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SNORING OUT A YANKEE.

Reader—do you ever snore in your sleep? You don't? Well I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the corn.

Shall I tell you a little adventure I was once witness to with a snorer?

The varieties of the genius, Snorer, is very extended. There is your quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer—who always has a good word at it, and troubles nobody. There is your wheezing, chattering, squeaking, snorer, who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it all in the family, and peradventure, annoys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is also your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room) and grumbles and grunts and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven any object of pity—the that should excite the sympathy of the benevolently disposed—more than another, commend me to your out-and-out snorer!

To appreciate his qualities fully, you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after a three days' journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run-athwart him, where the steamboat connects at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left, which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers and after a dreadful jolting you have passed through for the last twenty-four or forty-eight hours—as the case may be, you shall regulate yourself, imaginatively, (during the process of undressing) with the prospective enjoyment which nature's sweet restorer has in reserve for you.

Your weary head touches the pillow; but an unusual nervousness troubles you, and despite your most earnest endeavors, it is mid-right before you can compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning, and though the night is warm and the vermin are active, you are determined to sleep.

For the last half hour you have been listening to what you imagined distant thunder, (you are afraid of lightning,) and at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the embrace of Morpheus—your eyes suddenly agape, wide open, and as your brow is slightly knitted, you involuntarily ask yourself—

What's that?

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of explosion takes place, a miniature eruption of Vesuvius' blast—'whoop—o—p' and the sound rolls away in a long drawn, unearthly sigh, like the last effort of a suffocated man to recover his breath; and all is silent again.

In such a plight and at such a time some years ago, I remember to have met a Yankee in the cabin of a crowded Canal Packet.

It was near midnight when he came on board at Pittsburgh, from one of the Ohio river steamers. He was a very plain man, and had been out west, so he said, and was satisfied to go home again!

The cabin was crammed, and an upright was allotted to him in the middle of the floor, with some others. He was a live Yankee, and occupied considerable time in undressing, securing his watch, adjusting his bed clothes, and caring for his tin—which he stowed away under the pillow.

He finally mounted a piece of furniture, which some lady writer compares to a fence rail, covered with two stripes of tape, and stretched himself out for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily his cot muttering to himself something about 'shelved off between heaven and earth,' but he finally turned over as I supposed, for the last time—when a fellow on his extreme right, near the door, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes, burst out with:

—'whoop—o—p'—

Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he wouldn't have reached the cabin floor quicker, than he did as it was! And there he stood in his tracks, his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side rails of his cot, as helped out—

—'Hel low!'

—'Phop—o—'

—'What's that?'

The unconscious sleeper was relieved momentarily, and he vouchsafed no answer.

The Yankee gazed at the cabin cautiously, but his fellow lodgers were all asleep apparently, and the quiet rippling of the water against the sides of our frail boat, was all that now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the moment I supposed he had at last gone to the 'land of nod,' for the night—another

—'Ker-r—the—whoop!' burst from the throat of the snorer, on his right, who had now got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause, a

—'Per—thee—swell—ooh,' escaped from the grunter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer. With one bound he sprung to the floor, with

—'He-low—I say—'

—'Ah-peece?'

—'Thunder and earthquakes?'

—'Who-w?'

—'Who is it?'

—'Ar-ker-ker—o—o—o—'

—'Don't!'

—'Tchoo—'

—'No it ain't me—'

—'Er—y—hou?'

—'Blast your picture—it ain't—'

—'Ah—tish?'

—'I say yer lie!'

—'E—a—hou!'

—'Why, is you—yesself,' continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously—and ye're made noise enough to skeer the devil, or stop a camp meetin?'

As he placed his hand upon the snorer's breast, a sudden 'woop' escaped him; and the Yankee could bear no more!

—'Help, here!'

—'Pshaw—en!' said the snorer.

—'Do!'

—'Ah—shoo—'

—'For Heaven's sake!'

—'Hup—kir—'

—'Cap'n—help yere! The man's dyin—I say mister—Murder! help!'

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned suddenly upon his side, and the effect awakened him.

What's the row neighbor? he inquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a lighted Raod? 'Tunder and lightning!—ain't yer dead yet? Well, I reck'n you're one way or another! Michigan thunder's a fool to yere snorin'—by goshus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to-night hang my picture! he added—and in spite of all the Captain's assurances, he went upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he landed—and, as he parried with the Captain, he declared that he had been powerful thunder in his time, but that chap's snorin' beat all the high-pressures he ever heard.

From the *Natural Magazine*.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak!

