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The Standard.

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COMMUNICATION.

For the Standard

Mr. Editor,
When a public address like that of Mr. Justice Abbot to the Grand Jury of this County appears in print, it becomes public property, and as such, is open to such remarks as may be called for in an impartial and honest criticism. In the address alluded to published in your paper, some assertions were made which if not more particularly noticed, might tend to mislead the public as to the duties and responsibilities of the Magistrates in certain cases therein referred to. The first paragraph I shall notice is that in which his worship calls the particular attention of the Grand Jury to the "License Law," as it is not only due to the Law that offenders should be punished by the fine it imposes but it should be looked carefully after in aid of the funds of the County. Now Sir, I would respectfully ask his worship, if, by virtue of his oath as a Magistrate it is not equally his duty to look after such cases? and whether there are not daily offences against the License Law committed under his immediate notice? not to say under his own roof? and those of which are passed unnoticed—and why? * * * The next paragraph I shall call attention to, is that in which he endeavors to shirk the Magistrates clear of all responsibility for the non collection of Taxes, from Delinquents, after returns are made to them by the Collectors. His assertion that the Collectors have the control of such Executions as are issued and that he invariably receives from the Constable all taxes collected by them will not be borne out by the returns signed by the Magistrates themselves as made by the Collectors to the Sessions from the different parishes in the County. Had his worship said that "As the Magistrate seldom care what becomes of such Executions after sufficient is collected to pay their own costs—the Collectors should see that the Magistrate do their duty."—his remarks would have been more appropriate. His worship also chimes in with his predecessors in the old song of the "new Gaoi and Court House being the continued cause of heavy assessments upon the County."—The public can no longer be gulled out of their money to be appropriated to unjustifiable and illegal purposes—under a false impression that the money is expended in paying for the Gaoi and Court House. In another paragraph he says "Public Justice cannot be stayed—and when complaints are made under the Law to the Magistrate—He cannot turn round and say—the complainant or party aggrieved, that Justice cannot be had if the premises, because forsooth it may occasion expense to the County." Now, Sir, there is a material difference in a Magistrate refusing to grant justice to the truly aggrieved, and in a Magistrate taking up every paltry and trifling case that he can find, because forsooth the County is good for the cost! His worship in advertising to the great falling off in the ordinary revenue of the County, attributes it to the progress of the Temperance cause decreasing the number of Tavern Licenses issued annually. * * * Would to God, Mr. Editor such were the true cause: I rather fear however, it would be found upon a careful examination that there are more as many persons selling liquor throughout this County as in "years gone by"—and that the falling off of the revenue from the decrease of the issue of Tavern Licenses is now attributable to the neglect of the Magistrates in bringing the open violators of the License Law to justice—than from the progress of the Temperance cause. * * * The Magistrates of the County do their duty tearfully and faithfully, why did not his worship in his address recommend the publication of a comprehensive statement of the County accounts? * * * Yours &c.

MORE ANON.

April 22, 1845.
A sunset scene at Lecco, where they were compelled to sleep for a night, is well described. The picture is not unlike one Goethe's.
Lecco is a dirty town, with dark, narrow streets; but how free easy life seemed to be in them! At sunset, all its population was abroad—not in the meadows, but in the streets—all sporting themselves after their own way (you cannot call it will)—the young, as it owned no empire of opinion were lounging on benches, drinking lemonade or light wine, some playing cards on low tables placed across the gutters, with hands and cards equally dark; but no drunkenness, no riot, no ill humor was seen amidst that dirty, careless race. But the most remarkable thing to me was the extreme vivacity and variety of colour, which flashed, and glistened, and deepened, and harmonized in the motley scene. If the spectators had all engaged to contribute some bit of colour to the picture, they could not have produced more vivid effects than those which, the instinct of their nature shied on their apparel and grouping. No matter whether young or old, shapely or deformed, in decent attire or

