

THE
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GEO. N. SMITH.

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THE STANDARD.

SAINT ANDREWS Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1833.

The communication, respecting the proceedings of certain SEMINOLE INDIANS, (of which we acknowledged the receipt in our paper of the 17th instant,) we intended to publish on Saturday last; but the mass of interesting matter furnished by the *Great Western* from Europe, and the stirring events presented to us by the Canadian papers, claimed immediate attention, and prevented us from inserting our correspondent's letter—although in type. We now lay it before our Readers with this solitary remark, that our red brethren, throughout their mission have been as communicative to every stranger calling himself an Englishman as they have been to Mr. H. at L. Island, and we should not be inclined to bestow on such emissaries the praise of prudence; and we only wonder, under such circumstances, why their plans have hitherto been so secretly carried out.

St. Stephen 15th Nov. 1833.

DEAR SIR,

Wonder I believe will never cease—Whoever has dreamt of seeing a Seminole in this quarter, particularly at so quiet a time as the present! But I have not only seen a Seminole but a *Michasuckie* also! In the prosecution of the business which had already detained me in this neighbourhood a much longer time than when I left home I in the slightest degree contemplated, I had occasion the other day to go up the Schomberg as far as the Grand Lake, and was certainly much delighted with the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, although the ascent of the river was tedious and fatiguing. On our return, (I had a friend with me,) we were directed to the American side, on account of the greater ease of travelling. We took this advice, and on our way back it was our good fortune accidentally to call at L. Island the property of an Indian, who, with his family, resides there in a state of comfort which few places of much greater pretensions could boast of. We were received in the kindest manner, and were most agreeably surprised to find every thing about the house and farm—the dress and manners of the occupants—the economy of the establishment—the cultivation of the soil and so forth—the most decided English character. This was to us a source of much pleasure. After partaking of the good cheer which our generous host put before us, and examining every thing of note about the place, having still a little time to spare, we sat down and gradually slid into an interesting conversation with the warm-hearted Indian.

We had not been long occupied in this very pleasant way, when our host was called out; in a few minutes, however, he returned ushering in three men looking Indians, dressed in a dress, which however, well it became them, I could plainly see was not the one to which they had been accustomed. Imagine our astonishment when I, who was unreserved and candid towards all, attributed in a great degree to the circumstance of our being Englishmen, informed us that two of the strangers were *Michasuckies*, and the other a *Michasuckie*, the three sons of respective Chiefs—at they had left Florida for the purpose of treating with the federal Indian tribes throughout the States—of bringing about, if possible, a general confederation of the Brethren against the common foe, the Americans—that with this view they had traversed the whole of the country—had had "a talk" with all the Chiefs and leading Indians—had succeeded in their object beyond their most sanguine expectations—and that they were now preparing to return to their distant homes.

I could not help feeling greatly interested in these strangers, with whom I was in so unexpected a manner brought in company, and so intense was the look with which I scanned their persons that, but for their perfect breeding, I must have given offence. They were the finest looking men I ever saw, particularly the *Michasuckie*, who with a freedom of action and ease of manner possessed a loftiness of carriage that would not have disgraced a descendant of the lion-hearted Richard.

Our time not permitting a much longer stay, and suspecting that by remaining we might be in the way of their communicating freely among themselves, we took our leave, and in due time reached our former quarters at Mrs. A's, where we had the pleasure of meeting some acquaintances recently made here, with whom we passed an agreeable evening.

I have since, now and again, found myself straying back to the Indian, and imagining a thousand things as to the issue of so dreadful a contest as a union of the Indians would produce in so ungrateful a country as the United States; and I have been helped to this train of thinking by the perusal of a despatch from Fort Brock, Tampa Bay, of September last, in which it is stated that Sam Jones and

Cocconhega were not only playing a very doubtful card with the American General, but were suspected of being privy, if not accessory, to the massacre of the crews shipwrecked near Cape Florida; however this may be, it is well known that they were in the neighbourhood at the time. The same document also stated that Cocconhega, chief of the *Michasuckies*, called at the Fort "to have a talk with the General," but that notwithstanding his professions, the tribe being proverbial for lying, his real intentions were much doubted.

