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The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume VIII

Price 15s.]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1841.

[17s. 6d. by Mail

From Cooper's New Work-in press, entitled "THE DEER SLAYER" ENCOUNTER WITH A SAVAGE.

As Deerslayer drew nearer and nearer to land, the stroke of his paddle grew slower, his eye became more watchful, and his ears and nostrils almost dilated with the effort to detect any lurking danger. 'Twas a trying moment for a novice, nor was there the encouragement which even the timid sometimes feel, when conscious of being observed and commended.—He was entirely alone, thrown on his own resources, and was cheered by no friendly eye, emboldened by no encouraging voice. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the most experienced veteran in forest warfare could not have conducted better. Equally free from recklessness and hesitation his advance was marked by a sort of philosophical prudence, that appeared to render him superior to all motives but those which were best calculated to effect his purpose. Such was the commencement of a career in forest exploits, that afterwards rendered this man, in his way, and under the limits of his habits and opportunities, as renowned as many a hero whose name has adorned the pages of more celebrated than legends simple as ours can ever become.

When about a hundred yards from the shore Deerslayer rose in the canoe, gave three or four vigorous strokes with his paddle, sufficient of themselves to impel the birch to land, and then quickly laying aside the instrument of labour, he seized that of war. He was in the very act of raising the rifle when a sharp report was followed by the buzz of a bullet that passed so near his body, as to cause him involuntarily to start. The next instant Deerslayer staggered, and fell his whole length in the bottom of the canoe. A yell,—it came from a single voice—followed, and an Indian leaped from the bushes upon the open area of the point, bounding towards the canoe.—This was the moment the young man desired.—He rose on the instant, and levelled his own rifle at his uncovered foe; but his finger hesitated on pulling the trigger on one whom he held at such a disadvantage.—This little delay, probably saved the life of the Indian, who bounded back into the cover as swiftly as he had broken out of it. In the meantime Deerslayer was swiftly approaching the land, and his own canoe reached the shore, as yet, though afore the peace is made, 'tis like enough there'll be occasion to strike a blow at some of your people. Still, I wish it to be done in fair fight, and not in quarrel about the ownership of that miserable canoe.

'Good! My brother very young—but be very wise! Little warrior—great talker.—Chief, sometimes, in council.' 'I don't know this, nor do I say it, Indian returned Deerslayer, coloring a little at the ill concealed sarcasm of the other's manner; 'I look forward to a life in the woods, and I only hope it may be a peaceable one. All young men must go on the path, when there's occasion, but war is't needful massacre—I've seen enough of the last, this very night, to know that Providence frowns on it; and I now invite you to go your own way, while I go mine; and hope that we may part in good friends.'

'Good! My brother has two scalp—grey hair under t'other. Old wisdom young tongue.' Here the savage advanced with confidence, his hand extended, his face smiling, and his bearing denoting amity and respect.—Deerslayer met his offered friendship in a proper spirit, and they shook hands cordially, each endeavoring to assure the other of his sincerity and desire to be at peace. 'All have his own,' said the Indian: 'my canoe, mine; your canoe, your'n. Go look; if you'n, you keep; if mine I keep. 'That's just, red skin; though you must be wrong in thinking the canoe your property.—Howsoever, seein' is believin', and we'll go down to the shore, where you may look with your own eyes, for it's likely you'll object to trustin' altogether to mine.'

The Indian uttered his favourite exclamation of 'good!' and then they walked side by side, towards the shore. There was no distrust in the manner of either, the Indian moving in advance, as if he wished to show his companion that he did not fear turning his back to him. As they reached the open ground, the former pointed towards Deerslayer's boat, and said emphatically—

'No mine—pale face canoe. This red man's. No want other man's canoe—want his own.' 'You're wrong, red skin, you're altogether wrong. This canoe was in the old Hunter's keeping, and is his'n according to all law, red or white, till its owner comes to claim it. Here's the seats and the stitching of the bark to speak for themselves. No man ever know'd an Indian to turn off such work!'

'Good! My brother little old—big wisdom. Indian no make him. White man's work.' 'I'm glad you think so, for holding out to the contrary might have been ill blood between us; every one having a right to take possession of his own. I'll just show the canoe out of reach of dispute, at once as the quickest

fire, in a moment. The distance between him and his enemy was about fifty yards, and the trees were so arranged by nature that the line of sight was not interrupted, except by the particular trees behind which each party stood.

