THE ENGLISH MAILS.

A Schedule showing the probable days on which the Mails from England will arrive at the St. Andrews Post Office, and the days on which they will close for England between March 1848, and January 1849.

Due at St Andrews. Close at Saint Andrews.

28th March, 6 P.M.	Friday 31st March 5 A.M.
11th April	Tuesday 17th April
25th "	Friday 28th "
2d May	Tuesday 9th May
9h "	Friday 12th "
16th "	Tuesday 23d "
23d "	Friday 26th "
30th "	Tuesday 6th June
6th June	Tuesday 13th "
13th "	Tuesday 19th "
20th "	Friday 23d "
27th "	Tuesday 4th July
4th July	Friday 7th "
11th "	Tuesday 18th "
18th "	Friday 21st "
25th "	Tuesday 1st August
1st August	Friday 4th "
8th "	Tuesday 15th "
15th "	Friday 18th "
22d "	Tuesday 29th "
29th "	Friday 1st September
5th September	Tuesday 12th "
12th "	Friday 15th "
19th "	Tuesday 26th "
26th "	Friday 29th "
3d October	Tuesday 10th October
10th "	Friday 13th "
17th "	Tuesday 24th "
24th "	Friday 27th "
31st "	Tuesday 7th Novem'r
7th November	Friday 30th "
14th "	Tuesday 21st "
21st "	Friday 24th "
28th "	Tuesday 5th Decem'r
5th December	Friday 8th "
12th "	Tuesday 19th "
19th "	Friday 22d "
2d Jan'y 1849	
16th "	

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS.

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrears are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices, to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.

If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing, and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Watches, Jewellery, &c

Just received and for sale by the Subscriber, a assortment of Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery &c. which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.

Among which are—
Patent Lever, Le Pen and Vertical WATCHES, Gold, Silver, and Steel; Silver Watch Keys, Gold, Silver, German do. Silk & Indian Rubber Guard Ladies gold and silver set BROOCHES and Ring Gold, silver, and German Silver Pencil Cases, Gold and plated Earrings, Red and White Cornelia Earrings, gold mounted;
Ladies Companion, in silver and other fittings; Silk, and Russian Leather PURSES;
Pocket Books & Tablets, Card cases & Needle book Hat, hair, nail, tooth, and shaving BRUSHES, Silver mounted and Plain SCENT Bottles, Bronzed Ink stands, Letter Clips, Red and Fancy Sealing Wax, Thermometers, Plated and Britannia Metal Candlesticks, Snuff-boxes and Trays, Key Rings, Razors and Razor Strops, Tea Bells, Pocket, Lark, and Fine Combs, Telescopes, Lead Pencils, silver, Blue steel, and German silver mounted spectacles,
Pocket, Jack & Pen Knives, snuff boxes, Nail, Pocket & Tailors scissors, Percussion Caps, F. S. Cleavers celebrated fancy Toilet soap, Begammon Boards, &c. &c., Galvanic Rings, Clocks, Watches, Jewellery cleaned and repaired, Quadrants, Compasses and Log Glasses adjusted, Expected Daily—a very fine 14 DAY CLOCK, Cash, and the highest price paid for old Gold & Silver.

G. F. STICKNEY.

JUST RECEIVED.

Ex. Schooners "Nelson & DeLancey" from Boston.

BBLs. & Half Bbls. S. F. FLOUR, Buckwheat Flour, in small packages, Indian Meal, Boston Hams (new), clear Pork—Cheese—ground Coffee—small kegs Soured Treen (a nice article)—P. Leaf Mats, Cattle and Horse Cards, a variety of Wooden Ware, &c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Mens, Boys & Youths coarse and fine Boots & Shoes—Womens and Misses and Childrens Kid, Morocco and Leather Shoes. Mens and Womens India Rubber.

W. WHITLOCK,

Doings on the Coast of Africa.—The arrival of the United States brig "Boxer," at Philadelphia, from the coast of Africa, brings the following intelligence.

Commander Hope, of H. B. M. sloop Bittern, at Prince's Island last March, in company with the U. S. brig Boxer, reported that a short time previous he was at Lagos in the Bight of Benue with an American barque at anchor there—name unknown.

As soon as he (Capt. Hope) sailed in the "Bittern," the barque was sold, her crew sent on shore and she escaped from the coast with a large cargo of slaves.—The crew of the barque were landed on the beach in the evening at Lagos.

That same night a marauding party of native blacks came down from Bidagry, for the purpose of attacking Lagos, but falling in with the crew of the said barque on the beach, and not knowing them to be white men, they murdered every soul save one, who was provisionally knocked down and escaped in the darkness. He got on board a canoe and was taken to Bidagry, and fed and clothed by an English merchant there.