I am afraid the United States have a sanguinary conflict to pass through—one almost too dreadful to dwell on; but as there is something brewing of an ominous nature having an important bearing upon the state of our neighboring country, and as I well know that your tribe take a deep interest in the passage of time, particularly the present which bids fair to be as eventful a one as any we have known of from our cradles, so I would not leave this for H.—a without communicating to you my extraordinary interview and the astounding intelligence which I thereby obtained. I hope you will be able to make out this hasty scrawl, and I wish you to send me a paper. In the meantime—always truly, H.—a.

We find the following article in the *United States Gazette*, which we think bears on several points alluded to in the above communication:—

From Florida.

Fort Brock, Tampa Bay, Sept. 29, 1833.
Little of moment has occurred here since my last. Indians, principally Tallahassee, continued coming in and going out. They all promise to be in by the middle of next month. Last night two *Michasuckies* came in, the first we have seen; one of them was a chief called Conch-Tasungage; his object was to learn the truth of the reports he had heard, that the general wished to have a talk with them, and would treat with them in the same manner as with the Seminoles. He promised to give all his influence not only with his own band but with all the other *Michasuckies*, to induce them to come in. He did not know whether Sam Jones would come in or not; but did not even him since last winter, but did not care, as they would come in without him. So much for the *Michasuckies*, but what of the Seminoles? I have no doubt, as they are proverbial for lying, that they are sincere the war may be considered at an end; it will however, require years to remove all the Indians from the territory, for as their numbers become diminished, the greater are the difficulties in discovering their retreats, and when found, in driving them from their impenetrable haunts. You have doubtless heard of the shipwreck near Cape Florida, and the reported massacre of the surviving crews by the Indians in that vicinity, Sam Jones and Cocconhega being in that neighborhood. General Taylor starts on Monday for Fort White, from whence he will proceed to Apalachicola river, and thence to Tallahassee. In consequence of heavy rains we have had recently, all the streams have been swollen, and our last express in crossing the *Wachassee* lost one of the crew, a pirate of the Red dragons, who was drowned. The same difficulties still exist in procuring officers to serve in Florida, in fact most of the companies have but one officer, and many none.

Part White is at present commanded by the surgeon, no other officer being present.

THE AMERICAN PRESS AND THE CANADIAN.

During last year's troubles and sympathies on the American Canadian frontiers, there were two sets of letters on which regarded the doings of the day, through glasses of opposite hues. Each described objects under the influence of the color through which he saw them. There are always in every country large portions of the people groping their way with such spectacles on, but in no country are they so strongly tinged as in the United States. We have often "blushed in privacy" on reading the vile trash, palpable falsehoods, and sinister reports on the affairs of Canada, which distinguished with a peculiar, native grace, the majority of the press of the frontier States. But how differently have the highly respectable portion of the press seen, and spoken? We will here give an example from papers of the day and let our readers, from their juxtaposition examine and judge for themselves. The first is from the *Bangor Republican* on fashionably boasting of a fellow of the name of Bryant of Bangor heading a band of robbers in plundering a British Province—here it is:—

BATTLE IN CANADA.

A letter has been received by the Post Master in this city, dated at Bangor, Vt. and written by J. A. Vail, which we read in Jerome's News Room, and from which we gather the following particulars: Col. C. G.

Bryant, of this city, at the head of 150 men was stationed at Odelestown, to preserve the communication between the main body of the patriot army and the cities. On the 7th instant he was attacked by a regular force of from 500 to 800 men, and after a gallant resistance of forty minutes, was obliged to retreat with the loss of seven killed, and four wounded.

