

Jewellery, &c.
received an assortment of
JEWELLERY, CUTLERY
A METAL
&c. &c.
Articles,
sold low for cash
Jewellery,
MAINTAINED AND CLEANED.
S, and
GLASSES,
just and touched.
Plans, repaired, cleaned

EO. F. STICKNEY

PORK, &c.
Letting from New York
New York Mess Pork,
extra,
JUSCUTUS WETMORE.

ET.
now occupied by Mr. W.
nine miles from Saint
MS attached. Apply to
Misses, Mr. D. McCallum
of this paper
MICHAEL TURNER,
Frederick.

STAGE,
ST. STEPHEN
AND BAKING
has contracted to run
ST. ANDREWS
MILLTOWN, and
a week, according to
ment, viz:
s, Thursdays and Sa
A M and St. Stephen
same days.

disposition of the Sub
Years has driven up
every attention to the
of Passengers, will
a full share of publi
will remain open a
Hotel, St. Andrews
Stephen, and Ray
THOMAS HARDY
4, 1850.

Stoves!
received on consignment
position. A large supply of
T. STOVES.
his store, in the Marke
W. MacLEAN.
cher, 1850.

UNSWICK
BLINDING SOCIETY
INGS FUND.
John 30th Sep 1847
ght, Robert F. Hazen
Andrews, Geo. D. Street
Johns, J. G. Stevens,

lasses, Flour
&c.
Defiance, from Boston
MOLASSES.
SUGAR.
J. Canada Superfine
Extra Genessee
mily use, &c. &c.
J. A. COFFEE,
J. W. STREET.

TS, OIL, &c.
3, 1850.
Liverpool, via St. John
& Raw Linseed Oil,
Paint, 14, 28 & 56lb
Kegs.
How 14 & 28lb Kegs.
a Ten,
Cognac Brandy

A from Boston:
Muscovado Sugar,
LSO.
SUGAR, from Liverpool
Starch,
JAMES W. STREET

TICE.
ers have entered into
ship in Trade and Mer-
the style and Firm of
ad TURNER,
lately occupied by
Joseph Wilson, in Saint

THOMAS T. ODELL,
LINA TURNER.

The Standard,
is published every Wednesday, by
A. W. Smith.
At No. 49, Water Street, Saint Andrew, N. B.
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Advertising by the year, as may be agreed on.

No. 49, SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1851. [Vol. 18]

THE THREE MELON SEEDS.
The following interesting story is furnished
by "The Boston of the Old School," the
well known correspondent of the Boston
Transcript.

When I was a schoolboy, more than fifty
years ago, I remember to have read, in an
English Journal, whose name I have now
forgotten, a story which may have been a
fiction, but which was very naturally told,
and made a deep impression upon me. I
will endeavour to bring it forth from the
locker of my memory; and engage, before-
hand, to be very much indebted to any one
who will indicate its original source.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished
the most substantial part of their education
in a boarding school, were sitting in a dining
house, in London, when a man of middle
age and middle stature entered the room
where they were sitting, seated himself at
one end of a small unoccupied table, and
calling for the waiter, ordered a simple nut-
ton chop and a glass of beer. His appearance,
at first view, was not likely to attract the
attention of any one. His hair was getting to
be thin and grey; the expression of his coun-
tenance was quiet, with a slight touch, per-
haps, of melancholy; and he wore a grey
sartlet with a standing collar, which, mani-
festly, had seen service, if the waiter had
not—just such a thing as an officer would wear
upon his morning dress. He might be
taken, plausibly enough, for a country magis-
trate, or an attorney of limited practice, or
a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip
his beer in silence, without lifting his eyes from
the table, until a melon seed, spontaneously
sprung from between the thumb and finger of
one of the gentlemen at the opposite table,
struck him upon the right ear. His eye was
instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready
intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed
murmur of the party, that this petty impertin-
ence was intentional.

