

The Standard.

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

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TRIAL FOR MURDER.

We learn from the Pictou Chronicle of the 26th inst., that the trial of McFadyen for the murder of a young man named Carr, who was travelling in company with him from Miramichi, has resulted in a verdict of guilty. The Chronicle says:—

The Jury, after nearly three hours deliberation came into Court with a verdict of GUILTY, but with a strong recommendation to mercy. Upon being asked the grounds for such recommendation they were unable to give any; and to any person who listened to the trial it would be difficult to conceive what could be the grounds of it—for if the prisoner be guilty at all, his crime according to the evidence would seem to be murder, cold-blooded murder of the blackest dye, without one palliating or mitigating circumstance to colour it. The manner of the prisoner throughout the trial was that of cool indifference, rarely exhibiting any signs of emotion whatever; even when gazing on the blackened and shattered skull of the unfortunate young man, as it was produced in Court, his eye was steady and unmoved. He is a man of middle size, of dark complexion, and of rather a mild and pleasing expression of countenance than otherwise. While the jury were out, he exhibited some anxiety, frequently turning round, when any noise would arise in the house, and watching the door of the room where they were deliberation; but when they came in his social indifference returned, and leaning his head on his hand upon the side of the dock, he listened to their appalling verdict with apparent calmness.

Last evening, about 5 o'clock, he was brought up for sentence. His Honor, Mr. Justice Bliss, seemed to be much affected, and deeply impressed with the awful nature of the duty imposed upon him, and pronounced the sentence of death in the usual form, with much apparent emotion. In consequence, we suppose, of the necessity of forwarding to the Executive the recommendation of the jury, no time was fixed for the execution. The unfortunate man of this occasion, presented in his appearance a striking contrast to that of the day before; he stood in the dock in a bowed and crouching attitude, with his eyes apparently fixed on the floor without being once raised.

We understand that a petition is in course of preparation to be laid before the Executive, that he be not executed, but confined and kept at hard labour for life. This movement is not occasioned by any thing like a feeling of sympathy for the prisoner, but a growing conviction in the minds of the public, of the impolicy of capital punishment, and their inefficiency for securing the object sought to be attained by them viz, the suppression of crime.

NEW STEAM BOAT—The Steamboat "Forest Queen," built at Spring Hill by Mr. Nelson, for F. W. Hatheway, Esq. and others belonging to this city, came down, under steam, from the wharf opposite the building yard, and was moored at the Steamboat Wharf here on Monday evening last. The "Forest Queen" is capably fitted up for the comfort and convenience of passengers, looks well on the water, and will be a great acquisition to the public accommodation which already exists on this portion of the River St. John. The speed of the Forest Queen has not yet been tested, but we believe it is generally thought she will be a fast boat and we have no doubt that the enterprise and public spirit of her proprietors will secure for them a fair share of public patronage. It will be seen by a reference to our advertising columns that the Forest Queen will make her first trip to St. John to-morrow,—at 10 o'clock, a. m.—**Head Quarters.**

KNOWLEDGE.—The ordinary objection had been made in Dr. Johnson's presence to the general diffusion of knowledge—that it will make the vulgar rise above their sphere. But the Colossus of English Literature firmly answered, "Sir, while knowledge is a distinction,

those are possessed of it, will rise above those who are not. Merely to read and write was a distinction at first but we see now, reading and writing have become general, the common people keep their stations. And so, were the the highest attainments to become general, the effect would be the same."—*Old Scrap Book.*

From the Head Quarters.

MY BUSTLE.

What is it I have got at last,
For which I've longed for some time past,
And having got, will hold it fast!

My Bustle.

What is it puffs me out behind?
Larger than might be well defined,
As it may see who are not blind!

My Bustle.

Though people quiz it with much rigour,
What is it makes me rounder, bigger,
And so improves my slender figure!

My Bustle.

What fought I for with such a tussle,
O'er which my silks and satins rustle,
Looking like so much fat and muscle!

My Bustle.

