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FROM MEXICO—MORE FIGHTING.

The following intelligence from Mexico has been received at Boston from New York, by the magnetic telegraph:—

A party left Puebla for Vera Cruz, under the command of Capt. Bainbridge, and on the route were attacked several times by guerrillas. They lost five men and one wagon. The Mexicans were repulsed. Capt. Bainbridge's party succeeded in reaching Col. McIntosh's camp. A party of guerrillas attacked the camp and fired upon it all night. They reached Vera Cruz safely.

The party under Capt. Dupeire was attacked by a superior force, but repulsed the enemy, killing several with the loss of three killed and three wounded.

Gen. Cadwallader joined Col. McIntosh with a reinforcement at the National Bridge, when the whole was attacked by the Mexicans. The battle lasted several hours. The Mexicans were defeated with a loss of 100 men. The Americans lost 15 killed and 40 wounded. The train then moved forward to Jalapa.

The station at Jalapa had been broken up. Gen. Scott having opened a road from Perote to Tuzapan for supplies. Gen. Shields had joined Gen. Scott with 1000 men.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH from Boston to Portland is now finished, and the Director, Mr. Smith, says that in a short time he expects to have the wires of the telegraph reach Halifax, thereby bringing England at least two days nearer to the United States. Of course, the line must pass through New Brunswick.

TWO MEN HUNG FOR MURDER.—SIX MURDERERS CONDEMNED.—Two men were executed for murder, at Toronto, Canada, on Thursday the 22d June. The name of one was Hamilton, and that of the other, Turner. The former was hung for the murder of an old man, with whom he had some difficulty, in settling which, as he asserted upon the scaffold, they got into a quarrel, and coming to blows, he hit the old man on the head and killed him. These facts he stated just previous to the rope being placed around his neck.

Turner seems to be a hardened and desperate villain. Some time since he murdered a man while engaged in a row. Previous to his being executed, he came out upon the scaffold and addressed the assembled thousands present in a speech a half an hour or more, in the course of which he acknowledged that the murder for which he was about to suffer the penalty of the law, was the sixth which he had committed in the course of a few years.

So great was the desire to witness the hanging of the two men, that it was utterly impossible to do any business whatever in Toronto. Men, women, and children, flocked around the scaffold by thousands.

Striking progress of Enterprize.—The Newburyport (Mass.) Herald has the following:—While on a jaunt to the White Mountains some three or four years since, we were struck with surprise to see such immense forests of wood and timber, which we were wholly unware were possessed by New Hampshire, standing useless and almost worthless. Magnificent trees, the growth of many years, were seen on every hand for many miles, and they grew by reason of age till they fell prostrate and decayed, while their places were filled by a fresh growth. It seemed to us then singular that some thriving mechanic or some keen eyed capitalist, had not derived means to turn these treasures of the forest to account, although to all our enquiries we received the answer that they would not pay for transportation to market.

Since that time, the visions we then had have been realized. Three years ago, a gentleman, of Lowell, by the name of Norcross, purchased a vast tract of many thousand acres of this timber land, stretching on from Woodstock and Lincoln, almost to the White Mountains, and after clearing the river of obstructions, by blasting a great many rocks, from Lowell up, he now drives down the river from that region to Lowell, one hundred thousand dollars worth of timber annually, and there prepares it for market, in a steam mill which he has erected. By this operation he is rapidly realizing a great fortune.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Illinois, formerly a merchant in this city, dated 11 June.

I have been a close observer of the crops for 8 years. The winter wheat throughout our State and much of Iowa is almost entirely wintered killed—not 1 acre in 20 standing. The spring has been cold, backward and dry, a first rate season for work. Spring wheat has been sown up almost every field where the winter wheat was killed, and it now presents a fine prospect, though its backwardness renders it more liable to rust.

The quantity of corn planted is altogether unprecedented. The only danger for this crop is from birds and ground squirrels, and of this we are now clear. Corn has never stood better in this State than it does now.

It is very backward—first ploughing hardly commenced. Our standard for this crop is this: it never fails, as a whole, if it stands well on the first of June. In a very wet season perhaps one fifth of the crop on low lands is drowned and burnt out.—(Jour. of Com.)

The Milwaukee Sentinel states that the Hessian fly has made its appearance in the wheat fields of Walworth and Waukesha counties, and is doing great damage to the growing crops. This is the first appearance of this insect, so far North. In the northern part, the crops are reported as looking very favorable.—Niles Michl., Intel.

A SINGULAR CASE.—The following extract from a letter written by an officer of an English East Indian man, to a friend in London, and dated from the Indian Ocean, on the way to Bombay, relates an occurrence which, although not unprecedented, shows what a degree of energy, physical and mental a woman is capable of, when acting under the influence of any particular passion:

"A young person of the age of seventeen entered on board our ship at Deptford, as an ordinary seaman, under the name of George Thompson, who performed all the duties of his station with remarkable steadiness and dexterity, and would perhaps have remained undiscovered the rest of the voyage, had not the following circumstance led to the discovery. A theft having been committed on board, a general search was the consequence—on examining Thompson's chest, there was found woman's apparel.