The stranger stopped and picked up the
melon seed, and a scarcely perceptible smile
glowed over his features, as he carefully wrap-
ped the seed in a piece of paper, and placed
it in his pocket. This singular procedure,
with their preconceived impressions of their
stranger, somewhat agitated as they were
by the wine they had drunk, and the fact that
they had just been talking of the melon seed,
led to a conversation of some length.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger
continued to finish his chop and sip his beer,
until another melon seed fell from the same
hand, struck him upon the right cheek. This,
also, was not likely to attract the attention
of the party, but the third melon seed, which
he picked from the floor and carefully deposited
in his pocket.

Amidst a shower of laughter, which melon
seed was soon after discharged, which hit him
upon the left breast. This also he very de-
liberately took from the floor and deposited
with the other two.

As he rose and was engaged in paying for
his repast, the play of his sporting gen-
der became slightly subdued. It was not
easy to account for this. It would not
have been able to detect the slightest evi-
dence of irritation or resentment upon the
features of the stranger. He seemed a little
wider to be sure, and the carriage of his
head might have appeared to them rather
more erect. He walked to the table at which
they were sitting, and with that air of digni-
fied calmness which is a thousand times more
terrible than wrath, drew a card from his
pocket and presented it with perfect civility,
to the offender, who could do no less than
offer his own in return. While the stranger
unfolded his sartlet to take the card from
his pocket, they had a glance at the address
of a military man. The card disclosed
his rank, and a brief enquiry at the bar was
sufficient for the rest. He was a captain
upon his health and long service had entitled
to half pay. In earlier life he had been en-
gaged in several affairs of honor, and in
the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the
aggressor's residence, containing a challenge
in form, and only one of the melon seeds.
The truth then flashed before the challenged
party—it was the challenger's intention to
inflict three blows of this character, these
separate affairs of this unwarrantable frolic.
The challenge was accepted, and the chal-
lenged party, in deference to the challenge,
reputed skill with the pistol, had half
confidence in the small sword; but his friends
were on the alert, soon discovered that the
captain, who had risen by his merit,
and in the earlier days of his necessity,
sifted his broad as an accomplished instru-
ment in the use of that weapon. They met and
fought, alternately, by lot; the young man had
sifted his sword, thinking he might win the
first blow—he did—fired and missed his oppo-
nent. The captain levelled his pistol and
fired—the ball passed through the flap of the
young man's coat, and grazed the bone; and, as the
young man involuntarily put his hand to the
place, he remembered that it was the
place where his antagonist said the first melon
seed had hit. There ended the first lesson.

A month had passed. His friends cherished
the hope that he would bear nothing more
from the captain, when another note—a chal-
lenge of course—and another of those ap-
parent melon seeds arrived, with the captain's
apology on the score of ill health, for not
sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and
the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the
right elbow of his antagonist—the very point
upon which he had been struck by the second
melon seed; and here ended the second
lesson. There was something awfully im-
pressive in the modus operandi and ex-
quisite skill of his antagonist. The third melon
seed was still in his possession, and the ag-
gressor had not forgotten that it had struck
the offending gentleman upon the left
breast! A month had passed—another
and another of terrible suspense; but nothing
was heard from the captain. Intelligence
had been received that he was confined to
his lodgings by illness. At length the gentle-
man who had been his second in the former
duels, once more presented himself, and ten-
dered another note, which, as the recipient
perceived on taking it, contained the last of
the melon seeds. The note was supererogatory
in the captain's well known hand, but it was
the writing evidently of one, who wrote *de
sine manu*. There was an unusual sensi-
tivity also, in the manner of him who delivered
it. The seat was broken, and there was
the melon seed, in a blank envelope. "And
what, Sir, am I to understand by this?"
"You will understand, Sir, that my friend
forgives you—he is dead."

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM
CALIFORNIA.
Large Shipments of Gold—Good News
from the Mines—Extraordinary Mur-
ders at Sea!