His rifle was no sooner loaded, than the savage glanced around him, and advanced incautiously as regarded the real, but stealthily as respected the fancied position of his enemy, until he was fairly exposed. Then Deerslayer stepped from behind his own cover, and hailed him.

'This a way, red skin; this away, if you're looking for me,' he called out, 'I'm young in war, but not so young as to stand on an open beach to be shot down like an owl, by day light. It rests on yourself whether its peace, or war, steen us: for my gifts are white gifts, and I'm not one of them that thinks it gallant to slay human mortals, singly, in the woods.'

The savage was a good deal startled by this certain discovery of the danger he ran. He had a little knowledge of English, however, and caught the drift of the other's meaning. He was also too well schooled to betray alarm, but, dropping the butt of his rifle to the earth with an air of confidence, he made a gesture of lofty courtesy. All this was done with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to consider no man his superior.—In the midst of his consummate acting, however, the volcano that raged within caused his eyes to glance, and his nostrils to dilate, like those of some wild beast that is suddenly prevented from taking the fatal leap.

'No, no, Mingo, that will never do. You own neither; and neither shall you have, as long as I can prevent it. I know it's war a-ween your people and mine, but that's no reason why human mortals should slay each other, like savage creatur's in the woods: go your way then, and leave me to go mine.—The world is large enough for us both; and when we meet fairly in battle, why, the Lord will order the fate of each of us.'

'Good!' exclaimed the Indian; 'my brother missionary—great talk; all about old Montion.'

'Not so—not so, warrior. I'm 'not good enough for most of the vagabonds that preach about in the woods. No, no, I'm only a hunter, as yet, though afore the peace is made, 'tis like enough there'll be occasion to strike a blow at some of your people. Still, I wish it to be done in fair fight, and not in quarrel about the ownership of that miserable canoe.'

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While Deerslayer was speaking, he put his foot against the end of the little boat, and giving it a vigorous shove, he sent it out into the lake a hundred feet or more, where, taking the true current, it would necessarily float past the point, and be in no further danger of coming ashore. The savage started at his ready and decided expedient, and his companion saw that he cast a hurried and fierce glance at his own canoe, or that which contained the paddles. The change of manner, however, was but momentary, and then the Iroquois resumed his air of friendliness and a smile of satisfaction.

'Good!' he repeated, with stronger emphasis than ever. Young head, old mind. Know how to settle quarrel. Farewell, brother.—He go to house in water—muskrat house.—Indian go to camp; tell chiefs no find canoe.'

Deerslayer was not sorry to hear this proposal, for he felt anxious to join the females, and he took the offered hand of the Indian very willingly. The parting words were friendly; and, while the red man walked calmly towards the wood, with his rifle in the hollow of his arm, without once looking back in uneasiness or distrust, the white man moved towards the remaining canoe, carrying his piece in the same pacific manner, 'it is true, keeping his eye fastened on the movements of the other. This distrust, however, seemed altogether uncalled for, and as if ashamed to have entertained it, the young man averted his looks and stepped carelessly up to his boat. Here he began to push the canoe from the shore, and to make his other preparations for departing.—He might have been thus employed a minute, when happening to turn his face towards the land, his quick and certain eye told him, at a glance, the imminent jeopardy in which his life was placed. The black ferocious eyes of the savage were glancing on him like those of the crouching tiger, through a small opening in the bushes, and the muzzle of his rifle seemed already to be opening in a line with his own body.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Deerslayer, as a hunter, did him good service.—Accustomed to fire with the deer on the bound and often when the precise position of the animal's body had in a manner to be guessed at, he used the same expedients here.—To cock and pose his rifle while the acts of a single motion. There was no time to raise the piece any higher, or to take a more deliberate aim. So rapid was his movement that both parties discharged their pieces at the same time, the concussion mingling in one report. The mountains, indeed, gave back but a single echo. Deerslayer dropped his piece, and stood with head erect, steady as one of the pines in the calm of a June morning, watching the result; while the savage gave a yell, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing a tomahawk. Still Deerslayer moved not, but stood with his unloaded rifle fallen against his shoulders while, with a hunter's habits, his hands were mechanically feeling for the powder-horn and charger. When about forty feet from his enemy, the savage hurled his keen weapon; but it was with an eye so vacant, and a hand so unsteady and feeble, that the young man caught it by the handle, as it was flying past him. At that instant the Indian staggered and fell his whole length on the ground.