in rags, all gauded for the picture: a light blue cap, a crimson jacket, a scarlet coat, a green handkerchief, a bunch of ribbons, whose bright streaks flashed gladness on the scene, wherever you glanced, independent of the clear olive complexion, and merry black eyes, which beamed out among the crowds. And surely, here, the poet's advice "Ne crede colori," will be given in vain. Colour in truth, is the most trustworthy of all appearances; it cannot deceive you; for all that it seems, it is, and unless we wear "the inky cloak" on our spirits, we need know nothing but "seems," while we enjoy it.
Story of a Bear.—Many years ago, a very beautiful cub bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnipisogee in New Hampshire, carried into town, and after proper drilling, became the play fellow of the boys of the village and city acquainted them to the school house. After passing a few months in civilized society he made his escape into the woods, and after a few years was almost forgotten. The schoolhouse man, who had fallen from the schoolmaster's mantle into the mistress's hands; and instead of large boys learning to write and cipher, small boys and girls were taught in the same place knitting and spelling. One winter's day, during a mild fall of snow, the door had been left open by some urchin going out, when to the unspeakable horror of the spectators came and her fourscore hopeful scholars, an enormous bear walked in, in the most familiar manner in the world, and took a seat by the fire. Huddling over the benches as fast they could, the children crowded about their school mistress, who had fled to the farthest corner of the room, and there they stood crying and pushing to escape the horror of being eaten first. The bear sat snuffing and warming himself by the fire, showing great signs of satisfaction, but putting off his meal until he had warmed himself thoroughly. The screams of the children continued, but the school house was far from any other habitation, and the bear did not seem at all embarrassed by the outcry. After sitting and turning himself about for some time, Brum got up on his hind legs, and stooping to the door began to take down one by one, the hats, bonnets and satchels that hung on several rows or pegs behind it. His memory had not deceived him, for they contained, as of old, the children's dinners, and he had arrived before the holidays. Having satisfied himself with their cheeses, bread, pies, doughnuts, and apples, Brum smelt at the mistress's desk; but finding it locked, gave himself a shake of resignation, opened the door and disappeared. The alarm was given, and the amicable creature was pursued and killed, very much to the regret of the town's people, when it was discovered by some marks on its body that it was their old friend and play-fellow.

From White's Three Years in Constantinople.
ACHMET FEVZY.
It is not to be wondered, if, in a social condition such as modern Turkey owns, the ability and talent which raise men to power should be of a very different kind, and of a very inferior amount, to those qualities which confer eminence in more highly civilized states—subserviency to the great—a taste for intrigue and plotting—a mind, fertile in petty schemes and subterfuges—such are the chief gifts which win their way upwards in the Ottoman Empire, and consequently the career is frequently crowded with those in the very lowest walks of life, and least reputable in character and morals. Our author gives a brief account of one of these in the person of Achmet Fevzy, the Captain Pacha, who betrayed the Sultan Mahmound in 1839, by delivering the Ottoman fleet into the hands of Mehemet Ali of Egypt.
According to received opinion, the father of this architector held some menial office in the seraglio. His mother was a Christian slave, carried off during the wars between the Turks and Russians upon the northern banks of the Danube. They resided at Tchengelly Kouy (anchor stake village) upon the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where the boy was born. The first years of Achmet's life were passed idleness. His parents were too poor or too negligent to attend to his education, and he too idle to take advantage of that given gratuitously at the mektebs (elementary schools). At a more advanced age he was too much occupied by his avocation as a kajakie, to employ his hands with pens or books. Thus he attained manhood, and continued through life unable to write correctly or to read with facility.
Being bold, active, and intelligent, though not remarkable for personal strength or beauty he first sided the boatmen of his native village in cleaning and hauling up their kajakies, and in fishing and other occupations. His novice career being completed, he recovered a waterman's home, and plied during some years upon the Bosphorus. Having attracted the notice of an officer of rank in the Sultan's household, for whom he worked as