This man stated, that soon after he had landed with his shipmates from the barque, and before they had time to leave the beach, the natives attacked them, and all he recollects afterward, was, hearing them cry for mercy, when he was himself knocked down senseless, and in the darkness was left by the blacks unnoticed.

"BRIG MALAGA."—The Brig Malaga, of Beverly, Mass., which was seized by the U. S. Brig Boxer, nearly two years ago, in Kabenda Bay, (Coast of Africa) and sent to the United States on suspicion of her aiding and abetting the slave trade, was acquitted at the trial and went out again to the Coast of Africa and made two trips between the Brazils and the coast.

On the 11th December last, she was captured under Brazilian colors, by H. B. M. Sloop Ferret, with eight hundred and thirty slaves on board, and taken into Sierra Leone and condemned.

Great Hail Storm in the Seminole Country, Destruction of Wild Fowl &c.

Marcellus Duval, Seminole Agent, arrived in this place, from the Seminole country, on Wednesday last. From him we learn that on the 26th of March last, the valley of the Canadian, about 150 miles west of this, was visited by one of the severest storms of hail that ever fell—the hail stones being about the size of hen's eggs, and some even larger.—Where Mr. Duval was, the hail stones were not so large, he being on a ridge, but on either side, on the river and in the prairie, the storm was terrific.

The wild geese and brants, a species of the wild goose, appeared to be on the wing that day, migrating in great numbers from south to north, and were killed by hundreds with the hail, while flying. Thirty were counted in one place, lying dead, by some persons who passed the spot shortly after the storm. Some fell dead in the yard of a Seminole Chief named Micanopy, who picked them up, had them cooked, and ate them. He told the agent afterward he thought the Great Spirit had sent them to the Indians, knowing they were getting short of provisions. Some of the Indians were afraid to eat them, supposing the destruction of so great a quantity of these birds portended some evil to their country. Others carried them home by horse loads.

The Agent says that he never heard of anything of the like before in his life, and when he left, the Indians were still bringing in from the prairies wild geese and brants by horse loads. Several of the Indian cabins were blown down and others unroofed by the storm, but fortunately no person killed.—[For Smith (Ark.) Herald, April 12.]

A great project and Failure.—

A few days ago, we announced that an American steamer had been sent from New York to Halifax for the purpose it was said, of running between the latter port and Boston; but we learn from the Halifax Recorder of last Saturday, that her mission was to get the latest English papers by the Cambria, and start immediately for Boston, so that she would forestall the news by telegraphing it on to New York. Soon after the arrival of the Cambria, on Thursday morning, the Buena Vista, as she is called, started on her passage, but about 12 o'clock she returned, hobbling broken some of her machinery. After repairing the damage, she started again about dusk, but had to return once more about midnight. Meantime, the Cambria had started for New York, and which that port long before the Buena Vista, which did not make her third attempt for Boston, until late on Friday night.—New Brunswick.

The power of Water.—

Let a strong small iron tube of thirty feet in height be inserted into the bung hole of a cask, and the aperture so strongly closed that it shall be water tight; pour water into the cask till it is full, through the pipe; also continue filling the pipe till cask burst, which will be when the water is within a foot of the top of the tube.

In this experiment the water on bursting the vessel, will fly about with a considerable violence.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGLES.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
Our Father,—breathe a voice below—
Our Father, who art in heaven!

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
Our Father,—angles sung aloud—
Father, who art in heaven!

Thy kingdom come!—still from the ground,
That child-like voice did pray;
Thy kingdom come!—God's host resound—
Far up the starry way!

Thy will be done,—with little tongue,
That liping love implores;
Thy will be done,—the angelic throng—
Sing from seraphic thrones.

For ever,—still those lips repeat
Their glowing evening prayer;
For ever,—floats in the music sweet—
High 'midst the angles there!

Thine be the glory evermore,
From Thee may man ne'er sever;
But every Christian land adore—
Jehovah!—God!—for ever!

A TALE OF THE HAREN.

An Italian of the name of Benetto, a Florentine singing-master, was on his passage to England, when the vessel in which he sailed was mastered by the superior force of a Turkish galley. Benetto, instead of making his fortune in England, was put in chains on board a Turkish ship, purchased by an agent of the Sultan of Constantinople, and placed to work as an assistant in the garden of the seraglio. Many of his companions fared much worse, exchanging one bad master after another, until their condition was deplorable indeed. Benetto on the contrary led an easy life enough, having only to cultivate the flowers and shrubs for the gratification of the ladies of the harem, and as he had left no mistress in a distant country to mourn for, his only sighs were for liberty, and as his appearance was not repulsive, he at length beguiled his plants very contentedly; sometimes beguiling himself by singing in a truly melodious voice, the airs he had hoped to turn to a very different account.