The bustle of the fight was over, the prisoners had been secured, the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever agitated and unnerved me: the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingling together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

Little Dick, sir, is dying, he said.

As once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protégé of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with a holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed upon him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his tasks as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre strike was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since I had quite forgotten to enquire if he was hurt, though, at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet—

My God! I exclaimed, you don't mean it? He is not dying?

I fear, sir, said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, that he cannot live till morning.

And I have been lying idle here! I exclaimed with remorse. Lead me to him.

He is delicious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir, and as the man spoke we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion while the clear, calm, blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom,

as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—

He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this? as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's breast. He has seen better days.

I could not answer, for my heart was full, here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owned my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour.

They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly,

Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out, he spoke with emotion—to mourn over you.

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around.

Has he come yet? he asked, in a low voice. Why won't he come?

I am here, said I, taking the little fellow's hand, don't you know me, Dick?

He smiled faintly in my face. Then he said,

You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offer; I know, but it's all I have.

I burst into tears; he resumed.

Doctor, I am dying, ain't I? said the little fellow, for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth.

Can I do nothing for you, Dick? said I; you saved my life. I would coin my own blood to buy your's.

I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk.

Anything—everything—my poor lad, I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly, it was like an angel's smile; but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

It's a long—long way up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from them. Hark! is that music? and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back; and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead.

Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.

THE SOIL CHEMISTRY.—I hope, says L. J. Mechi, the time is fast approaching when we shall, for complaints of soil, get advice from proper analytical chemists, as readily as we would for ourselves, so that they may investigate the disease and prescribe a proper remedy, depending on the patient's constitution and the nature of the ailment, whether chronic or transient, whether arising from plethora starvation or dropsy, (too much water without means of escape,) a very usual complaint in earthy patients.

Farmers make frequent mistakes when they trust to their own notions of doctoring; the readily perceive, by the external symptoms, that their patient is in an unsatisfactory state, but make sad havoc with their nostrums. How frequently do we see a dressing of dung forced on an already satiated patient, who cries out for an alternative of chalk or cold clay.—Another administers a strong stimulant of lime, where the sufferer is already exhausted by previous excitement, and requires a tranquilizing tonic of good old mellow nature. A third gives alkalis, where acids and phosphates can only avail. They do not consider, that if troubled with stone, gravel, or density of the substratum, a gentle operation with the sub-soiler might give ease by causing a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurvy and poverty—light, air, cleanliness, exercise, and good feeding, might prove a restorative.

To be serious, it would be invidious in me to name particular individuals as well calculated to give proper analysis and advice; but I apprehend, every farmer's club and agricultural society will find their interest in seeking and availing of those talented individuals who abound, and would be most happy to benefit agriculture and themselves, by the application of their chemical knowledge to increase the powers of the soil. I hope we shall live to see a complete change in

this respect; and that the fervent demand for such information, will cause it to be given at a cheap and available rate.

POETRY.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave!
Not alone the vile and base,
But the noble wise and brave
Grown that gloomy dwelling place
Here he in the Senate Hall,
Fascinating old and young
By the music of his tongue—
Gone! for ever gone his might!
Power unravelled could not save;
Eloquence! how has thy light
Set within the Drunkard's Grave!

Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave!
He, the gifted child of song—
He, whose spirit music gave—
To the hushed enraptured throng—
Feelings that none other art
E'er can waken on the heart;
Thronging rich and glowing dyes
O'er life's dark realities—
He the loved the worshipped one,
Died, the fell destroyer's slave,
He, a nation's honoured son,
Sleeps within the Drunkard's Grave.

Who have filled the Drunkard's Grave!
Heroes of a hundred fights;
Monarchs of the land and wave—
Mitted priests and belted knights—
Men of high and lowly lot,
From the palace and the cot;
Scholars wandering from their books;
Parents turning from the brook
To the fountains of the still,
In their flowing fire to lave;
All have madly rushed to fill
The lost and fallen DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.
—Canada Temperance Advocate.

KATE'S BIRTH DAY.

Though many will not mention it,
That can't be said of Kate;
For she not only kept the day,
But also kept the date.

If others would but do the same,
What pleasure they'd create!
Allow their friends to keep the day,
And they may keep the date.

Then deem us not inquisitive,
In what we're going to say;
We'll promise not to keep the time,
If we may keep the day.

THE PROVERB.

