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## Miscellany.

### THE STATION-MASTER AT LONGLEY.

I am not an old man, you say? Well you are right there; one is not usually considered old at the age of forty-five. Why am I so bald then? Ah, my friend, you may well ask. Men do not usually lose their hair so early in life; and my scalp was polished, in this shining fashion some fifteen years ago. It took only one grim night's work to do it all.

You don't know the country about Longley? No. You lose nothing thereby; for a more miserable district of bleak hills and wild barren moor is not to be found from this to John O'Groats; and the population, rude and barbarous, are as little attractive as the country they dwell in.

Amongst the few acquaintances I made during the one year I spent there, was a young fellow named Carston, the son of a wealthy sheep-farmer, who lived some six miles from the station. A clever fellow he was—the real manager of the farm—and on market-days, and such like, he was a frequent traveler on our line. Young Carston and I had become to be great friends, and more than one pleasant holiday I spent with him (for even we railway officials have holidays now and again) up amongst the hills, bleak and barren as they were. I dwell upon all this (rather tediously, perhaps) because it is to Frank Carston I owe this bald crown.

It was a cold, cheerless winter evening, as I stood upon the platform waiting for the mail train from the north, which was a little behind its time. There was no passenger from Longley; the train would not wait two minutes, and my work would be over when it had passed on. I was pleasantly anticipating a quiet night by my own fire-side, with a hot cup of tea and the London morning paper, when the train came dashing in and pulled up, with a shriek, and a head was thrust out from one of the carriages, whilst the familiar voice of my friend Carston hailed me.

Ned, old fellow, he said, as I hurried up to him, I want you to do me a great favour. You see this bag; it contains two hundred sovereigns. To-morrow is rent-day, and I get this cash for the old man this morning. I am going through to London on urgent business, and what I want you to do for me is to take charge of the money and this letter, and carry them out to place. Get any sort of conveyance and drive out; do not mind the expense—I'll settle all that. I know that as a friend, you'll do this carefully for me. Tell father I'll be home to-morrow night, if possible.

Off went the train, and before I could utter a word, I was left alone on the platform with the heavy bag of gold in my hand. The commission with which I had been so unexpectedly entrusted was a very disagreeable one that bleak winter night; but it would be childish to disappoint a friend. I went to my lodgings, got some tea, loaded a small double-barrelled pistol (an unusual precaution suggested by the thought of the gold), put it in my pocket, and wrapped my great-coat round me. It was no easy thing to get a carriage, fly, or gig, in a little place like Longley at that hour; and what was a walk of four miles to me, when I was sure of a stiff glass of something warm and a good bed that night, and a pleasant center on a sure footed nag back to the station in the morning?

The night, though cold, was dry, and the moon was up. To be sure, some ominous clouds were gathering round her, and she was not rising, but steadily sinking, and would soon be hidden behind the hills. No matter; I should be far on my way before her light was gone, and those clouds, I thought, were not likely to change into what they promised—a snow shower—till I was safely escorted by old Carston's hospital fire-side. All went well enough for the first half-hour; and as the brisk walk made the blood course warmly through my veins, I thought how much pleasant this was than to be jolted and bruised in some such lumbering old vehicle as the Longley Inn was capable of supplying, over that rough, and wild, mountain road. But my anticipation of the weather proved sorely deceptive. Before the half-hour had well gone by, the snow-storm came down fierce and fast, and the moon was no longer visible. There was no help now, however, but all the more need to get to my journey's end as soon as possible; so I clutched my stick with a firmer grasp, and quickened my pace. But the thick steady fall of snow so darkened the air that I could not see twice my arm's length before me; and I had not been walking many minutes when the apprehension stole upon me that I was fast losing my way. It was a dangerous locality I was in just then, in the midst of that snowstorm; for the road wound over hill and moor, without wall or fence; and where the snow was rapidly covering heath and path alike, to trace my route with accu-

racy became impossible. Human life had been sacrificed more than once, amid the snowdrifts on that wild moor-land, and sheep innumerable had been lost. To make my danger greater, the place was full of pits and hollows, where mining speculators had tried to sink shafts in former years. Should I wander off the beaten track, the chances where I might meet a broken neck in one of those confounded holes.