'I know'd it—I know'd it!' exclaimed Deerslayer, who was already preparing to pour a fresh bullet into his rifle; 'I know'd it would come to this. It was about the hundredth part of his second too quick for him, or it might have been bad for me! The ripple's bullet has just grazed my side—but, say what you will, for or agin 'em, a red-skin is by no means as sartin with power and ball as a white man. Their gift don't seem to lie that-a-way. Even Chingachgook, great as he is in t'other matters, isn't downright deadly with the rifle.'

A New York paper gives some account of a projected steam-boat, which is to cap the climax of 'yankee notions.' The plan seems to be as follows: a light steamer, of a peculiar shape, is to have most of its weight suspended by means of an immense balloon, or gas holder. She will thus draw but little water, and having but slight resistance to overcome, will be impelled rapidly by small machinery. Sixty miles an hour is expected to be gained. It will be a grand amalgamation of the gasses, by which man may, indeed almost defy waves and wind, provided, the theory prove correct! The subjoined scrap may enable our readers to appreciate this new exhibition of our neighbours' ingenuity:—

'This invention consists in the union of the balloon with the steam-boat, from which the following results are anticipated:—Carrying the entire hull of the boat out of water, and only dipping the keels for the purpose of guiding, and the paddle wheels for propelling. The necessary strength of the boat is reduced and the weight is to be only one-fiftieth of those now in use—therefore reducing, the necessary power to propel it fourteenth-fifth in weight of material. This improvement reduces the resistance about seventy-

nine-eighths, to wit: The whole fabric of the boat, suspended from a gas holder or balloon, as above stated, will meet with little else than atmospheric resistance, at the two knels in the water are only from 3 to 5 feet wide, and about six inches thick. Therefore the amount of square feet presented by the ends cannot be more than 4 feet, and consequently the resistance of the keels are no more than 30,800 lbs. advancing at the rate of 60 miles per hour. They are to be wedgelike at each end. The perpendicular keels are to be connected at the top by a circular deck of 90 feet in diameter. The keels are to be about sixty feet apart. The cabin is a rotunda of 90 feet in diameter. Around and near the centre edge of the cabin is a rail-road track of two bars of iron, between which, ropes attached to the gas-holder, pass through and take hold of friction rollers.—The friction rollers are intended to allow the gas-holder to turn upon the centre, so as always to point to the wind, like the common vane. The gas-holder being 90 feet in diameter and 500 feet long, tapered to a point at each end in the form of an elliptic spindle, will penetrate the atmosphere with great ease and when advancing at the rate of 60-miles per hour, is said only to meet a resistance of 22-172 lbs. which, added to the resistance offered by the water, would be 52-972 lbs.—Thus the whole resistance, hydrostatic and aerostatic is much less than the power of forty horses when travelling at the rate of sixty miles per hour.'

The inventors name is Capt. Richardson; he may be serious and may succeed,—at present, one cannot help feeling that Barron Munchausen would be a better cognomen for the projector.

POETRY.

WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED.

I love to mark the falling leaf,
To watch the waning moon;
I love to cherish the belief,
That all will change so soon.

I love to see the beauteous flowers,
In bright succession pass;
As they would deck life's fleeting hours,
And hide time's ebbing glass.

I love the rushing wind to hear,
Through the dismantled trees,
And shed the sad, but soothing tear,
O'er joys that pass like these.

I love to think this glorious earth
Is but a splendid tomb;
Whence man to an immortal birth
Shall rise in deathless bloom:

That nothing on its bosom dies,
But all in endless change,
Shall in some brighter form arise;
Some purer region range.

On this fair couch then rest thy head
In peace, thou child of sorrow;
For know, the God of truth has said,
Thou shalt be changed to-morrow.

Changed as the saints and angels are,
To glories ever new;
Corrupt, shall incorruption wear;
And death shall life renew.

From Charles O'Malley
A SONG.

When the battle is o'er, and the sounds of
fight,
Have closed with the closing day,
How happy around the watch-fire's light,
To chat the long hours away;
To chat the long hours away, my boy,
T's chat the long hours away, my boy,
Or a better still, and a purer joy,
To think of our far off home.

How many a cheek will then grow pale,
That never felt a tear!
And many a stalwart heart will quail
That never quailed in fear!
And the breast that like some mighty rock
Amid the foaming sea,
Bare high against the battle's shock,
Now heaves like infancy.