kajakie, the place kajanjer, or sofrali (valet or table-waiter), was offered him. He had not long occupied this post when his natural good manners, supple disposition, and ready wit brought him into general notice and he found favor in the eyes of the Sultan Mahmound. His discretion, submission, and fidelity having been put to the test by the latter, he was transferred from the service of the attendant to that of the imperial master, who conferred upon him the luxurious but confidential office of tebdil khaseky (disguised confidential), or secret scribble familiar. The duty of these men is to carry confidential messages between the Sultan and different high functionaries—to follow the royal person in disguise—to watch and report all that passes at home and abroad—to keep a lynx's eye upon men's faces and actions, and in the ear upon their very breath, and never to use their presence, unless it be to exclaim "himen (I know nothing)," or "Allah bilir (God alone)," when questioned by strangers. Woe to him whose tongue, even in a whisper, confirmed the expression of his features that is, if the expression or the words tended to disapprove or thwart the monarch's purpose or the agent's plans. A poisoned report, fore-runner of disgrace or death, was the inevitable consequence.
A more honorable career opened itself, however, to the wily favorite. The Janissaries were extirpated, and imperial guards enrolled. The former having still many partisans among the ranks for the new organization, Achmet was appointed bin bashy (battalion commander), with order to look, listen, and be silent as before, but to report minutely. Conspicuous for his severe discipline; indefatigable activity, and the ardour with which he devoted himself to the new system of drill and tactics, as well as for the zeal with which he filled divers confidential missions entrusted to him by his imperial patron, the ex-kajakie speedily rose from step to step, until he attained the rank of serik (lieutenant general), and, ere long, that of mushir (field marshal) of the guards; promotions, for which he partly indebted to his dauntless bravery and tact, and partially to the protection of Khor-reff Pacha, then akasakier (general-in-chief).
In the spring of 1833, Achmet Fevzy was appointed ambassador-extraordinary to St. Petersburg, where he is said to have laid the foundation for the celebrated treaty of Unkar Skessley. The gold he received upon this occasion from the ruler of the north whetted his appetite for that of the rebel Pacha of Egypt. The first net was passing base the second surprising infamous.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]
THE POET BURNS.
The following is the introductory remarks of a long article under the above title.
The appearance of a true poet among the people of a remote rural district, is for them a notable, and by no means an unimportant event. Genius invests everything rude and homely—such as all things in such a district usually are—with a new interest and significance. The young men becoming conscious of the possession of something not dreamed of before, as well as of the power of communicating these new feelings, begin to open their hearts to one another in generous sentiments of friendship, of malice, of sympathy, of detestation of untruth, cowardice, oppression, meanness, and treachery. The beauty of the young girls is appreciated with a purer admiration; graces of mind and persons never thought of in the coarse routine of ordinary country life, spring, as it were, into existence in emerging, for the first time, into perception and appreciation; for the true poet inspires a new sense of physical as well as of moral beauty, wherever his influence comes into operation in such a state of society. The very face of nature, trampled over by the heavy feet of clowns insensible to her commonest charms, may be said, in the same way, to acquire a new expression and a brighter bloom. The river which has run for ages past the dwellings of those who have been used to regard it merely as a means of driving the mill, or breeding fish, or of filling their washing tubs, sparkles, and rolls along with a new life, and meaning, not only under the eye of the poet himself, but of every one in whom he has excited the new knowledge of what is beautiful, and in whom he has given the means of making the perception of that beauty communicable. The mountains lift their heads with an additional loftiness, and clothe their slopes with a fresher verdure in such a manner. In the fields and the groves, the sunshine and dew weave wreaths, of radiance for him, as fresh as his exultation had; but that morning began; for he has never perceived them before, and he now only perceives, them through the newly developed faculty, opened within him by the poet. The atmosphere of noon with a man with a startling accession of meaning it is a revelation, a revival, like that produced in the youthful heart by the first emotions of love. Grave men, and men engaged in the practical, and sometimes sordid pursuits of country life, despise the influence at first; but by degrees

they are forced to feel, and grow not ashamed to acknowledge it. The busy farmer, the heavy footed ploughman, the shrewy smith, the pale weaver, and even the "waggy tailor," listen and imbibe, and treasure up the marvellous rhymes, which have so simply and suddenly revealed thoughts in their breasts that they never dreamt of finding there, much less of being able to express to the minds, and to call up in the breasts of others.
All things which are good for the uses of life, whether in food, clothing, shelter, locomotion, instruction, or legitimate pleasure, are wealth. Objects in which the mind can take a harmless delight, beautiful forms, flowers, trees, the sky, the stars of heaven, the waves of the ocean, the blue-sided hills at eye, the song of birds, the throes of music—these are all wealth to him whose harmless pleasures of eye and ear they promote. Let the earth become a level plain—let the sky be perpetually serene, and the ocean without a ripple, though stable and wearable wealth should spring spontaneously from the globe, and all the necessities of life be at hand without labour and without decay, yet the amount of true wealth would be diminished past computation; for the minds of men would have lost the infinite enjoyment of the face of nature. But still more, remove from life its finer charities, its tenderer sentiments, its nobler aspirations, such as the poet alone can excite, alone can foster, and make communicable, and the moral economist will be forced to admit that between the lost items of his account and the poor worldly residue of what is useful to sustain and perpetuate mere life, his science knowing no term that will be a common measure, has no means of estimating or of expressing the incalculable loss.
Thus it is that the poet is to use the phrase of the economic school, a true and meritorious producer, a right operative, and one of the real working class. The man who makes two blades of wheat to grow where one blade grew before, says the economist, is a benefactor to his kind. So say we, the man who makes two true, tender, pious, or lovely thoughts to grow up in a mind, or blossom in a heart where there was but one before, is a benefactor to his kind; a producer also, and a maker of wealth more essential to the happiness of mankind than any other production of land or sea, after the needful daily bread, clothing, and shelter, without which life itself could not exist, to be the *vidua* for virtue.

Ap't Reply.—An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyer's office, and asked the inmate, "and what do you sell here?" "Block-heads," replied the hub of the law. "Och! then to be sure," said Pat, "it must be a good trade, for I see there's but one left!" "The lawyer bid him good mornin'."