By the arrival of the steamships Alabama
at New Orleans, and Cherokee at New York,
on Saturday last, we have received dates fr.
California to the 1st November—15 days la-
ter. The papers state that the Captain and
Mate of the clipper ship Challenge, which
had arrived at California from New York, had
informed eleven passengers on the voyage.
The excitement in San Francisco on the sub-
ject was immense. The Mate had been ar-
rested and imprisoned; but the Captain had
managed to elude the vigilance of his pursu-
ers, and make his escape.

The accounts from the mines are cheering
and new discoveries promised to reward the
labours of the miners.

The shipments of gold by the steamers
which left San Francisco on the 1st, amount
of nearly three million of dollars.

Murders, duels, and robberies are still re-
corded, and appear to be increasing, rather
than diminishing.

The markets at San Francisco were im-
proving. Building materials were in request
and lumber was steady, with a good demand.
Cement and lime were scarce and wanted at
full prices. Flour brisk. Gold dust was
worth 17 dollars per ounce.

It is rumoured at Washington, that the Hon.
Rufus Choate will be the successor of Mr.
Webster in the State Department.

The new constructed submarine telegraph
between France and England, is about to be
put to an important scientific use. Profes-
sors Arago, Babinet, and the Abbe Moigne
of Paris, have arranged with Mr. Brett, to
open a communication with Professor Airy,
to connect the wires on each side of the
Channel, with the Observatories at Paris and
Greenwich, for instantaneous observations.

A game of chess, likewise, between four
of the most celebrated players in Paris and Lon-
don, respectively, is about to be undertaken
by means of the submarine telegraph.

Quite Romantic.—Upon the conclusion
of a marriage ceremony in Danbury, Ct., the
venerable Justice invoked the protection of
Divine Providence over the newly married
pair in the following strain of heart-felt elo-
quence:—

May the choicest of Heaven's blessings
rest upon you, and every moral and social
virtue unite you more and more. May that
Almighty Being whose ways are not as our
ways, and whose thoughts are not as our
thoughts—who rules in the armies of Heaven—
who rides upon the wings of the wind—
whose hand is upon the sea, and whose foot
is upon the dry land—so order, direct, and
govern you in all your consultations; that
when you are called hence to be here no
more, you may be wafted through this track-
less ether into the blissful mansions of future-
ty, and there be permitted a front seat and
feast upon nectar and ambrosia the food of
Heaven. Such is the wish of your humble
servant—*Amén*.

We remember of hearing of an old lady
"Downers," who, after having kept a hired
man on liver near a month, one day said to
him, "Mrs. I don't know as you like liver."
"Oh, yes," said he, "I like it very well for

fly or sixty meals, but I don't think I should
like it for a steady diet." The old lady serv-
ed up something else for the next collation.

A beautiful woman once said to General
Shibboleth—who, by the by, is an Irishman—
"How is it that, having obtained so much
glory, you still seek for more?" "Ah,
madam," he replied, "how is it that you
who have so much beauty, should still put
on paint?"

POETRY.
THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She may not, in the merry dance,
With jewelled garlands vie;
She may not smile of courtly swain
With soft, bewitching eye;
She cannot boast a form and mien
That Jewish wealth has brought her;
But, ah, she has much fairer charms,
The Farmer's peevish daughter!

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together loveliness dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreath around
The heart's truest spell.
Her smile is bright as morning's glow
Upon the dewy plain,
And listening to her voice we dream
That Spring has come again!

The timid fawn is not more mild,
Nor yet more gay and free;
This lily's cup is not more pure
In all its purity—
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she—
The Farmer's peevish daughter!

The heavenly bells whom all adore
On downy pillow lie;
While down upon the downy law
The merry maiden lies;
And, with the lark's opening song,
Her own clear voice is heard—
Ye may not tell which voice sings
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jewelled fair—
The brightest jewel yet
Is the heart whereof she dwells
And innocence is set;
The glow of health upon her cheek—
The grace no rule hath taught her—
The fairest wealth that beauty brings,
Is for the Farmer's daughter!