And those who know each other not,
Their hands together steal,
Each thinks of some long hallowed spot,
And all like brothers feel;
Such holy thoughts to all are given;
The lowliest has his part;
The love of home, like love of heaven,
Is woven in our heart.

SENTIMENTAL SONG.

O Reveal thou, fay-like stranger,
Why this lonely path you seek;
Every step is fraught with danger
Unto one so fair and meek.
Where are they that should protect thee
In this darkling hour of doubt?
Love could never thus neglect thee!—
Does your mother know you're out!

Why so pensive, Peri-maiden?
Pearly tears bedim thine eyes!
Sure thine heart is over laden,
When each breath is fraught with sighs.
Say, hath care life's heaven clouded,
Which hope's stars used to spangle?
What hath all thy gladness shrouded?
Has your mother sold her mangle?

A FACT.

At one time the rich merchants and professional men in Philadelphia, proposed to form themselves into a social circle, from which all mechanics were to be excluded.—The paper, drawn up for that purpose, was handed to Dr. Franklin for his signature.—On examining its contents, he remarked that he could not consent to unite his name, inasmuch as, by excluding mechanics from their circle, they had excluded God Almighty, who was the greatest mechanic in the universe!

A Fact.—Not long since a Washingtonian who had, previous to his signing the pledge, been a hard drinker, was taken very sick, and for a time was unable to speak. His friends wishing to stimulate him, offered some liquor. He could not speak, but shook his head—and continued to do as often as it was offered him. When he recovered, he requested his friends not to offer him liquor unless they wanted to hurt his feelings. 'Especially,' said he, 'when I am sick don't give it to me, it nearly killed me when I was well.'

Scandal.—The St. Louis Argus intimates, in the following dialogue, that some ladies go abroad to work when their services are required in their own families.

'Miss Brown, I wish you'd sew up my trowsers, so they won't keep coming down the boys keep plaguing me.' 'Why can't you get your mother to do it for you, Jenny?' 'O cos she can't; she's gone to the Sewing Circle.' A fact.

A House Moving Car.—This invention may be interesting to carpenters in the country, who have frequent occasion to remove buildings. The principal expense of the apparatus, consists in four stout, but low wheels, which are connected by timbers of sufficient strength to sustain any ordinary frame building. To the front of this car, attached is an endless horse chain power, which is so connected with the wheels of the car, that by the walking of the horse on the endless floor, the force of one hundred horses is steadily applied to move the wheels of the car, with a motion however, equal to only the one hundredth part of the ordinary speed of the horse while walking. So that if the horse walks 3 miles or 15000 feet per hour; the house will be moved 150 feet per hour; which slow and steady motion conduces much to the safety of the building. The entire cost of the apparatus will not vary far from two hundred dollars.—N. Y. Mechanic.

Crossing the Atlantic in Seven Days.—We quote the following passage from Miss Sedgwick's letters from London, for the sake of the candid opinion it repeats of a distinguished man of science, concerning the prospects of Steam Navigation:

'I had the pleasure at breakfast of sitting next to Dr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the author of the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye that looks as if he might penetrate science, or anything else he chose to look into. He described the iron steamer now building, which has a larger tonnage than any merchant ship in the world, and expressed an opinion that iron ships would supersede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and which, we trust, may soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will go to America in seven days!'

Good.—Corporal Streeter says a lady of excessive delicacy and modesty in that city has all the flies caught and pantaloons put on their legs. Her favourite pet poodle, Melmont sports blue satin small clothes, and open worked stockings

Wonderful.—A Vicksburg firm advertise to pay all their debts in gold and silver. To pay their debts at all is bad enough, but to pay in gold and silver is a clear proof of insolvency. So says Streeter.

A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune was exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. 'My horse if you please,' said his wife, 'my money bought that horse.' 'Yes, madam,' replied the husband bowing, 'and your money bought me too. There's a slap.

Its hard work to look at the sun without wink; and its hard work to look at some girls without feeling inclined to wink.

Blackberries are always red when they are green.—Morning News.

Mr. News, will be aisy upon the Irish bulls, after this—blackberries red when they are green—oh murder, there's an American bull.

'Pistols and a mile,' were the weapons and distance chosen by a Yankee recently challenged to fight a duel at the South.