Upon which, the officer on duty concluded he must have stolen them when on shore, therefore ordered him the three dozen lashes; when they attempted enforcing the punishment, he burst into tears, solemnly protested his innocence, and besought mercy; the officer continued inflexible; when entreaty was found vain, with much reluctance she acknowledged her sex; judge what astonishment pervaded the mind of every one on board, who little expected to find the person of George Thompson, a blooming youthful girl. Being questioned by the Captain who she was, and what could have induced her to take so extraordinary a step, she replied her name was Margaret Thompson; she had left her uncle, who lives in Northumberland-street; to see her sweet heart, who quitted England three years since, and is now resident at Bombay; the resolution with which she performed the most arduous tasks mounting aloft with amazing intrepidity in the midst of danger even when the most experienced seamen appeared daunted astonished every one; her patience and perseverance, during five months hard labor, can be equalled only by her fortitude in the attempt."

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.—The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly:

You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a patron may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a fashion, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally supposed to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which are often brought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors—but does she affect a studied sobriety—she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or compose you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or quilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware—however, that the garnish is as important as the dress—all her inner beadings are delicate and fresh, and should any peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions, or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand points of dress—her own stations, her own age, and her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished—but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

The New Brunswicker says.—We have always thought that the Government of this province have been very remiss in not taking effectual measures for protecting his portion of our territory from the interference of Canada; and it will not surprise us much if another partition of our Country is about to take place. It certainly appears that between Main and Canada, we are destined to be deprived of all the fine territory of the upper St. John, and with it our most valuable timber lands. New Brunswick is the goose from which every one plucks a feather.

POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

The following lines are above all praise. They are surpassingly beautiful—

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness
—All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon a river
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever
To come to us no more!

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our children knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam, like angels, there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from that tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon!

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright!

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring-time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They have passed—like hope—away—
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh! it is a lovely death!
To fade from earth like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Then perish on their thirne!

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us
And the flowers are blossoming?
For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us,
Is budding but to die!

Indications of Changes in the Weather.

Lord Bacon gives the following directions for foretelling changes in the weather:

1. A thick, dark sky, lasting for some time, without either sun or rain, always becomes first clear, then foul; that is, changes to a fair, clear sky, before it turns to rain.
2. A change in the warmest of the weather is generally followed by a change in the winds; thus, the northerly and southerly winds, commonly esteemed the cause of cold and warm weather, are, in reality, the effects of the cold or warmth of the atmosphere.
3. Most vegetables expand their flowers and down, in sun shining weather; and, towards the evening and against rain, close them again, especially at the beginning of their flowering, when their seeds are tender and sensible; this is visible in the down of dandelion, and the flowers of pimpernel. If the flowers be close shut up, it foretells rain and foul weather, if spread open, fair weather. The stalk of trefoil swells against rain, and grows more upright.
4. All wood, even the hardest and most solid, swells in moist weather, and foretells rain.
5. Stones and wainscots, when they sweat, portend rainy weather.

The Montreal Gazette says.—On Saturday afternoon, two brothers, emigrants, threw themselves from one of the wharves into the river. They were rescued by the exertions of the police officer on duty, and on being ta-

ken to the station house, said that they wished to put an end to their misery.

MORE BOUNDARY DISPUTES.—The Woodstock Telegraph states that the authorities of Canada have commenced exercising jurisdiction over that part of New Brunswick known by the name of Madawaska, and without waiting the decision of the Home Government, have actually assumed the right to adjudicate upon matters that strictly belong to the civil authority of this Province. About the 1st of June, a number of persons in Madawaska, were served with common processes in actions of debt, to be tried at Quebec. If our Government, adds the Telegraph, do not take up the matter in a decided manner, we shall not be surprised to learn that judgment has been obtained against those individuals, and that their property has been put under arrest. Will our authorities submit to this?

THE BLESSING OF THE SAILORS.

We clip the following remarks by "a man-of-war's-man" from the Friend:—
I knew not who was the first that agitated the cause of seamen, but this I do know, that he whom he may, the heartfelt blessings of hundreds of sailors are daily breathed upon him,—and the blessings of a tax is worth having. His efforts have not taught the sailor that he was a human being, for he well knew that before, but they have taught him that there are others in the world that consider him so, and incited him to pursue a course of conduct calculated to sustain that good opinion. A few days since, the Navy Commissioners would as soon have thought of sending a library in a man of war. Even Bibles were rare things; but now through the efforts of Sailor's Friends and Bible Societies, we not only have a sufficiency of Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, but we have on board all ships, for the especial use of the crew, a fine library, consisting of the sterling work of the day. You would be surprised to glance around our decks at the close of the day, when the hurry of duty is over, and see the titles of the work each man is plodding through. Here are Traveller's Lives of Celebrated Personages, Histories, Philosophy, Chemistry, Anatomy, and other scientific works, which are not read (as I once heard a Yankee girl dictionary) for the pretty words, but for the solid information to be gathered from them. How often are such works as these seen in the hands of the common class of people on shore.—Are they not too often occupied by the works of fiction, that serve to beguile an hour away and minister to a vitiated taste? It is true that when on shore Jack has mended his manners but little; but every thing must be done by degrees, and the good acquired from these books will at least teach the younger portion of them to beware the shoal upon which so many of their predecessors have stranded.