LAW AND LAWYERS IN NORWAY.—The ad-
ministration of the civil law in Norway is
most admirably contrived. I every school
district, the freeholders elect a Justice of
the Court of Reconciliation. Every lawsuit
must first be brought before this Justice, and
by the parties in person, as no lawyer or au-
rator is allowed to practice in this Court. The
parties appear in person, and state their ma-
terial complaints and grievances at length, and
the Justice carefully notes down all the facts
and statements of the plaintiff and defendant,
and after due consideration, endeavours to ar-
range the matter, and proposes for this pur-
pose, what he considers to be perfectly just
and fair in the premises. If his judgment
is accepted, it is immediately entered in the
court above, which is a court of Record; and
if it is impugned from the case goes up to the
District Court, upon the evidence already ta-
ken in writing by the Justice of the Court of
Reconciliation. No other evidence is admit-
ted. If the terms proposed be just and rea-
sonable, the party appealing has to pay the
costs and charges of the appeal. This sys-
tem of minor courts prevents a deal of unne-
cessary, expensive and vexatious litigation.
The case goes up from court to court upon
the same evidence, and the legal argument
rests upon the same facts, without trick or
circumlocution of any kind from either party.
There is no chance for pettifoggers, the
hand of the law. Poor or rich or stupid
clients cannot be deluded, nor Judge or Jury
misled by the skill of sharp practitioners
in the courts of law in Norway. More than
two-thirds of the suits commenced are settled
in the Court of Reconciliation, and of the re-
maining third not so settled, no more than
one tenth are ever carried up.

The Judges of the Norwegian court are re-
sponsible in errors of judgement, delay, ig-
norance, carelessness, partiality or prejudice.
They may be summoned, accused, and tried
in the Supreme Court, and if convicted, are liable
in damages to the party injured. There are,
therefore, very few unworthy lawyers in the
Norwegian courts. The bench and the bar
are distinguished for integrity and learning.
They have great influence in the community,
and the country appreciates the many benefits
which have resulted from their virtue and
their wisdom.

THE USE OF QUININE AT THE WEST.—A
medical correspondent of the Surgical Jour-
nal, writing from the West, says: The im-
mense quantities of quinine sold here would
astonish an Eastern dealer in drugs. Five
hundred ounces by one druggist in a small
village are often disposed of in a few days,
and in the larger towns fifteen hundred or two
thousand ounces are no uncommon sale by
one house from twelve to thirty weeks. In
speaking of the fever, or fever and ague, as
it is called, for which this medicine is used,

the same writer says, that though generally
prevalent, and in some seasons almost univer-
sal (as in 1848, when every person, man,
woman and child, were down with it) yet
the mortality as compared with fevers at the
East, is as one to fifty. When a man is in-
fected with the chills, the physician prescribes
sixty grains of quinine in six equal doses,
and if he is very restless adds one eighth of a
grain of morphia to one of the powder, per-
haps the first, and generally in twenty-four
hours, the patient is well. But without this
valuable medicine, the patient is often down
for weeks and even months.

TRADE OF QUEBEC.—The last vessel for
the season, sailed from Quebec on the 27th
November—and the Morning Chronicle fur-
nishes the following statement of vessels for
1851:—

Comparative Statement of arrivals and Ton- nage, at the Port of Quebec, for the 27th November inclusive, in each year:—		
Year.	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1850	1074	436,379
1851	1185	505,034

More this year 107 68,655

The elections in Canada are proceed-
ing vigorously; so far as we have yet heard,
the Ministerial candidates have been suc-
cessful. Mr. Young, the Commissioner of Pub-
lic Works, and his colleague, Mr. Lyngue,
were elected for Montreal without opposition,
and Mr. Casneau, the new Solicitor Gen-
eral, has been returned for the County of Que-
bec, by acclamation.

