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The Standard.

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E variis sumendum est optimum. — Cic.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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ADVENTURE WITH A SERPENT ON THE RIVER AMAZON.

At early dawn our travellers, who had passed the night in the cabin of their balza (boat), prepared to move on their journey. Guapo untied the cable and drew the end on board. The balza began to move slowly at first, for the current under the bushes was very slight. All at once the attention of the voyagers was called to the strange conduct of the pet monkey. That little creature was running to and fro, first upon the roof of the tolo, then down again, all the while uttering the most piercing shrieks, as if something was biting off its tail. It was observed very frequently to look forward and upward towards the branch of the zamang, as if the object it dreaded was in that quarter. The eyes of all were suddenly bent in that direction. What was their horror on beholding, stretched along the branch, the hideous body of an enormous serpent! Only part of it could be seen; the hinder half and tail were hidden among the bromelias and vines that hung in huge masses clustered around the trunk of the zamang, and the head was among the leaflets of the mimosa; but what they saw was enough to convince them that it was a snake of the largest size—the great "water boa"—the terrible anaconda!

That part of the body in sight was full as thick as man's thigh, and covered with black spots, or blotches, upon a ground of dingy yellow. It was seen to glisten as the animal moved; for the latter was in motion, crawling along the branch outward. The next moment its head appeared under the pendulous leaves; and its long, forked tongue, protruding inches from its mouth, seemed to feel the air in front of it. The tongue kept playing backwards and forwards, and its viscid covering, glittered under the sunbeam, adding to the hideous appearance of the monster.

To escape from passing within its reach would be impossible. The balza was gliding directly under it. It could launch itself aboard at will; it could seize upon any one of the party without coming from the branch; it could coil its body around them and crush them with the constricting power of its muscles. It could do all this; for it had crushed before now, the tapir, the roebuck, perhaps even the jaguar himself. All on board the boat knew its dangerous powers too well; and of course terror was visible in every countenance.

Don Pablo seized the axe, and Guapo laid hold of his machete (large bowie knife). Don Pablo, Leon, and the little Leona, were standing—fortunately they were—by the door of the tolo; and in obedience to the cries and hurried gestures of Don Pablo and the Indian, they rushed in and flung themselves down. They had scarcely disappeared inside, when the forward part of the balza, on which stood Don Pablo and Guapo, came close to the branch, and the head of the serpent was on a level with their own. Both aimed their blows almost at the same instant; but their footing was unsteady; the boat drew back at the moment the current had carried them out of reach, and they had no opportunity of striking a second blow.

The moment they had passed, the hideous head again dropped down, and hung directly over, as if waiting. It was a moment of intense anxiety to Don Pablo. His wife and child! Would it select one as its victim and leave the others, or—

He had but little time for reflection. Already the head of the snake was within three feet of the tolo door. Its eyes were glaring; it was about to dart down.

"O God, have mercy!" exclaimed Don Pablo, falling upon his knees. "O God!"

At that moment a loud scream was heard. It came from the tolo; and at the same instant the monkey was seen leaping out from the door. Along with the rest it had taken shelter within; but just as the head of the snake came in sight, a fresh panic seemed to seize upon it, and as if under the influence of fascination, it leaped screaming in the direction of the terrible object. It was met half way. The wide jaws closed upon it, its shrieks were stifled, and the next moment its slithering body, along with the head of the anaconda, disappeared among the leaves of the mimosa. Another moment passed and the balza swept clear of the branch and floated triumphantly into the open window.

Don Pablo sprang to his feet, ran into the tolo, and embracing his wife and his children, knelt down and returned thanks to God for their almost miraculous deliverance.

Current Grafted on Maple.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says, that he transplanted into his door-yard, a young and thrifty maple, and engrafted on it sections from a current bush. They grew well, and when ripe, looked very handsome. He says you must not graft until the sugar water ceases to run.

Matters in the Moon.