There's a proverb where 'tis said,
The debt is small that's quickly paid;
That love is sold which soon is done,
And woman weak that's easy won.
I do not say these lines are true,
But write them down that you may view.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Sampson's my thousands slay"
"Yes," cried a wag, "indeed you do—
And with the self-same weapon too"

"I knowest thou not," said a minister to a hard case, "that the wages of sin is death!"
"To be sure I do," was the reply, "but I do all my sinning gratis."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK SATURDAY EMPORIUM.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NUMBER 3.

BY PHILEMON P. PUNCH, D. D.

I shall discuss this morning from the following day:

Take it easy! Life at longest
But a lengthened shadow is,
And the brave as well as strongest
Dare not call to-morrow his.

Take it easy! For to day
All your plans of wisdom lay.—ANON.

MY HEARERS.—You must learn to take things easy, and not tear your under garments, or get yourselves into a puncheon when a quart pot would hold you, as it would be a waste of room, and to waste anything useful is sinful.

The text say "take it easy" which by no means implies that you are to settle down in idleness or inactivity, or take your own time to do everything; but, on the contrary, it implies that you should do nothing in a passion, or with too much haste, or without due consideration.

Life is like a shadow, a vapour, an illusion, a momentary mock-substance, which is and is not; we come into the world we know not how, depart we know not when, and go we know not where.

We laugh, we cry, we weep, and cut up, unnumberable capers, till Death cuts our suck.

Therefore, lay all your plans, and do your work to day—to morrow is eternity; and ere that arrives at its destination on the page of time, we may be sent to fill the vacancy.

My HEARERS.—I am afraid you are prodigal in many things, such as health, wealth, breath, time and talents.

Your health is wasted by not taking proper exercise, or taking it at the wrong time; persons who sit inactive days and weeks together, (because they think it unslady like to work) with no more exercise than going from the parlor to the dining room and back, are unfitted to attend parties, balls &c., for the soul stirring strains of music incite the nerves to over action; the whole physical system becomes deranged, the muscles unstrung, consumption sets in, and the persons are rendered as useless for the remainder of their brief existence, as "A stringless fiddle," or a warming pan in the West Indies.

But those who have been accustomed to exercise, many "trip it on the light fantastic toe," or dance all night 'till broad daylight, without incurring any such danger.

If my feminine hearers, instead of driving pines distracted, and torturing tunes into agonies insupportable, or plastering paper with coloured chalk, lounging on the sofa, or taking a siesta, would sweep the rooms, make the beds, do their own washing, and assist their mother in her domestic affairs, would find both health and appetite restored, and themselves free from ennui.

My HEARERS.—It is becoming too much the fashion now-a-days, to educate young ladies in the ornamental and useless, instead of solid and useful branches.

A modern fashionable education consists in a knowledge of "theologies, 'gnomies, 'fics, 'tics, and 'nastics," which are about as useful to them, as twatals would be to a baboon, or a fifth wheel to a waggon; but nothing about "the 'ings—such as card-ing, spinning, sewing, knitting, washing, baking, and making pudding."

No man of sense would want a wife made up of wick-hone, buckram, and brocade, a mere animated automaton, instead of a creature of flesh and blood.

My hearers.—I will now turn my attention to the masculine portion of my congregation a number of which live a life of—shall I call it indolence? It sounds a little harsh yet I think it comes near the chalk as ans, the cause of most of your disagreeable feelings such as want of appetite, indigestion, restlessness, &c. You may be rich; well suppose you are—that is no excuse, when your health depends upon proper exercise and physical exertion.

Occasionally saw your own word, and do your own marketing, and, my word for it, you will find yourself amply remunerated for your trouble.

My young friends, be not blown about on the "Great Sea of Fashion," (like a ship, without rudder or sails,) by the ever changing winds of vanity and folly.

No woman of sense would marry a creature of broadcloth, cambric, and cologne; with figure "a-la-sings," "heard "a-la-gust," and a caput containing more hair than brains, the jest of the rabble, the scorn of the wise, and a walking barlesque on the once noble form of the "genus homo," and doomed to continue a solitary unit on the state of creation, till spanged out by the hand of Death.

Never put off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day, for

"Procrastination is the thief of time."
Remember this—beise on the present.
And in viewing Nature grand sublime
Strive to make your time pass pleasant.

My hearers.—Deport yourself with affability and kindness, toward those in misfortune; kind words cost no more than wither-d by want, or blighted with the mildew of misery, like a shower falling upon the parched vegetation of the arid desert.

Open your purse as well as your heart, and the sight of the tin will drive the dark clouds of sorrow and despair from their countenances, "like Broadway bells before an April shower."

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

The Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance. A board of "School Commissioners," who enumerated a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for "a well disposed moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey." After a fortnight of this Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine stick in one hand and a Cape Cod Protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

Well, sir, said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?"