Valuable Book.—The New York Journal of Commerce mentions the presentation of a rare book by a wealthy individual of New York to Bishop Onderdonk. On Friday last, a gentleman (whose name is not given) called upon the Bishop, and, on taking leave, made him the present of a book. On taking off the wrapper and opening at the title page, there was a hundred dollar bank note, on turning over a leaf there was another; a third leaf and there was a third bill; over the fourth leaf a fourth bill, and over the fifth leaf a fifth bill, until it seemed as though the book was a volume of one hundred dollar bills. This was a novel, but certainly a substantial way of showing sympathy for the persecuted, though we presume that the generous act will meet with very different commendations from the friends and foes of Bishop Onderdonk.—*Boston Transcript.*

From Achobee.—Capt. Chester, of ship *Shakespeare*, arrived yesterday from Lecha boe, with 100 tons guano, states that when he left the guano had been nearly all removed. There were about 300 sail of British vessels, and some 8 or 10 Americans loading, or waiting a chance to load, most of which vessels would scarcely get enough guano to ballast them. There were two English men of war, one the steamer *Thunderbolt*, stationed there to preserve order. From 30 to 40 British vessels were arriving daily at the island, and seeing no prospect of getting a cargo, sailed in leeward in search of guano. Lecha boe being an open roadstead, great damage was sustained by the vessels chafing against each other. It was an uncommon thing to see 10 or 15 ships of 50 or 60 British vessels have been wrecked on the coast, and several vessels were lying round the island dismantled, and would not be able to get away, some of which they had commenced stripping. The British ship *Sir Robert Peel* and British brig *Thomas Witty*, both foundered about 90 miles SE of St. Helena, being too deeply laden with guano. The crews of both vessels took to their boats, and arrived in safety at Saint Helena.—*New York Express.*

POETRY.

For the Standard.
HER BRIGHT EYE GLEAM'D
BY V. D. SWANSON.
Her bright eye gleam'd, ere the trembling
Tear
From its hollow'd fount had stolen,
Like the chaste light of a lonely star,
On a still lake's bosom fallen.
And mid the glance of that deep blue eye,
And bright as its sparkling tear,
Sweet hope had thum'd my bounding heart
As I gaz'd on the ocean deer.
The tear was shed but her melting eye,
Retain'd not its former glance,
But seem'd when ev'ning clouds are gone,
Like the azure-skies expense.
A smile then glow'd o'er her features fair,
As snowing surely expand,
Their spotless leaves to the sunbeams kiss,
As if touch'd with a magis wand.
And for me that smile was more full of joy,
Than smiles of an angel bright,
When bearing a chaste and immaculate
Soul,
Into realms of eternal light.
There was a spell in her witching look,
The grave of my bitterest weal,
Which gave to my heart the heart's it took,
To a broken spirit's repose.
But a thrill of delight thro' my soul swept,
Like gales of heavenly balmy,
Reviving my spirit as for joy I wept,
And all within was calm.
Calm as the bosom of the deep blue lake,
By my own spectral hall,
Calm as the joy the christian can take,
When leaving this terrestrial ball.
Then soft and sweet were the words she
Breathed,
And they told of love unshaken,
In tones which match the heavenly host,
When seraphs the chords awaken.
Can distance smother a charm from love,
Which smiles of welcome oft have
Known?
Soar near the source of your twinkling star,
And it bursts in glory like the sun.
St. Patrick, April, 1845.

REST IN HEAVEN.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dim thy lustreous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
Tell of low and death,
Sweet hope shall whisper then,
"Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy kin—
There's rest for thee in heaven!"
Painful Accident.—We understand that Hon. John Leander Starr, of New York (formerly of Halifax, Nova Scotia), met with a very serious accident on Sunday evening last. It appears that he was accompanying a lady to her residence, when in passing down Lexington street, between Calvert and North streets, he fell into a newly dug cellar which had been left entirely unprotected, and severely fractured his collar bone. He is now confined, in consequence, to his bed at Barnum's Hotel, where he receives of course every necessary attention, and will doubtless recover the immediate effects in due time, though perhaps permanently injured for life.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A New Vegetable.—The Editor of the *Albany Journal* has been presented with a novel vegetable of the cabbage kind, raised by E. A. Holt, from seed sent to him from Belgium. This vegetable is about the size of a small hen's egg, and is a perfect cabbage, firm and white, it is said to be a most delicate dish, and superior to any of the family of plants. The seeds were sown in May, and transplanted in August as other cabbages plants are, each plant producing from thirty to forty of these beautiful little cabbage heads. The seeds were sent from Belgium by the late Mr. Holt, and the plants were arriving daily at the island, and seeing no prospect of getting a cargo, sailed in leeward in search of guano. Lecha boe being an open roadstead, great damage was sustained by the vessels chafing against each other. It was an uncommon thing to see 10 or 15 ships of 50 or 60 British vessels have been wrecked on the coast, and several vessels were lying round the island dismantled, and would not be able to get away, some of which they had commenced stripping. The British ship *Sir Robert Peel* and British brig *Thomas Witty*, both foundered about 90 miles SE of St. Helena, being too deeply laden with guano. The crews of both vessels took to their boats, and arrived in safety at Saint Helena.—*New York Express.*

Kindness kindles the fire of friendship.

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