What a curious almanac these good people in the moon would have! There, days are as long as years, and day and year are equal to our months, 29 days, 12 hours and 45 minutes. The seasons differ but very little from each other. On the equator there reigns eternal summer, for the sun is ever in the zenith; the poles are buried in eternal winter. The days are of equal length throughout the year, all days are equally light, all nights equally dark. The absence of an atmosphere deprives the moon of the sweet charms of a twilight, and glaring day would follow gloom night with the rapidity of lightning, if the slow rising and setting of the sun did not slightly break the suddenness of the transition. Human eyes, however, could not bear the fierce contrasts of light and shadow; they would long in vain for the soft intervals between the two extremes, the other colours, which beautify our world with their joyous variety and soft harmony. The sky is there not blue, but even in daytime black, and by the side of the dazzling sun the stars claim their place and light in the heavens. Near the pole the mountain tops shine in unbroken splendour year after year, but the valleys know neither day nor night, scantily lighted as they ever are by the faint glimmer reflected from the surrounding walls.

That side of the moon which is turned from us, has a light of nearly fifteen days; the stars only, and planets, shine on its ever dark sky. The side we see on the contrary, knows no night; the earth lights it up with never ceasing earth-shine, a light fourteen times stronger than that which we receive from the moon. We recognize our own light from our friend in the faint, greyish gleam of that portion of the moon which before and after the new moon receives no light from the sun, but only from the earth, and reflects it back again upon us. Mornings in fall show it more brilliant than evenings in spring, because in autumn the continents of the earth with their stronger light illuminate the moon, while in spring she only receives a fainter light from our oceans. Our orb appears to the Man in the Moon as changeable as his home to us, and he might speak of the first or last quarter of the earth, of new earth and full earth. The whole heaven moves before him once in 29 days around its axis; the sun and stars rise and set regularly once in the lunar day; but the vast orb of our earth is nearly immovable. All around is in slow, unceasing motion; the mid face of the earth alone, a gorgeous moon of immense magnitude, never sets nor rises, but remains ever fixed in the zenith. It there appears sixteen times larger than the moon to us, and daily exhibits its vast panorama of oceans, continents and islands. Bright lights and dark shadows are seen in ever-varied change, as land or water, clearings or forests appear, now with every cloud or fog, and different at different seasons. The Man in the Moon has thus not only his watch and his almanac daily before him in the ever-changing face of the earth, but he may, for all we know, have maps of our globe which many a geographer would envy on account of their fullness and accuracy. Long before Columbus discovered America, and Cook New Holland, our lunar neighbour knew most correctly the form and the outlines of the new continents. There was no new world for him and there is none left. He could tell us the secrets of the interior of Africa, and reveal to us the fearful mysteries of the Polar Seas. But how he on his side must marvel at our vast fields of snow, our volcanoes and tropical storms, and tempests—he who knows neither fire, nor snow, nor clouds! What strange fables he may have invented to explain the shadows of our clouds as they chase each other over sea and land, and hide from him in an instant the sunlit landscape! And stranger still, on the side of the moon which is turned from the earth, he knows nothing at all about us, unless news reach him from the happier side. Or he may undertake—the great event in his life—a long and painful journey to the bright half of his globe, to stare at the wondrously brilliant earth star with its unread mysteries and marvelous changes of fitting lights and shadows. Who knows what earnest prayers may rise from the moon, full of thanks for the floods of light and heat we pour upon them, or of ardent wishes that their souls might hereafter be allowed to dwell in the bright homes of the beauteous earth star?—Putnam's Magazine.

Rotation of Crops in the Garden.

It is the custom of many, who have small vegetable gardens, to plant the same crops in the same spot year after year. This may be done and good crops may be obtained, if the land is deeply trenched and thoroughly manured every year. But without these precautions crops will almost certainly degenerate. The turnips very likely will become maggoty and peas fail to fill out well, and the cabbage show small heads. Though we manure abundantly and work the soil two spits deep,

we find it of great advantage to change the locality of the crops every year, with few exceptions. Asparagus cannot very well be changed, and onions seem to do better upon the same spot year after year.—Am. Agriculturist.

POETRY.

"GIVE ME THE OLD."

BY R. H. MESSINGER.

Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice,
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Pluck'd from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-aided Tenerife,
And ripen'd 'neath the blunk
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Temper'd with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter—
Forgetting all
Good stout old English porter!