I stumbled on at random. I had lost my bearings utterly; and in a few minutes I knew as little where I was as if I had been suddenly set down bonal and blind-folded in the middle of the moor. I was making way, surely, as best I could, through the snow-drift, but for all I knew, I might be going in any direction but the right one. Was I on the heath? Another moment cruelly settled my doubts. One step more—my foot found no rest; and I fell headlong into a deep, broad pit. Stunned by the fall, I lay there I know not how long. Bruised and giddy, I tried at last to regain my feet, when a pang of exquisite pain shot through my left arm: the bone was broken. As with my right hand I now tried to steady myself and grope my way out of the hole, the agony I suffered was indescribable; yet my first thought was to fend for the bag of gold, which was still safe suspended from my neck. I crawled out of the pit, and pushed forward on chance; more slowly this time, though, and cautiously, for the terror of those vile holes was strong upon me now. But I grew weaker every moment, and a vague and sickly alarm seized me. Suppose I should swoon upon that moor—my head was giddy and my limbs unsteady already; what but a dreadful death under the fast-falling snow awaited me? At this horrible thought, a cold sweat suffused my whole body, and my parched tongue clove to my palate; to my left I shall not forget the horror of that picture of death which rose before my mind's eye that night. The pain of my arm grew more excessive every moment; it hung by my side like a leaden weight. But, strange to say, even with the grim terror of death before me, a wild desire began to creep over me, to lie down upon the snow and rest. Had I done so, no doubt my last sleep would have followed. But luckily just then a faint glimmer of light caught my eye, and with the consciousness of awakened hope I hurried towards it. In a few minutes I found myself at the open door of a wretched cabin, on the hearth of which a wood fire was burning.

Hallo! was the greeting I received from a rough voice, "who the—-are you, and what d'ye want here such a night as this?" The wood which burned on the hearth was fresh and damp, and filled the cabin with smoke as well as with a pungent odour. It took some little time to discover in the far corner from which the voice proceeded the figure of a man, large, gaunt, and broad shouldered, raggedly clad, with a dark scowling face, and bullet head covered with coarse black, matted hair. I hurriedly explained to this person my misadventure. He rose and pushed towards me the stool on which he had been seated.

Sit down, man, he said somewhat less roughly, you look weak, and a broken arm is no trifler. Though what can we do for you, hang me if I know. But what errand took you out upon the moor such a night as this?

I was going from Longley on important business to Farmer Carston's.

From Longley to old Carston's? he exclaimed. Whew! Why, man, you took a very round about way to get to your journey's end.

Round about? What do you mean? I asked.

I mean that Carston's is nearly in the opposite direction, was his answer. And you have been steadily walking away from it for the last half hour at least.

And how far am I from it now?

Some four good miles at least.

And how far am I from it now?

Some four good miles at least.

And how far am I from it now?

Some four good miles at least.

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And how far am I from it now?

Some four good miles at least.

to which these words were spoken, and now behold, for the first, a young woman sitting beside a child that lay asleep upon the ground. I turned and found her eyes fixed upon me with a strange eager glare. She was miserably clad and looked sickly and thin, yet her face showed the traces of much personal beauty. She was delicately fair; every feature was beautifully moulded; and her long dishevelled hair of a golden tinge, actually glistened in the blaze of the fire. But what struck me was the hungry, wolfish glare of her eyes, so unnaturally large; fastened as it was upon me, that wild eager look made my heart sick with a vague feeling and dislike. The woman did not speak; but she went to a large chest at the other end of the room (almost the only article of furniture in the place, except a rickety deal table and a couple of stools), and took from it a large black bottle and a broken cup.

Come, said the man, taking the cup and the bottle, and pouring the contents of the one into the other, you did not expect, perhaps, to see anything like this in a shepherd hut on the moor. No matter; it came to us some way. Try it the brandy is good, and you could not take better physic to night.