I guess I do, answered Slick, whittling his stick.

[Re-translated on the fourth page.]

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Proposed Surrender of Puebla and the City of Mexico. The following important news has been received at New York, thirty six hours in advance of the mail, via New Orleans. Dates from the latter place are to the 11th inst.

According to the letters received in New Orleans by the steamship James L. Day, there were reports that the Mexicans were melting their bells to make cannon for the defence of Puebla and the Capital. It is stated, however on equally good authority, that both cities will gladly surrender to the Americans.

The report of the proffered surrender of the Capital was given by Major Leonard to General Pillow, a passenger in the James L. Day. It appeared that a despatch from General Scott had been received, stating that a detachment from the Capital reached the American lines, offering to surrender the city without opposition, and asking protection for life and property. This was of course assented to by General Scott. In consequence, the citizens had discontinued erecting fortifications for its defence. The city of Puebla had also proposed to surrender.

These offers of surrender came from the inhabitants who were more fearful of their own soldiers than of the American troops. They dreaded the guerilla system of warfare.

This system had commenced legally organized bands of banditti, made up from the disbanded Mexican army, had begun their depredations, not only on the American rear and outposts, but upon the peaceful disposed inhabitants of the country.

Gen. Canizales was on the Vera Cruz side of the Puebla with a cavalry force, intending to join Santa Anna to attack the wagon trains, &c.

It was stated by a Spanish merchant who had arrived at Vera Cruz, that he had seen Santa Anna within forty miles of that city, with two thousand men, threatening to attack the place.

There was a rumor of the surprise and capture of Tampico. Advice from Monterey to the 25th ult. have been received. Gen. Taylor's army was melting away by the expiration of the term of service of the volunteers. The troops had not advanced beyond Agua Nueva, and were awaiting reinforcement. The small pox had broken out in the detachment.

DATE FROM MEXICO.—Intelligence from Jalapa to 11th inst. was received at New Orleans on the 17th, by the steamer Fashion. Gen. Worth was expected to enter Puebla on the 17th—no resistance being anticipated, the Mexicans having evacuated the place. The Guerillas do not give the American troops so much trouble as was anticipated.

An American who had been sent on a secret mission to Mexico, returned to Jalapa on the 16th. He reports two thousand soldiers in the city of Mexico.

All is said to be in anarchy and confusion in the city of Mexico. Santa Anna is stated to be at or near Orizaba, raising troops. He threatens to attack Vera Cruz and Jalapa. Gen. Scott's movements will depend upon circumstances, after taking of Puebla.

Letters from Tampico, received at New Orleans state that the British Minister had requested to bring about an arrangement between the United States and Mexico. Commodore Perry sailed for Vera Cruz on the 10th, on a private expedition, supposed for Sisal and Campechy.

DEPARTURE IN BOSTON HARBOR.—The British brig Mary, Captain Wyman, from Cork arrived in this port 17th inst. with forty six emigrant passengers. The city authorities would not suffer them to be landed, owing to their destitute condition, unless the master gave bonds that they should not become a burthen to the city. This he was unable to do, and came to the conclusion that he must take them to Halifax, for which port he accordingly cleared on Saturday.

The passengers were naturally much expatiated at the late matters were taking place, and when the pilot ordered the crew to weigh anchor, the passengers took possession of the handspikes and windlass, and assaulted Capt. Wyman, who called to his assistance Capt. Josiah Sturgis, of the revenue cutter Hamilton, who went on board with six men and attempted in his usually judicious and dispassionate manner to restore order, and directed his men to man the windlass. The passengers crowded forwards, obstructing the operations in various ways, and while Capt. S. stood upon the windlass encouraging his men, one of the passengers, who appeared to take the lead, got upon the windlass and called the gallant captain attempting to remove him. But Capt. Sturgis instantly threw him several feet from him prostrate upon the deck, and made a signal for a reinforcement from the Hamilton, when another boat crew, armed with cutlasses, came on board. Capt. Sturgis ordered the women and children to go aft, and the men to fall back from the windlass, which they did. He then got the brig under weigh and accompanied her some distance, leaving her with a fair and fresh breeze. The resistance of the unfortunate passengers is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that they were not landed at an entirely different direction from what they contemplated. Yet the Ladies must be excused, however painful the duty may be to the officers. When the Pilot left her outside the Light, towards dark all appeared quiet on board.—Daily Advertiser.