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine and cedar sweet;
Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot, too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame dawning, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking!
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen clasp'd, the vellum writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-learned meed
Of Oxford's domes;
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rife, Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden Minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quaint Spencer, ay,
And Geivase Makhams's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holyoke Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wisely, the courtly and the true,
So rarely found!
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, disjunct, but
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good:
With soulful Fred; and learned Will,
And thee, my ALTER EGO (dearer still,
For every mood.)
These add a sparkle to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I line,
Can books or fire, or wine be good!

The New York Herald, in speaking of the high price of provisions, and the present aspect of affairs, remarks as follows:

High Prices of Breadstuffs and Provisions.—Curious State of Things.—A general mail comes in upon us from the North and Northwest, of the prevailing scarcity of breadstuffs and provisions, and the famine prices they command. Why is this? We have land enough in the Northwestern States alone to furnish supplies for a hundred million of people. Why these deficiencies? It will not do to charge them to the immense accessions to our Northern populations from abroad; it will not avail to say they are the result of the drought. They are the result of a neglect of cultivation of the soil. We are blest with free labour and common schools in the greatest abundance. The free laborer finds farming a slow process for getting rich. Money does not come by the rough hard work of farming, hand over hand. But merchants and tavern keepers, speculators, financiers, politicians and lawyers, may, in a single operation, make a fortune, while the farmer, though securing a comfortable living against all casualties, is doing very little more.

Birds.

Teach your children to spare the nests of birds, or insects will not spare your fruit and vegetables. The barbarous sport of shooting for mere sport, is severely visited in righteous retribution upon the whole community.

"House Affre."

Q. one occasion the fire bells rang, and

Horace went out to learn something about the fire. On his return, he said "It was a small affair; it was a very insignificant house, and the engines soon put it out." Here his friends began to laugh. "What are you laughing at?" said he. "Why you said the engines put the house out." "Well, what if it did?" said Horace totally unconcerned of any flaw in his language. This increased the merriment of his friends. Horace began to think there was something too much of this, and said in a rather impatient tone, "I should be obliged if you would inform me of the cause of your merriment." One of his friends again explained: "You meant to say the firemen put out the fire, but you said they put out the house." "Well," said Horace, triumphantly, "wasn't the house a fire?" And so his friends were "put out."

From late English Papers.

BELGIUM.

The new Minister has declared his intention to adhere to the principles of Free Trade. Marshal Sauts Cruise, Belgian Envoy, has taken leave of the King.

SPAIN.

Some advantages are granted to Foreign import trade and the Consular forms are simplified.

ITALY.

Some difficulty has arisen between Sardinia and Naples, respecting a suit at law. *Esquator* of Napoleon. Consulate Genoa is withdrawn. Sardinian Ministry has resigned. The cause as yet is unknown.

General Durando undertakes the formation of a new Government.

English Steam Ship Crosses from Genoa for Crimea with Sardinian troops was burned; passengers all saved.

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

Dorlin correspondence says, it hardly admits of doubt, that an approximation of views has recently taken place between the Austrian and Prussian Governments, which indicates no good to the cause of the Western Powers.

Baron Hues, with his whole staff, would go to Galicia, on May 2nd, but probably only to review the army. He is reported to have stated that the Austrian Army under no circumstances could be ready to take the field before August.

INDIA AND CHINA.

Overland Mail telegraphed, Shanghai March 31st; Bombay, April 3rd, that Persia openly avows adhesion to Russia. Trade in India dull and money scarce. Chinese insurgents have evacuated Shanghai and Canton. Russian Frigate "Dianna" was lost near Japan, and the "Living Age" was wrecked on the Prachas. The ratification of American treaty with Japan was concluded at Semoda, February 21st.

Taking after his Father.

We once knew an eccentric old man in the "Nutmeg State," in its northern part, who went by the familiar title of "Uncle Aaron." The old man had raised a large family of boys, the youngest of whom—a wild, roystering blade was named after himself. In speaking of his family, the old man said, with a very long face: "Among all my boys, I never had but one who took after his father, and that was my Aaron; he took after me with a club!"

Romantic but Terrible Tragedy in Wisconsin.