The next day, being reinforced by Col. Gagnon, the patriots advanced to the attack of the British in gallant style, and after an engagement of an hour and a half, put them to rout. The regulars lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, in both engagements upwards of 300 men. We believe the above to be true in its main points, although perhaps somewhat exaggerated.—*Bangor Republican.*

The following comment is by the Editor of the *Montreal Morning Courier*, introductory to the remarks of the New York Herald:—

An unknown camp of the name of C. G. Bryant, has issued a Proclamation, headed "Patriot Camp, Colwell's Manor, Nov. 5—Read Quarters of Mississippi and Richelieu division," filled with senseless, lying trash. President Nelson has gone to the expense of having his meagre proclamation of last year reprinted and circulated. The New York Herald has the following remarks on this production:—

To support this splendid Jack Cade document, Sergeant Sutherland & Co. have pledged their fortunes and their sacred honor!—God help the rebels, if they had only such fellows to support them! But there is no doubt that many Americans of property have been induced to join them; and have supplied the disaffected with money and arms to a large extent. Like the *Isleadores* and the whigs before an election, both parties seem certain that they will annihilate their opponents. The reports that came yesterday of risings and skirmishes and captures in a dozen different places, were treated with indifference by those conversant with the colonial government now in New York.

On the other hand, the rebels are certain that they will march into Montreal before the first of January, and receive a speedy promotion. We have no doubt that many of them will be marched into Montreal before that time, and be speedily promoted to a gallows. Time will show. Canada must be separated from the Mother Country. But yet, that time has not arrived. All that the rebels will do this winter will be to kill a few innocent persons, plunder some little property, burn some few barns, rob a few heavy roads, and get hung for their pains.

The last example we shall quote is from the *New York Gazette* also founded upon the *Montreal Courier*:—

Our readers will not have so far forgotten the *outrage* contents of a letter from a sympathizer to the Mayor of Troy, that was published in the *Courier* on Monday, as not to relish the following strictures on that strange production, by the *New York Gazette*:—

"The following bulletin from the head quarters of Jack the giant killer, must be published we suppose, because it has been found in a newspaper. We shall not by any means be surprised to hear at any moment of other movements on the lines, and of sympathetic benevolence on this side. Indeed, we expect to hear of such movements, and there would be nothing to be wondered at if the departure of Lord Durham had been made the signal for such an outbreak. *Rafism* is at hand, and the sooner it makes its first attempt, the better, perhaps. Sir John Colborne, we trust, will give a good account of the wretches, and we really have no more serious request to make of him—For heaven's sake, Sir John, if you catch any more ragged patriots from our side of the line, don't let them come back again."

Since putting the above in type, we have read in an evening paper, extracts from a paper published in this city by the notorious villainous McKenzies, which profess to contain some of the statements contained in the letter to the Mayor of Troy. Of course the main details, the capture of Montreal, the 3700 rebels in Quebec, &c. are grossly and indignantly false; but we are inclined to think it probable that the rebels have risen in both the Canadas, and we hope the ring leaders will rise some eight or ten feet higher. The gallows is just as good enough for the American portion of them, at any rate.

Montreal Nov. 16.

Our cognation of the details of matters connected with the recent outbreak, now close as heretofore, of arrests and trials. Very little news of any moment has been heard since our last, and it may not be without interest to our readers to give some further particulars of old events, that have reached us.

Among the prisoners who were taken at Odelestown, was a French officer, who held the rank of General in the Rebel Army, and who not being such a proficient in the running army tactics of his fellow warriors, as they were, his penchant for fighting led to

his capture. On learning his rank, Colonel Taylor told him that he must not expect on account of it, any better treatment than the common lot of a prisoner of war. The officer, who could not be regarded as honorably, and who could not be regarded as honorably, sense to acquiesce in the justice of this arrangement, and caused the system of gross deception that had been practiced upon him, to cease from the service. He was made to believe, he said, that the entire population was true for revolt, and that money and medals were in abundance to bring rebellion to a successful issue, whereas, he had already found that there was neither one nor other of the latter, and more, that so far from there being only regular troops to contend with, that a handful of Volunteers by themselves, had entirely broken and scattered the rebel forces. The only mark of distinction over his fellow prisoners, he begged of Colonel Taylor, was opportunity of writing to some of his friends in New York who were coming on to join him, to dissuade them from embarking in so hopeless an enterprise. However much we may be inclined to pity any apparently respectable individual who has allied himself to the rebel gang, still, justice demands that this Frenchman, whatever his rank, be treated as a brigand, and be punished for the same. The name of the French Officer alluded to, is said to be St. Maurice.