New York May 27th.—There is an active demand for Breadstuffs, at the present enormously high prices are sustained. Flour nearly 98; Rye do. 87; Meal 85, 25; Wheat 82; Corn 81, 12, and Oats 75 etc., are prices seldom reached, even in a period

of scarcity. Now there is the greatest abundance, and yet those prices are to be had not only for export, but for home consumption.

A large number of foreign vessels are arriving, filled with emigrants. These vessels find it difficult to obtain cargoes. Freight is low—28, 9d.

LARGE GRAPE VINE.—On a farm called West Hill, about two miles from Burlington, N. G., is a grape vine which at three feet from the ground, measures six feet one inch round the trunk, and at ten feet is positively three feet in circumference! It is a native male grape, and has been the wonder of the neighborhood as long back as the memory of man reaches. It is still healthy, and its grapevines run over and cover four trees, one of which is a sized white oak, and the others quite large.—Rochester Democrat.

SHIP FEVER.—The people sick of ship fever at Bellevue, have been removed to the farm houses on Long Island, which the children formerly occupied, and all those at the Alms House Hospital will also be removed to the same place. The deaths on Blackwells Island from this disease have averaged 17 per cent, while the deaths at Quarantine have not exceeded 7 per cent. It would seem from this circumstance that the ocean air was favourable to a cure of this disorder. We are sorry to hear continued reports of the increase of this fever within the limits of the city.

STILL THEY COME.—On Saturday, the British ship Omega, from Liverpool, brought 387 passengers. She started with 398, but 11 died on the passage. Twenty were so sick on her arrival that they could not get on deck. Forty more in a little better condition, were enabled by assistance to leave the confined and fever generation atmosphere of the steerage. The ship was in a filthy state; and the emigrants not only bore marks of having suffered from want of comforts and cleanliness, but many of them were aged, helpless and destitute.

The ship Akbar had 247 more. She lost two on the passage, and thirteen were sick on her arrival. The British brig Victoria, from Cork, had 114 emigrants, having lost one by death on the passage. Three of four more were sick. The condition of this vessel and of her passengers is as bad as that of the others. On Saturday, the ship Minister arrived, with 171 emigrant passengers. Monday morning the Helen Maria, from Port Rush, Ireland, bringing 25 more emigrants; and the brig Demarara, from Galway, Ireland, with 78; and the brig Anna, from Wexford, Ireland, 30 more. Total, 1054.

These one thousand and fifty-four emigrants paid into the City Treasury, the handsome sum of two thousand one hundred and eight dollars.—Boston Paper May 29.

Great Loss of Life by Shipwreck.—The packet ship Adam Carr arrived at New York in sixteen days from the Clyde, and brought the Glasgow Herald of the 31st instant, which contains the particulars of the loss of a passenger vessel on the shores of Islay, as reported in some of the papers by the late steamer. She proved to be the brig Exmouth, of New-Castle, Capt. Booth, from Londonderry for Quebec. Her crew was eleven in number, and she had about 240 passengers, mostly women and children, there being only about sixty men among them, and the lives of only three seamen out of so large a number of human beings were saved. Their names are John Stevens, William Coulthard, and George Lightford. The vessel lost sails, spars, boats, &c. in a gale on Monday, April 27th, and the day following. The captain is said to have mistaken the light, on the point of the Runs of Islay, a little after twelve o'clock on Wednesday morning. The rocks where she was dashed broadside on, rose to the height of the main mast, and the three seamen who were saved, succeeded in scrambling from the masts, which were carried away soon after the vessel struck upon the craggy cliff, but the captain and others of the crew who were following them, were thrown off the wreck, and the brig engulfed, by a tremendous wave which broke over her stern, and hurried about two hundred and fifty of our fellow-creatures into eternity.—There are stated to have been three female cabin passengers, two of them sisters, on their way to join their relatives in St. John, New Brunswick.

The particulars of this melancholy catastrophe are truly heart-rending—but we have not room for the details.—The Herald says—A quarter of an hour elapsed from the time of the brig first striking until the three survivors got upon the rock. At the moment she struck, and a little previous to it, about a half dozen of the male passengers were standing on the deck, occasionally asking the mate if there was in reality any danger; but as the latter well knew the perils of their position from the broken water seen around, he answered them not. Of the three young ladies who were cabin passengers, one of the sisters had been confined to bed by sea sickness from the moment of leaving Derry; but at 10 o'clock Tuesday night the other two took their position in the companionway, and anxiously gazed on sea and sky till their agonizing doubts were realised by the fearful catastrophe, at half past 12. They were seen there when the survivors last gazed at the deck. The ship was ground and crunched so frightfully amongst the rocks that she must have broken up almost instantaneously.—There was no cry of despairing agony from the multitude of God's creatures cooped up within the hull of the ill-fated brig or at least it was unheard; for the commotion of the elements was so furious that the men on the top could scarcely hear each others at the top of their voices. The great mass of the emigrants, therefore, must have perished in their births, as the rocks rapidly thumped the bottom out of the vessel; and though there might

be one "universal shriek" within a very few minutes, "all was hushed save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash of billows."