Most gratefully did I seize the cup and drank of its contents and never was cordial more welcome. The blood came coursing warmly through my shivering frame again, and for a while I even forgot the excessive pain of my broken arm. Declining the bread which the man offered me, I drew nearer to the fire. I took the pistol from my breast pocket, and laid it on the ground beside me; and as I stooped to do this, the bag of gold struck against the stool with a musical clink of the coins within. The next moment when I raised my head, I found the terrible eyes of the woman fastened upon me with a glare more hungry and wolfish than before. I was startled and (almost mechanically) thrust the bag into my breast. She turned away, muttering something about my bed, and went into the other room of the cabin. In the mean time the man sat down at the other side of the fire, where the child lay sleeping and (he had taken some of the brandy and was less rough and more communicative now) began to talk about the snow storm, the probable loss of the train, and the similar visitation of former years. In about a quarter of an hour the woman came to the door of the other room and called him to her. He went; and, for several minutes after, I heard their conversation in low, eager tones. Their words I could not catch but the woman seemed to be vehemently urging something upon her companion, whilst his answers were brief and hesitating. Gradually the voices were confused—a drowsy feeling crept over me—and I remembered no more. Whether one minute or an hour had passed I knew not, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a hoarse voice sounded in my ear.

Come friend, you're tired, I see; you throw yourself on the bed in side, and sleep till morning.

I started up and was soon recalled to perfect consciousness by the sharp pain of my broken arm. The man was standing beside me.

My wife has shaken out the straw, he said as softly as possible; and I will take it, after to-night's tramp, you don't find it as pleasant as down. But take this by way of a night-cap before you go.

I drank the brandy, and, muttering a few words of thanks, was turning away, when he stopped me.

See, he said, you are forgetting your pistol. You had better take it with you.

I did so, and bidding them good night, went into the other room.

(To be continued.)

In the register general's returns Scotland, we find the following: Among the deaths of the quarter ending June last was that of a woman ninety-six years old, the wife of an artillerist, and who shared in many of his campaigns. She was present at the retreat of Corunna; saw the "red flight" of Albuera, and the sieges of Badajos, Tortosa and Saragossa, and with Wellington in his pursuit of Soult; and entered Paris with the allies. She had never had a day's sickness, and was only confined to bed for a few weeks before her death.

A poor tailor, darning for an old debt, wrote as follows: "Dear Jim—This little account has been standing seven years, and I think it is high time it was paid." To which Jim replied on the same sheet of paper, while Snip's boy was waiting: "Dear Sam—I don't, and may a difference of opinion never alter friendship."

A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands.

The pious pioneer who was shot by an Indian through the crown of his hat, had an arrow escape.

### [From the Montreal Gazette.] RAILWAY EXTENSION TO THE SEABOARD.

The desirability of a railway to connect the cities of Montreal and Quebec with a seaport in British territory has long been felt by the leading public men of Canada.

We find that on the 19th Dec., 1855, the Legislative Council at Quebec passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a Railroad between the Port of St. Andrews, in the Bay of Fundy, and the Port of Quebec, would greatly diminish the disadvantages under which the Province labors from the severity of its climate, and the consequent periodical interruption of the navigation of the River St. Lawrence."

This resolution with others received the cordial support of the Governments both of Canada and New Brunswick.

All the reasons then advanced for undertaking the enterprise, together with others developed by subsequent events, now exist in still greater force, by reason of the unparalleled progress since made by railways both in the Provinces and the adjacent States.

"To secure these unlimited and legitimate resources," says another resolution, "it will be only necessary to construct a Railroad from Quebec and Montreal to Lake Huron, in connection with that from St. Andrews to Quebec."

Not only has the extension to Lake Huron been completed, but railway communication exists also with Chicago, the greatest grain market in the world, and the entire railroad system of the Western States. In fact, our railways now constructed, together with the St. Lawrence, are as important to the entire North-west as is the Mississippi to the South-western States of the American Union.

In furtherance of this design the Grand Trunk is already extended Easterly to Riviere du Loup, a distance of 114 miles, and the road is now open from St. Andrews (88 miles) to Woodstock, on the River St. John, the natural highway of New Brunswick. During August the traffic receipts of this last-mentioned portion exceed those of August of the previous year (1865) by nearly \$2,000—being in the ratio of 3 to 2, and might have been double had there been sufficient rolling stock. Let it be borne in mind that this length of 88 miles reaches only the verge of an agricultural and well timbered country. The construction of the remaining portion of 188 miles would form the connecting link between the navigation of the River St. Lawrence and St. John, passing through one of the finest timbered regions in the world, abounding in mineral wealth which, by geological examination, is constantly being developed.