Now it so happened that these sweet strains found their way through the windows of the harem, and the Sultaness soon discovered that they proceeded from no nightingale, though equaling in beauty the song of that bird. One of the fair prisoners was singularly affected by the melody thus borne by the breeze through the jealousy guarded lattices. Alas! they reminded her of Italy, the land of her birth, and she could not refrain from replying to them in a cadence so exquisitely plaintive that the listeners, though unaware of the meaning of the words, were melted into tears. Benetto, hearing this unexpected answer to his strains, drew near to the window, and recognized the song as one of the compositions of his beloved Italy, and his heart forthwith began to ache more seriously than it had ever done since he had been a captive.

Here was one person, at any rate, who could take part in a duet with him—that was one consolation, but how should he contrive to meet and arrange the concert? The Sultan spared him all trouble, for chancing to have overheard the exquisite singing of Benetto, (though not the reply) he had a mind to enjoy it nearer, and he sent a slave to fetch Benetto into an ante-chamber. This was separated from the apartment of the ladies by a silken curtain, and he was desired to sing one of his best songs. The Sultan, who happened to have a great taste for music, was delighted with the performance, and spoke of it in the highest terms to the fair Angelena, who, as she was the last arrival, was just then the reigning favourite. She joined in the opinion, and said, she thought it his majesty would allow her to hear the song twice or thrice, she could manage to learn it for his gratification.

The Sultan directed Benetto to do this, and as the fair Angelena was an improvisator, she changed the words for some expression of her desire to change the dullness of the harem for the fair Florence of her youth. Benetto replied with equal readiness, begging her not to despond, that she should one day, by his help, see the city of her desires. The Sultan not understanding Italian, was so much pleased with the performance that he conferred a purse of gold upon the gardener, and commanded his attendance on the following night. The next day Benetto complained seriously to the superintendent of the royal pleasure-grounds that a particular fir-tree was of an obnoxious kind, causing the shrubs to wither under its shade.

It is, said he, without question, the deadly Upas. If any of the ladies of the harem should by chance fall asleep under its shade, I doubt not it would be as fatal as the tree of knowledge was to their grandmother.

The superintendent remarked that it had grown there time out of mind without causing injury, but, Benetto, if it so pleases thee to trouble thyself, cut it down.

So Benetto did this as fast as he conveniently could, and tapping off the leafy branches, he left a stump here and there, and then threw it carelessly into the corner of the garden. That evening Benetto again attended on his royal master, and began the air of the night preceding, to which the fair Angelena again responded.

I have been thinking, said the Sultan, suddenly, that I will have a merry air. Benetto hastened to comply, and changing a lively cadence, informed the lady that there were no rope ladders to be had, still a putty tree with branches might be laid against a high wall, and if placed against a lady's prison, a vision of an angel might descend. The lady responds in the same cadence, expressing her delight, and already feeling like a bird with wings.

The Sultan was so delighted with this merry duet that he made them repeat it several times. At last, as they were about to commence a fourth time, having contrived to give each other many additional scraps of information, he exclaimed, Stop! He turned his face with such an awful frown on the lady, that she also stopped short in the middle of the first note.

I understand nothing of this language, said he, but I perceive that each time you use different words. Madam, you must not take it ill but the next evening the interpreter shall partake with me the delight of hearing you.

The lady and Benetto both suspected from this sudden change that the Sultan entertained some mistrust of them, and the next song therefore, was performed with more quavers than originally belonged to the composition. Benetto was dismissed without any gold, the Sultan intending secretly on the morrow to reward him with two hundred strokes of the bastinado.

Benetto however resolved to take advantage of the cloudy night, and soon succeeded in removing his rope ladder to the apartment of Angelena. He then eagerly mounted, and peeping in, what was his horror on seeing a lovely woman making most earnest applications with her raised hands to two or three cruel Moors, who were about to place her in an enormous sack, the mouth of which was gaping to receive her. Her mouth was gagged, so that no cries could be uttered. The terrified Benetto was so horror struck that he scarcely knew how he descended his frail ladder. With a heavy heart he now placed his means of escape against the walls of the garden, next the water, gained the top, and with the assistance of a long handled hoe, let himself drop on the ground on the opposite side, and made for the landing place, half considering whether he ought not in etiquette to go and drown himself, and thus share the fate of the unfortunate lady. While he was thus wandering and reflecting, the three black slaves having tied up the lady in the sack, repaired with their burden, as they were directed, to a secluded part of the Bosphorus, in order to place her in her last bath with the greatest privacy.