At Beloit, on the night of the 23d ult., the wife of a citizen of that place awoke and saw a man with a dark lantern in the bedroom, and awakened her husband with her screams. As he sprang from the bed the intruder fired at him with a pistol, the ball just missing his head and burying in the pillow. Snatching a double barreled gun from the wall he discharged both barrels at the intruder. The contents of one barrel entered the man's head and the other his body, killing him instantly. Leaving the body where it fell, the gentleman and his wife proceeded to the nearest neighbor, told him what had happened, and induced him to return with them to their house. But imagine the feelings of the neighbour, himself a man universally esteemed and respected, to recognize in the mangled body of the dead robber, his own son?—Boston Traveller.

WOODEN NUTMEG OUTDORE.—There is a Parisian dandy, who we think, rather outdoes Connecticut.

"C" had at his residence a complete costume of a groom. When offering an attention to one of the fair sex, he used to say "Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black servant."

He then repaired to his garret, took out blacking bottle, polished his face and hand, put on his tizzy and knocked at the lady's door.

"Here," he said, are some flowers sent by my master to Madame."

He had spent the last five francs in the

purchase. Madame was so delighted with the present, that she presented a louis to the bearer.

That is a clear pocketing of three dollars, and a lady's favour into the bargain.

A SAGACIOUS TEACHER.

HOW SHE CIRCUMVENTED THE LOVERS.

The Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune published the following as an extract from a letter written to her family by a young Miss who is attending a boarding school in the interior.

"I must tell you about an affair of Emma H.'s that happened last Saturday. A young man who had been paying some attention to her had agreed to come and pass off as her cousin and take her out on a carriage-ride under the pretence that he was taking her to his father's a few miles in the country; but his father does not live within a hundred miles of this."

Well, he came according to appointment, introduced himself as Emma's cousin, and asked to take her home with him to spend the afternoon. Miss W. said she had not the slightest objection, asked how far it was and in what direction, and told Emma to get ready to go. But when Emma was ready to start Miss W. also came down ready dressed, and said that as their carriage was big enough for three, she would go along with them part of the way and stop at a friend's who lived a short distance from the uncle that Emma was going to see, and they might stop for her as they came back in the evening. Of course they could do no better than tell her they would be very glad to have her go with them, although they would have a dull time with her long; but they thought they could make up for it by having a nice social ride. After Miss W. stopped at the friend's.

So off they started in fine spirits and when they had gone three or four miles they began to expect that every house they came to would be the one that Miss W. would stop at; but she didn't stop at any. Finally, when they had gone some five or six miles, Miss W. said she must have passed it, that would not trouble them to turn back with her, but would go on with Emma to her uncle's and stop just a minute at her friend's as she came back. There was what you might call "a fix," and her heart could do nothing but drive on. So on they drove and on they drove, but driving on did not drive away their doubts. At last, when they had gone eight or ten miles, he said that the road must have been changed in some way, for he had undoubtedly gone astray, and as they had gone so far and it was drawing late they would not have time to find the right way.

So they came back to town, and when Miss W. got out of the carriage she told Emma that when he ascertained how the road had changed she would be very happy to go along with Emma every Saturday to spend an afternoon at her uncle's. Since that we have seen nothing of Emma's cousin; but it will be a long time before she hears the last of her visit to her uncle's."

A GHOST IN LOVE.

A farmer who had lately become a widower was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it, the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phanton, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He however contrived to ejaculate "If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish!" "Wretch!" exclaimed the phanton, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A.—to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B.—Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom, shall be your doom!" This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and stripping of its sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B.—herself looking extremely foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, has had the bones published for his marriage with her.—*Gateshead (Eng.) Observer.*

Gun cotton is to be made serviceable in the Eastern war, and guns adapted to its use are in process of manufacture for that purpose. The experiments with the article still continue, and one result is too remarkable not to be mentioned. A 12lb ball was fired from a gun charged with powder, at some thick boards prepared for that purpose, and another ball of same the weight was fired from one of the new gun was 180 yards further from the target than the old one, the hole made by the shot of the former was well defined and clean, while the orifice made by the latter was jagged and splintery.

The man that can't laugh or won't laugh—the man that can't take a joke or won't take a joke—is one of nature's jokers himself.