Temperance too, is making rapid strides among them, and there are but few ships that now range the ocean, that do not number among their crews, more or less Temperance men.

These remarks are made, not as a guide to those who labor in the seamen's cause, for I have not the vanity to suppose myself capable of dictating to them, but as an encouragement to them to go forward in their good work.—All we ask is,—place a sailor in his proper rank in society; if you have no rank for him, create one; raise him up, cheer him on with good words, let him see and feel that you think him a rational being and you will soon find that there will be a greater change effected among them than there could by any other means.

Singular Sensibility to Music.—Some years since, when the steamer "Cleveland" was one of the "crack" boats on Lake Erie, we took passage one beautiful morning for Detroit. A fine band stationed upon the hurricane deck discoursed most delightful music, and among the passengers were a lady and her infant. The child was lying listlessly upon its mother's lap, when the moment the music struck up, a singular change came over its little frame. Its eyes brightened, its lips were parted, its hand elevated, it vibrated throughout its whole frame like a harp string to the time of the tune. A livelier was played, when it was affecting, almost painful to behold the quiverings of the little creature. Every feature was wrought up to an expression of the most intense interest. The music ceased and the child wept. So far as our limited observations in such matters avails us, it is rarely that a young child weeps. It squalls bawls, and yells outright, but the silent tear seldom trickles down its cheek. The little incident made an impression upon our mind, and we then thought that if that child's ability should equal its susceptibility to the concords of sweet sounds, we should hear of it again. The denouement of the affair is yet to be told. A day or two since, we met the identical mother and daughter, the latter a sprightly girl of ten, with an eye full of soul and a voice full of melody. She presides at the piano as though it had been

her companion from infancy, and sighs like a bird. May her song never be softened by the touch of sadness.—Chicago Journal.

THINGS A FARMER SHOULD NOT DO.—
A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly—half tilled land is growing poorer—well tilled land is constantly improving.

A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep or hogs than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order the first of December, is already half wintered.

A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management produce on his own farm; he should never buy fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools while he can make or buy; a high authority has said, the borrower is a servant to the lender.

The farmer should be never so immersed in political matter as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate more or less a free people.

A farmer should shun the doors of a bank, as he would an approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers should have little to do.

The farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember that if any man can be said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man. No farmer should allow the reproach of lacking education to lie against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the foundation of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

A farmer should never use ardent spirits as a drink. If while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labors of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wishes to sell. We have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse \$5, because he wanted \$6 for it, and after keeping his wheat six months was glad to get \$6 for it.

A farmer should never allow his wood-house to be emptied of wood during the summer months; if he does, when winter comes, in addition to cold fingers he must expect to encounter the chilling looks of his wife, and perhaps be compelled, in a series of lectures to learn that the man who burns green wood has not mastered the A B C of domestic economy.

A farmer should never allow his windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats; if he does, he will most assuredly require the reputation of a man who carries long at the whiskey, leaving his wife and children to freeze or starve at home.

There are three things of which the man who aims at the character of a prosperous farmer will never beiggardly, manure, tillage and seed; and there are three things of which he never will be too liberal, prompt time, and credit.—Geneee Farmer.

Maxims.—1. As is the teacher, so is the school, and as is the pay so is the teacher.

2. The Common School is the People's College.

3. Uneducated mind is uneducated man.—Becher.

4. Taxes for the support of schools are like vapors, which rise only to descend again to beautify and fertilize the earth.

5. Every school house that is built, every child that is educated—are new and additional pledges of our perpetuity.

A celebrated writer of Vauvillies, being caught recently in a shower took refuge under a portico. A very pretty person soon lifted the window, and after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent a servant out to him with an umbrella. The next day the delighted author dressed himself up to his last result of the problem of what was becoming, and as the umbrella was an old one, hid it aside as a souvenir, and purchasing a new one of the costliest taste, called on the lady to return her flattering loan. She received the new umbrella evidently without remarking the change, and after listening with curiosity to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgements, she suddenly comprehended that he was under the impression that she was enamored of him and forthwith naively explained, that as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her unobscured, she had sent him the umbrella to get him off her front steps.—Home Journal.

HARD USAGE AND CASUALTY.—It was stated a few days since, that the bark JUNIUS was on shore on West Hampton Beach, Long Island, and that the second mate was drowned in trying to effect a landing from the ship to the shore. It appears that the Captain endeavored to make two ports but was forbidden to enter, for fear the passengers had the ship fever. He spoke two pilots who refused to come aboard, and he ran his vessel ashore.