Now it happened that there was a ship of war lying off at anchor, having brought out an ambassador to the Sublime Porte, and some of the sailors and junior officers desiring a frolic, had put off and landed about the same spot. These jovial fellows encountering the black slaves, insisted upon knowing what they had in the sack, and the fair Angelena, though unable to cry out, managed to move about so much that the sailors observed the motion, and soon, with great indignation, discovered the nature of its contents. The cowardly blacks, not waiting for the buffets of a justly incensed company of tars, took to their heels and were out of sight in an instant. The lady was speedily released in limbs as well as in tongue, and failed not to use the latter most energetically in thanking her kind deliverers. They rowed back to the ship, where Angelena was treated with every kind of tenderness and attention. Benetto had remained concealed near the landing place, until the night was a little farther advanced, his thoughts still resting on the unfortunate lady and her oriental mode of death; the moon however suddenly appearing, he caught sight of the English vessel, and though scarcely believing his eyes, stripped off his jacket and turban, and plunging into the water, was not long in joining the ship. It would not be easy to describe the transport he felt when he came on board and discovered Angelena.—Suffice it to say, that the ship setting sail immediately for England during the passage the liberated songsters agreed to perform a matrimonial duet for life, and a very harmonious one it was.

The Love of Flowers—seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object in its motive; the collage has

its pink, its rose, and its polyanthus; the villas its dahlia, its clematis, and geranium.—We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining years; but perhaps it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem to expand at the sight of the first blossom under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long lost associates, with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. There is not a prettier emblem of spring, than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its rosy cheeks wreathed with buttercups. With summer flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbours, in harmony and good order; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

Collision on the Northern Railroad.—We learn that there was a serious and disastrous collision on the Northern Railroad, near Lebanon, N. H., on Thursday afternoon, says the Traveller, between a merchandise train was going up, and as our informant understands, was somewhat in advance of its usual time, and was proceeding at ordinary speed through the cut at Shaker Pond in Enfield, without giving any notice of its passage. In the curve of this cut, the trains met, with a collision so severe as to break one or both of the engines to pieces. One of the Engineers was very much injured. The collision occasioned an obstruction upon the road which had not been removed Friday, so that the passenger trains could pass; and considerable delay was caused by transferring passengers to and from the up and down trains of cars, as they reached, on either side, the point of collision.—Boston Times 15th.

Fracas among Lawyers in New York.

A few days since, while Mr. White of counsel for the plaintiff in the Circuit Court was summing up, Mr. Bowman of counsel for Defendants, interrupted by saying that Mr. White, asserted a falsehood, or words to that effect. Mr. White immediately turned round to Mr. Bowman and asked him if he meant to say that he, Mr. White, asserted a falsehood, or words to that effect. To which Mr. Bowman replied "I do." Mr. White immediately seized hold of two large law books and threw them at Mr. Bowman, one of which struck him in the face and cut him. The Judge immediately notified the two lawyers that they must conduct themselves in custody for contempt of court, and to appear before him this morning; the two gentlemen accordingly did so, and the Judge after reading them a severe but dignified lecture on their conduct, fined them \$100 each.

WHAT OLD JO PARUSS, IS GOOD FOR.

Fifteen years since the Penobscot Indians were quite a different race of beings from the drunken set that now lay claim to that name—a few, however had already become regular old smokers, and continued the war against the Musquash, only that they might convert their skins into the prudent. A dime was enough to make them perfect demons.

Paruss, or Old Jo, as he was always called, was about the worst of the lot, and when he had a fair head on, which was nearly three-fourths of the time, was such a perfect terror to the women and children, that it became necessary to do something, and it was very evident that nothing but legal sanction could convince him of the benefits of Temperance. So one morning he was told that the next time he was found drunk, he must pay a visit to his honor, Justice Wyman.

It so happened that Jo had quite a pile of money at the time, and was bound to have a time of it, jug or no jug. Before night he was caught as crazy as a loon, and in this condition was locked up to sober off—but most unfortunately, this humane intention was frustrated by his having his bottle well charged, concealed in his blanket.

In the morning he was brought up before the Judge, about as merry as ever, who, after hearing his defence and previous conduct, thus questioned him: "Well, Jo, you was told that if you got drunk again, you would be punished by the law? The way in which the 'Yes' was granted out would have done honor to a first class Parkes.

Was you drunk yesterday?

Yes, me drunk now, in the same kind of a graut.

If I let you go this time, will you get drunk again?

Yes, me get drunk like fool.

Well, then, I shall fine you five dollars, and the next time that you get drunk, I shall imprison you for ten days.

Melancholy Accident.

—We regret to learn that a Mr. John Young, when driving timber in Grif's Creek about 12 or 15 miles below this, was killed on the 23d ult. while eating his dinner on the bank of a stream, by a limb of a tree.—Woodstock Telegraph.