Opening of the St. Lawrence.—The first Steamer from Montreal this season arrived at Quebec on the 7th inst. On the same day, the ship St. Andrew, from London, for Montreal, arrived opposite Quebec. A number of other vessels from Europe have since arrived.

The last Royal Gazette contains a proclamation by the Lieut. Governor, appointing Wednesday the 10th day of June next, to be observed as a public fast and humiliation throughout this Province, on account of the Irish famine. A form of Prayer has been prepared by a Bishop of Fredericton, to be used in all Churches and Chapels in the Province on this occasion.

Chief Justice Hagreman, a distinguished politician and jurist, died at his residence in Toronto, C. W., on the evening of the 14th inst. Hon. J. Mission died at his seignory of Terrebonne, Canada, on Saturday, the 16th inst., at 6 o'clock A. M. He had by his commercial abilities and enterprising spirit, amassed a fortune estimated at £17,000 a year.—He was called to the Legislative Council of Lower Canada, and appointed Vice President of the Bank of Montreal. His £6000 subscription to relieve the sufferers by the fire at Quebec will be remembered.

SHOCKING CALAMITY.—The House of X. Quivillon, of St. Lim Lower Canada, was burned to the ground on the 6th inst. Madame Quivillon and her children four in number, were burned to death. The Quebec Miner says the unfortunate mother had thrown herself into the house in the midst of the flames to save her children, and lost her life through her maternal devotion. The bodies have been found horribly burnt and mutilated, and have been buried together. Mr. Quivillon was absent at the time of the accident, and it is unknown how the fire originated.

INCENDIARISM.—A House in the Parish of Studdholm, King's County, belonging to the Estate of the late James Hendricks, Esq., and known as the Beiding Property, was destroyed by fire last Saturday night, with most of its contents comprising, among other articles, about 150 bushels of seed grain, the property of Mr. Richard Best, a tenant on the premises, who, with his son, were in the house when the fire was discovered, and endeavoured to extinguish the flames. We learn that shavings were placed against the outside of the building and lighted, and inmates, who had been asleep, by the barking of their dog, the presence of some imprudent person about the premises, and several times went out to discover him, were awakened from their sleep by the cracking of the fire, and thus had a narrow escape for their lives. There appears to be little doubt that the fire was the work of an incendiary, and steps have been taken to endeavour to discover the guilty party, which, it is hoped, will be successful.—16.

Melancholy Accident.—Yesterday, 24th inst., an interesting child of 6 years of age, daughter of Mr. Henry Bagley, Duke street, was run over by a dray in Dock street, driven by a man named Short, and almost immediately killed.—We have before had occasion to comment on the carelessness of cartmen in driving through the public streets but all to no purpose; the evil continues unabated, and until stringent measures are adopted, we fear will ever remain so. In other large cities, we seldom hear of accidents of this nature. [New Brunswick.]

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—James Boyd, Edward Wilson, and Peter Smith, Esq., to be Commissioners of Steam Boats, under the Act of last Session, for the Port of St. Andrews.

The Hon. Thomas Wye, and James Boyd, Wford Fisher, and John Farmer, Esquires, to be Commissioners for the Grand Manan Packet, for the current year.

The following persons are appointed Commissioners to expend the under-mentioned Special Appropriations.—John Wilson, Esq., for the further improvement of Dark Harbour, in the Island of Grand Manan, £100.

Aaron Upton, for extending the Public Wharf, at St. Stephen, £100.

SEIGNIERS.—There is an epidemic of suicides prevailing at this time. We have accounts of them from all parts of the country, and a paper received yesterday recorded four cases. It is a remarkable fact, which statistics in France and other places, where careful records are kept, that a mania for suicides prevails at times, extend over large districts, and affecting people beyond the influence of each other. Just now it prevails in the U. S.—a case occurring in Pittsburgh, another in Boston, another in the southwest, all about the same time.

EXTRAORDINARY EMIGRATION TO OREGON.—A letter from Princeton, Illinois, dated May 3d, says—If the emigration to Oregon may be estimated by the number of wagons which have passed by my house this spring, it will be very large. More than one hundred wagons have passed through Princeton this season on their way to that distant country.