ELECTION IN RISTIGOUCHE.—The accep-
tance by Mr. Barbic of the office of Clerk
of the Crown in the Supreme Court, vacated
his seat in the Assembly for Ristigouche;
consequently a new election has just taken
place in that County, when Mr. Barbic
was opposed by Dr. Carter, a gentleman pos-
sessing ultra-liberal principles, and opposi-
tion to the present Executive of the Province.
The result of this Election is as follows:—
Barbic 141; Carter 67; majority for Bar-
bic, 77.

This is the third instance of the re-elec-
tion of a member of the Assembly, who has ac-
cepted office since the re-construction of the
Government on the first of August last. Mr.
Reed who was appointed Deputy Treasurer
of Halifax, was re-elected for Gloucester by
a majority of 173; Mr. R. D. Wilton, the
Surveyor General, was re-elected for this
County by a majority of 273, in the face of
the most determined opposition, and exertions
of an ordinary character; and now Mr. Bar-
bic is re-elected for Ristigouche, by a ma-
jority of more than two to one over his op-
ponent. [New Brunswick.]

LAW CASE.—A most interesting law case
has just been decided in the Rockingham
County Court of Common Pleas in New-
Hampshire.—The Portsmouth and Concord
Railroad Company sued Wm. Jones and Wm.
P. Jones of Portsmouth, for the assessments
upon their subscribed stock in the corpo-
ration—the claim for which was opposed by
Messrs. Jones, upon the ground, among
others, that they were not legally holden, for
reasons which they set forth. The Port-
smouth Journal states that this is probably the
longest civil case which has ever occupied a
court and jury in New-Hampshire. It com-
menced on the 4th ult. at a special session,
and on the 21st at 4 o'clock, P. M., the jury,
after having been charged by Judge Bell, re-
turned a verdict in favor of the corporation
for \$12,282.42, being the whole amount of
assessments with interest, thus deciding that
the subscription was valid.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE CHAPMAN.—We
have been informed that among other be-
quests of amiable character, his honor has
magnificently directed the interest of £10,000
to be paid annually to the Diocesan Church
Society of this Province, and has appropriated
a very liberal amount towards the permanent
maintenance of the Madras Schools. We
learn, also, that he has left a considerable sum
towards the endowment of Saint John
Church in this City. The bequests of a
private nature among his relatives, friends
and dependents equally manifest the generos-
ity of the disposition of the deceased. (Ob-
server.)

HAS A CAT NINE LIVES.—A most extraor-
dinary circumstance lately occurred in Bed-
ford, England, giving rise to much discus-
sion and speculation. It appears that Mrs. Hal-
head, of Harpur-place, had 3 kittens, and it
was thought proper only one should be kept;
accordingly orders were given that two should
be drowned, and two were drowned, says our
informant. The dead kittens were then buried
in the garden. Six weeks afterwards a
kitten was seen to come out of the ground on
the spot where the two unfortunates had been
buried and it was immediately recognised as
one of those identical victims! To re-
move all doubt about the matter, the ground
was turned up, and only one dead kitten was
found in the hole. It is supposed that it was

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPER

Subscribers who do not give ex-
press notice to the contrary, are consid-
ered to continue their subscriptions.
If subscribers order the discontinu-
ance of their papers, the publisher is not
to send them until arrears are paid.
If subscribers neglect or refuse to pay
their papers from the office to which they
directed, they are held responsible until
they have settled their bills, and, on their
papers to be discontinued.

If subscribers remove to other place
without informing the publisher, and a
paper is sent to the former direction, it
is held responsible.

a case of suspended animation, and if so, it is
the most promised case of the kind that has
come to our knowledge. At all events, the
cat is alive and well, but much smaller than
its brother who did not go through the pro-
cess of drowning and burying.