BATTLE NEAR PRESCOTT.

From the *Seaboard's Harbor Journal*, Nov. 15.
The steamship *Oueda*, just arrived from Ogdensburg, brings the following:—

A severe engagement took place at Prescott yesterday, commencing at 8 a.m. and lasting seven hours, between the "Patriots" and British Forces. About 5000 Patriots and 300 British Regulars, together with some militia were engaged. The battle took place about a mile below Prescott; the patriots having possession of several were killed and wounded on both sides. The British, however, sustained by far the heaviest loss. Colonel Young, the British commander, was among the killed, his body being pierced with seven balls. The British were twice repulsed by the "Patriots" and finally left the field to wait for reinforcements, for which an express was sent to Kingston.

During the action the British put their dead and wounded into a barn, behind which they sheltered themselves, and the Patriots to dislodge them set it on fire, when it was consumed, together with its contents, immediately after which the British retreated to Prescott for the last time.

The steamship *United States* and two schooners were seized yesterday by the U. S. Marshal, under the neutrality law, and are now on their way to this port, under its charge.

A small boat containing four or five "Patriots," crossing from Ogdensburg to Prescott, was fired into by the British steamer *Cobourg*, and disabled, and then she ran alongside and fired down upon them, sinking the boat and killing all her crew.

The steamship *Oueda* has been chartered by Col. Worth for the United States service, and is to return immediately to the river St. Lawrence with troops from this place.

Lunenburg N. S. Nov. 15.

The Bishop—We have the pleasure to receive a letter from his Lordship by the last packet, dated from Paris, whether he had gone in search of health, and in the hope of shaking off some unpleasant remands of gout. His Lordship speaks in encouraging terms of the efforts which have been made, and still are making, in England, in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—He had himself attended many large meetings, and preached many times in its behalf; and had many similar engagements to fulfil, which would take him back to England, although he had been advised to try the German waters, and to winter in Italy. Even at Paris, his Lordship was to preach on the same spot, on the 7th October, at the special request of Bishop Luscombe; and he had been also desired to do the same at Bologna. At Bristol upwards of £400 were obtained, and many permanent subscribers; and among the speakers there, was the Rev. Sir George Prevost, Baronet, who also preached a sermon in behalf of the Society at Chislehurst, to that neighbourhood. He is a most exemplary clergyman, and appears to retain a friendly interest for this province, where the memory of his excellent but ill-used father is so generally revered. The Bishop still holds to his original purpose of taking Newfoundland in his way to Nova Scotia, if we meet, the Lord shall strengthen him for the arduous duties of such a visitation. We should rejoice, however, to hear of his being returned from the charge of that island to the Bermuda, by their being set off as a separate Diocese.—*Cathedral Churchman.*

Peter and John—They from, indeed a very reasonable contract to each other, and which we may upon the moral imbecility which time cannot efface, we recognize him who would have died for his Master, and him who would have died with him; the one who drew his sword in his defence, the other

MONTHLY ALMANAC					
Day	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week	Days
Monday	1	8	15	22	29
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	
Wednesday	3	10	17	24	31
Thursday	4	11	18	25	
Friday	5	12	19	26	
Saturday	6	13	20	27	
Sunday	7	14	21	28	