The Montreal Review states that "the ongoing subject of conversation throughout the country is the insolence of one of the largest proprietors; an event which will cause both lamentation and suffering at many a hearth." The Caledonian Mercury says, "We deeply regret to add that the party alluded to is the Viscount Arbutnot, lord lieutenant of the county of Kincardine, and who was deeply esteemed by all classes from the highest to the lowest."

Since the disruption in 1843, the seven

the poor people of the Island will soon get back to work, let a hardy worth that will break each others heads, when they might, by a milder process, contrive to beat a little sense into the craniums of those who would distract the free working of Responsible Government, which, if we mistake not, has been fully recognized by the highest authority on the Island.

Mortality among the Immigrants.—We last week stated that thirty-four deaths had occurred on board the Albatross, which arrived at this port on the 16th inst. from St. George. The vessel is still a Quarantine and a number more of her passengers have died since she arrived. Several other vessels with passengers have arrived, at Quarantine, since our last, all of them with sickness and deaths on the passage. The Brig Inconstant, from Cork, with 214 passengers (three died, and ten sick; brig Thorney Close, from Donegal, with 137 passengers—eight died—17 passengers and two of the crew sick; brig Pallas, from Cork with 211 passengers two died—31 sick; ship Sir Charles Napier from Lond. with 434 passengers two died—six sick; brig Amazon, from Liverpool, with 247 passengers—two died—34 sick; brig Marr, from Cork, with 120 passengers—twelve died—32 sick; brig Dealy from Brandy, with 169 passengers—23 died—40 sick.

In addition to this frightful mortality during the voyage, a number of deaths have occurred since the arrival of the vessels at Quarantine. The diseases are mostly typhus and ship fever. Carpenters are now at work making additions to the accommodation for the sick on Paradise Island which owing to the large numbers that have arrived during the week, are much required—there being now upwards of two thousand passengers either on board the vessels or on shore at the Quarantine station. [Courier.]

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northern Synod of the Free Church—viz. Argyle, Sutherland and Caithness, Galloway, Zetland, Ross, and Moray, have contributed, to 1st January last, £139,875, 7s. 8d.—an immense sum, considering the poverty of the people.

THE STANDARD.

ST. ANDREWS, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1847.

Charlotte County Bank. Hon. HARRIS HATCH, President. Director next week—George D. Street.

T. B. WILSON, Esq., Solicitor. Disrupt Day—TUESDAY.

Hours of Business, from 10 to 2. Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Monday otherwise they must lie over until next week.

Alms and Work House. Commissioners—R. M. Andrews, R. Ker Jacob Paul, Thomas Berry, John Bailey.

St. Andrew's Steam Mills and Manufacturing Company. R. M. ANDREWS, Esq., President. Director this week—Jacob Paul.

J. Wetmore, Agent.

Saint Stephens Bank. G. D. KING, Esq., President.

Director next week—S. Hinchings. Disrupt Day—SATURDAY.

Hours of business, from 10 to 1. Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Friday, otherwise they must remain in his hands until the following day.

LATEST DATES.—Liverpool, May 4; Montreal, May 24; London, May 3; Quebec, May 25; Edinburgh, May 1; Halifax, May 27; Paris, May 1; New York, May 29; Toronto, May 19; Boston, May 31.

MEXICO.

From late American papers we learn, that Gen. Scott and Com. Perry are preparing the Mexican mind for peace, on what they term "honorable conditions." The Mexican journals, and the Mexican Leaders, however express a decided determination against a peace with the "perfidious Yankees." There is a small but influential party in Mexico, who speak of peace, openly. Reports from Washington, state that the American government are willing to make peace, upon thecession of new Mexico and Upper California—these are the "honorable conditions" upon which Mexico is to purchase peace.

It will be seen by the following extract that the Americans have had another battle in which they have been defeated.

BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH FOR THE DAILY MAIL. Still another Battle.—Reported Defeat of Doniphan, with loss of his Artillery and seven men.

New York, 11 o'clock, P. M. Advice has been received from Brazos to the 19th inst. A letter from Walnut Springs of May 3d, gives a report that Col. Doniphan had been defeated at Cerro Gordo, between Saltillo and Chihuahua, by the Mexicans under Gen. Biesco. Col. Doniphan lost seven men and all his artillery.

He started from Chihuahua on the 1st of April, and is now supposed to be near Saltillo.

We hope the above may prove untrue, as there is no such place as Cerro Gordo between Chihuahua and Saltillo.

Gen. Cadwallader had arrived at Matamoros with his command, to reinforce Gen. Scott.