St Helena is a rock in mid ocean, 1,800
miles from the Cape of Good Hope, 2,600
miles from Rio Janeiro, 1,200 from the Afri-
can coast, and 600 from the island of As-
cension, and with its lofty and precipitous
cliffs rising from 300 to 2,000 feet in height,
it is like a vast rock in the sea. Yet though
isolating in its approach, on entering the
harbours, and penetrating into the valleys, the
most delightful climate, the most lovely val-
leys and landscapes, and the most romantic
pictures of natural beauty are to be met with,
probably unsurpassed in any part of the
world. The island is about thirty miles in
circumference, and nine to ten in diameter.
The population is about 7,500—composed of
1,500 whites, 1,000 liberated Africans—re-
scued from slave ships, and 5,000 natives,
who are a mixture of Portuguese and Afri-
cans early introduced in the brilliant period
of Portuguese discovery and navigation.
They are ignorant and degraded, and were
without any knowledge—without the idea of
a soul or of a God, until they were taught by
the missionary. Being three-fourths colored,
they had been enslaved by the whites, until
the glorious period of British emancipation.

A THUNDERING COLD FUR.—On a winter
night a few years since, I was riding through
the little town of Lowell, Maine. My route
lay along upon a high ridge of land between
the Cold Stream Pond and the Passadum-
keag stream. The large full moon was just
rising in the horizon, looking larger than ever.
The sleighing was excellent, and my
horse, as if charmed by the scene was trotting
at a brisk rate, when from some edge he
suddenly stopped. On looking forth, I dis-
covered a horse and sleigh driven in. The
sleigh was a miserable looking jig, sole
master of the premises, and upon looking
for the driver, I found that individual by the
roadside—shaking was evidently master of
him as well as the sleigh. He was mutter-
ing something to himself about "thundering
cold fire," and blaming an imaginary John
Reed for not "putting on more wool." Coming
nearer to him, I found that he was sitting
upon the snow, his feet through the fence,
warning them to the moon!—Manchester
Messenger.

A MOVE.—The Springfield Republican
gives quite an account of the moving, on
Tuesday week, of a two story hotel, 52
and 54 feet, and a store 40 and 39 feet, from
Jenkinsville, on the Western Railroad, six
miles east of Springfield, to Indian Orchard,
a distance over one mile and a quarter, the first
in nine minutes time. The buildings were
placed on four platforms, two on each
track, and "snaked off" by their horse at
two loads. The hotel contained four stacks
of chimneys, which with the furniture were
entirely undisturbed, while the goods in the
store were left on the shelves. The next
thing we expect to hear of in the moving line
is that a whole village, situated in some un-
healthy or barren locality has been taken up
just before breakfast and dumped down in
habitable and all in a pleasant vale, aston-
ishing the "pude wife" of the farmer who
inhabits the district, so as to spoil her coffee,
and frightening the milk-maid to the tune of
her morning's "mess." These are really
moving times.—[Lowell News.]

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SWORD.—Mr.
Greely writes from Italy:—
I really cannot see how the despotic govern-
ment, press shackled, uneducated nations are
ever to be liberated under the guidance of peace
societies and their world's convention; and
horrible as all war is and ever must be, I deem
a few battles a lesser evil than the perpetuity
of such mental and physical bondage as is
now endured by twenty millions of Italians.
When the peace society shall have persuaded
the Emperor Nicholas or Francis Joseph to
disband his armies and rely for the support
of his government on his intrinsic justice and
inherent moral force, I shall be ready to enter
his ranks; but while despotism, fraud and
wrong are triumphantly upheld by force, I
do not see how freedom, justice and progress
can safely discipline and repudiate the only
weapons that tyrants fear—the only argu-
ments they regard.

MATHEMATICAL TIPS.—I have frequently
reminded that a guest has become the past
and cement of two married quarrelling halves,
because shame and necessity have obliged
them to speak and be friendly to one another,
at least as long as the guest was listening.
Every married folk should be provided with
one or two guests who might come in to
relieve his sufferings when the mistresses of the
house happened to have the devil of dumb-
ness in her body, for she must talk at least
as long as the gentlemen are present, and
take out of her mouth the iron thief apple of
silence, which grows on the same stalk as
the apple of discord.—[Jean Paul Richter.]