Useful Memoranda.
Average time of Sun rise this day 52m. after 6.
Do. ————— Sun set ——— 25m. before 10.
Moon's First Quarter, on the 23rd at 11 42m.
Do. Full ————— at 40m. before 1.
Do. Last Quarter ——— at 56m. before 1.
Do. New ——— at 17m. after 12.
High Water at Full Moon—25m. after

who lay in his bosom the disciple to whom he bequeathed his flock, the friend to whom he entrusted his mother! Their spirits still look out from their Epistles. In Peter, rugged ruggedness with a powerful, an alarming, an impetuous energy; in John, his beseeches with a tenderness, a sweetness, and an affection: one menaces as like a father, the other exhorts like a brother; nor is this love of gentleness confined to his Epistles. Who has not lingered with fearful eyes, suddenly heart over the narrative of the sufferings of his Divine Master, which "runs like a stream through flowery pastures?" All that is most lovely, most affecting, most delightful in the character of Jesus, is collected in the Gospel of John. But however they may have differed in the utterance of their feelings, their hearts were fondly united.

In loving their saviour, they loved one another; and in loving one another, they left their love for him. John must have wept over the denial of Peter, but his soul rejoiced when standing by his side at the tomb of our Lord, or before the enraged council of the Sanhedrim.—*Church Review.*

A SUTHERLAND PATRIARCH.—Mr. Donald McKay, of Crombach, expired at Braxton on the 4th ult. in this country, at the patriarchal age of 103. The deceased served in the Revolutionary war as far back as the year 1745, the memorable one of the rebellion, and was one of those engaged in the capture of the money which had been forwarded from the continent for the use of the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart. The old man had a store of anecdotes relative to the history of the eventful period alluded to, as also of many remarkable individuals who then figured in the scene of action. McKay was an intimate friend of the celebrated Robt D. un, the bard of Lord Kean's country, whose poetical effusions were held by him in much estimation, and some of whose favourite songs he was in the habit of chanting until within a few days of his death. He was a man of exceedingly sober habits, having been rarely if ever known to indulge in ardent spirits. During the latter part of his life he was employed in selling cattle and horses, and visited the Bazaar market for this purpose so late as the year 1832.

Matrimony, Favourable to Longevity.

The statistics of marriage prove that it is favourable to longevity. It has been ascertained that at the age of 60, there are but 22 unmarried men alive for 53 married; at 70, 11 bachelors for 37 married men; and at 80, for 5 bachelors who may chance to be alive there are nine bearded. Very nearly the same proportion holds good in the female sex, of whom, while 72 who have been married attain the age of 45, only 32 unmarried reach the same term of life. Perhaps one great cause of this difference is the circumstance of that tenderness of friendship which, we will hope, does in most cases exist between those who are yoked for life. It cannot be made the subject of proof, it must be left to grow up of itself under the general culture of reasonations of the human soul, the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of amity and of reason!

From Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*.

Humility.

I have all the reason to be humble.—With out God I am nothing. Without his help and grace, I can do nothing that is good. Without his word I know nothing. Of myself, I deserve nothing but punishment. Of my own I have nothing but my faults, imperfections, and sins, and inclination to evil and aversion to good, unkindness, ungenerous passions, unreasonable affections.

The Volunteers about Sherbrooke are all on the alert, and extremely anxious to have a hand in the job. Every thing up to the latest accounts had remained perfectly quiet in that quarter; and the only thing of a suspicious nature that had occurred was the sailing of the Horse Ferry Boat at Georgetown on Monday last in 10 feet water on last Thursday night. All the other craft on the lake is said to have disappeared at the same time. We must add that the *Sherbrooke Journal*, from which the above is taken, ends up its account by saying "whether this has any connection or not with the rebellion is unknown."

Prejudice.

We are not careful enough to analyze the cause of our many prejudices, against certain things and certain individuals. A man whom we dislike wears a certain colored garment, and we at once set up a prejudice against that color. He plays on a certain instrument, and this is some times, makes, whenever heard, execrable music. Another may be peculiarly fond of that instrument, because a much loved person performs upon it, or has performed upon it in times long past, and we thoughtlessly call him a man of taste, because he has some taste.