A court of inquiry had been held in the case of Gen. Lane and Col. Bowles, which reported approving the conduct of the former and personal courage, but not the capacity, of the latter.

The Monterey Pioneer thinks that General Taylor will soon advance on San Luis. Gen. Erera had issued a proclamation for men and contributions, and had left for the city of Mexico.

Vera Cruz dates to the 15th ult. contains nothing later from Gen. Scott.

An Inquest was held by S. T. Gore, Esq., coroner, on the 25th ult., at Deer Island, on the Body of a full grown Infant, found partially buried, on the top of a Hill; after a patient investigation the Jury brought in a verdict of "wilful infanticide against some person; or persons unknown."

We beg leave to direct attention to Mr Childs' card, in our advertising columns. He manufactures Picture Frames of all sizes, in the most modern and elegant style, and at moderate prices—Oil Paintings restored, and gilding executed in the best manner at his establishment. Orders left at this office will be forwarded to him.

STEREOTYPE RACE.—The Crack Steamers Oregon and C. Vanderbilt, were to run a race for \$1000 a side—on Tuesday, distance about ninety miles.

It is estimated that the surface planted with corn this year in the State of New Jersey, exceeds that of last year by 100,000 acres, which ought to yield three or four million bushels.

Accounts, have been kept better from Santa Fe. Eye quiet. Another instruction have taken place at Taos.

SINGULAR AND DISTRESSING Accidents, following from the Phibida "A highly respectable gentleman city, who transacted a mercantile wharf, was taken sick and died, a short time since. Being a native city, his wife and friends desire burial there, and his body was so in a coffin conveyed to that city, where it was opened in the remains to a more suitable one, prepared, for final interment. When removed, the body was found lying, which upon examination was brains was observed upon the skin, and in addition it was found that the vital ret had. All the restoratives that skill could devise, were used, and finally revived and lived for two days before the "spirit departed upon his No doubt was entertained here of and the feelings of relatives and friends, discovery, cannot be for one moment forgotten.

Brook Mosby. A letter from Journal of Commerce, says that has taken this guerilla business in his order, every murder that the count takes \$200 out of the pocket. Although this may be real abilities, it will induce them to a one, of which they possess some five of them.

Santa Anna, it is stated San Juan del Rio, 1801—and 431 year. He is the son of an Irish nobleman.

The Wheat Crop in Michigan being counties, is said to look

There were 932 houses built in the year ending in the

HAUL STORMS.—Destructive have lately occurred in the counties of Georgia, and as Florida. It is said that in Early fall fell of the depth of three or four feet, the young crops at piling the trees of logs and so the weather in this vicinity during week was unusually cool.—Fla

Signification of Mexican most every name given to a town city in Mexico is in honor of her, or denotes some peculiarity thus: Brazos Santos, or St. of St. James; Vera Cruz—Saltillo—a leap, Monterey—M. Agua Nueva—New water; C. (Luzon)—Body of Christ; the code; Fucaes—nuts; Lobos—are called, sea-wolves by the St. hence the name of the island a properly safe island.

French Fleet.—The Marquis of the 15th of April says the French fleet at that time lying in Havana had been ordered to depart for Vera Cruz.

A Successful Collector.—A collecting a bad debt was undertaken a few weeks ago in the Rue de Paris, before the lodgings of a dissipated student. A man walking up and down before the ing upon his back a large placard words "Monsieur C.—owe me 100 francs, I am not the pays for them." He did not

Where did you come from? to a beggar in the Isle of Wight From the dev'l I.

What's going on there? Much the same as here. What's that? The rich taken in and the poor

HARRIED.—At the Cathedral of Quebec, on the 29th ult, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Fredericton, the Rev. W. Q. B. Curate of Fredericton, to daughter of the late John Head, Ingham Sutcliffe, Captain Duncan Merchant of Fredericton, to a daughter of Mr. Ewen Cameron, At St. Luke's Church, Portland day morning last, by the Rev. W. Rector, Mr. Charles Mcner, to Sarah B. only daughter Brundage, all of St. John.

DIED.—At St. John, on Tuesday the 1 ter a short illness, Mr. James Kez 40 years. Mr. Kennedy was 60 years past, a resident of this T he maintained an irreproachable He has left a widow and three c a large circle of relatives and friend their loss.

In the city of Bangor State of dely on the 24th May, Mrs. Mar wife of John A. Peters, Esq., on of Hon. J. W. and Mary A. Hat aged of C. B. Hatheway Esq., of age 21 years.

At Amherst, (N. S.) on the 16 96 years, Mrs. Theodosia Morso,

Original issues in Poor Co Best co