OUR FISHERIES.—The fisheries of British North America present an extensive field for the employment of our labour, and an endless source of wealth to the people; but heretofore this important branch of industry has been very imperfectly pursued by the Colonists, although it has not escaped the attention of their neighbours, who every season draw from our waters a rich harvest. Following up this spirit of enterprise, the Americans, as we learn from the Halifax Sun, are contemplating a very promising enterprise to be carried on from the harbour of Louisbourg, in Cape Breton. The Sun says:—

As a point, central and convenient to the best banks, those spots indeed upon which the American fishermen, for a hundred years, have been wont to gather their most abundant fares; on the immediate line of the "sea-drift," too,—the harbour of Louisbourg offers every desirable facility for carrying on, with success, extensive fisheries, in all branches. The French understood the value of this spot, as a point from which to push their trade with the West Indies and the Mediterranean.—So also did the New Englanders of old; and hence their efforts for its capture and permanent possession. And yet, abandoned by the English, immediately after the final conquest of the Island, half a dozen fisher's huts alone mark the spot where once stood the busy city, with its population intent upon gathering in form the teeming waters that wash the whole line of coast, "the rich harvest of the deep." Over this spot silence and indolence now reign alone. Alive and busy for a few weeks in the earlier season of the cod fishery, or, as the saying is "while the bait is in store," no sooner do the fish strike off into deep water, than the whale-boats are hauled up, high and dry, upon the beach; and the crews betake themselves to bask with the cormorants in the sun, to drag coal, at the gain of a shilling per chaldron; or, if the chance offer, to labour for the Yankee "banker" who has stolen in to "shift bulk" and smuggle. Propositions have been repeatedly made to Colonial capitalists to establish a Cod Fishery at this point. The idea has not, that we are aware of, been at any time favourably entertained by them. It would be, then, truly a dog-in-the-manger policy, were we not to give every countenance and encouragement to for-igners who may be disposed in the reflux of the tide, to re-deposit upon our territory, some thousands of dollars now annually extracted from us in the shape of duties levied upon our comparatively scanty exports of fish.

If we understand the scheme aright, it is proposed to carry on the fisheries in British

bottoms manned by Colonial fishermen, at an original outlay of some £20,000, N. S. currency.—We may fairly look to our Colonial Legislature for encouragement to such an undertaking; not, perhaps, given *directly*, in the shape of a bounty per quintal and per barrel upon the catch, but in the shape of a low tariff—of merely nominal duties upon the principle articles of import necessary for the prosecution of the enterprise.

DESPERATE GAMBLING.

The following account of a case of severe gambling we copy from "Life in the Far West," published in Blackwood—a series of sketches, by the way, the "exact truth" of which is particularly and earnestly vouched for by the author—it having been called into question by some skeptic. The game played by the Indians is called "hand," and appears to be as great a favorite among the wild gamblers of the far west, as that of "poker" is with the more civilized savages who frequent the hotels and steamboats of our Southern States.

The game of "hand" is played by two persons. One, who commences, places a plum or cherry stone in the hollow formed by joining the concave palms of the hands together, then shaking the stone for a few minutes, the hands are suddenly separated, and the other player must guess which hand now contains the stone.

Large bets are often wagered on the result of this favorite game, which is also often played by the quaws, the men standing round encouraging them to bet and laughing loudly at their grotesque excitement.

A Burntwood Sioux, Tah-tunganisha, and one of the bravest chiefs of his tribe, when a young man, was out on a solitary expedition against the "Crows." One evening he drew near a certain "medicine spring," where, to astonishment, he encountered a Crow warrior in point of drawing his bow upon him, when he remembered the sacred nature of the place, and making the sign of peace, he fearlessly drew near his foe, and proceeded likewise to slake his thirst. A pipe of kinnikinnik being produced, it was proposed to pass away the early part of the night in a game of "hand." They accordingly sat down beside the spring, and commenced the game.

Fortune favored the Crow. He won arrow after arrow from the Burntwood brave; then his bow, his club, his knife, his rope, all followed, and the Sioux sat, naked on the plain. Still he proposed another stake against the other's winnings—his scalp! He played and lost; and bending forward his head, the Crow warrior drew his knife and quickly removed the bleeding prize. Without a murmur the luckless warrior rose to depart, but first exacted a promise from his antagonist, that he would meet him once more at the same spot, and engage in another trial of skill.

On the day appointed, the Burntwood sought the spot, with a new equipment, and again the Crow made his appearance, and they sat down to play. This time fortune changed sides, and the Sioux won back his former losses, and his turn the Crow was stripped to the skin.

Scalp against scalp was now the stake, and this time the Crow submitted his head to the victorious Burntwood's knife; and both the warriors stood scalpless on the plain.

And now the Crow had but one single stake of value to offer of it he did not hesitate to make. He staked his life against the other's winnings. They played—and fortune still being adverse, he lost. He offered his breast to his adversary. The Burntwood plunged his knife into his heart to its very hilt; and laden with his spoils, returned to his village, and to this day wears suspended from his ears his own and his enemy's scalp.

PAINT OIL.

Ex "Laconic" from Hull,
6 Bds. Boiled LINSEED OIL,
Raw
For sale low. J. W. STREET