In the annual report of the Ottawa Board of Trade by the Hon. Mr. Skead, it appears that Canada possesses 5 degrees of latitude and 11 of longitude, yielding annually from 70 to 80 millions of cubic feet of timber, and employing 10,000 men. By statistics he shows the agricultural products have during the last seven years greatly exceeded the products of the forest.

A railway to be of any use for the transportation of all this produce, to be sent during the suspension of navigation, should be short and direct as possible. At \$30,000 per mile, which, it is believed, is a fair average, this connecting link of 188 miles would cost about one-fourth of the proposed Imperial subsidy for the Intercolonial. With the Port of St. Andrews accessible by rail, what sane man would think of sending this produce to Halifax through a country yielding in abundance similar articles for exportation at a ruinous competition and disparity of distances?

United by rail with the Lower Provinces, Upper Canada becomes to them what the Western States are to the Northern and Eastern, receiving in return their fish and articles of manufacture. As a matter of economy, heavy articles of merchandise will seek the shortest possible conveyance by land. With increased facilities of transportation an immense trade would spring up along the frontier of Canada, New Brunswick and Maine.

This line once completed, or vigorously commenced with a certainty of completion, Western extension would become a *sine qua non* to the merchants of St. John, in order to retain a portion of the up river trade.

Eastern extension to Frobisher is common to any route that may be selected, and is sure to be built.

Quebec then becomes connected not only with Halifax but also with St. John, the commercial emporium of New Brunswick and with St. Andrews, with much less cost than by direct line with Halifax alone. A letter could then be conveyed from Halifax to any part of the Province or Upper Canada in less time, than it now requires to reach New York.—What man of business in Canada in writing to the Lower Provinces at present, ever thinks of sending his letters except via the United States paying a postal subsidy to that Government? All this might be saved besides deriving a considerable revenue from the transportation of the European mails.

In regard to the conveyance of provisions,

for sustaining those engaged in lumbering along our frontier, Mr. Flemming says: "At the present time Canadian flour may be seen within sixty miles of the St. Lawrence, after having been transported in the first place to New York or Portland, then shipped to St. John, and floated up the river in steamers and flatboats. This trade would manifestly be changed by the construction of the Intercolonial Railway in the frontier route, to the advantage of the lumbering interests. It is said that as many as 80,000 barrels of flour, pork and other merchandise are annually imported to the valley of the River St. John, north of Woodstock."

The experience of the "Trent affair," together with the recent Fenian movement, should convince us of the necessity for speedy communication with some part within our jurisdiction affording the means of incidental protection to any point of the frontier that may be threatened. No difficulty was experienced in landing troops and military stores at the port of St. Andrews, and forwarding them on to Woodstock in the month of January when some uneasiness was felt in consequence of the former affair of 1861-'62.

Much more might be said in favor of the completion of this important national work were it not for trespassing upon your courtesy and the patience of your readers.

CIVITAS.

Here is something worth studying over which we find in an old paper. If any of our patrons can solve it and tell the point, they are perfectly at liberty to do so, and we shall be very happy to hear from them:

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### PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.

George Thomas, Esquire, to be Chairman of the Railway Board, in place of Joseph W. Lawrence, Esquire; James Steadman, Esq., to be a Railway Commissioner, in place of R. C. Scovill, Esquire, resigned; and Charles H. Fairweather, Esquire, to be a Railway Commissioner, in place of Francis Collins, Esquire. By His Excellency's Command. R. FULTON, Asst Sec'y. Secretary's Office, 26th Sept 1866.

### Poetry.

#### Big Thing on Ice.

Once, says a Norwegian fable,  
Bruin met a fox who bore  
Some choice fish, which he pretended  
He had just been angling for.

"Teach me an art so useful!"  
Quoth the bear; and Reynard spake;  
"In the ice a crevice making,  
Drop your tail into the lake."

"It entails a slight neuralgia;  
But each pang will be a bite:  
And when you at length spring forward,  
Heavy fish will come to light."

Mr. Bear was not embarrassed  
Till his tail was frozen in;  
Then he made his leap—and Bruin,  
Ever since, cur-tailed has been.

#### Roman Barcarole.

Row, gondolier,  
The night is dark,  
The waves assail  
Thy fragile bark.  
Row, gondolier—  
The thunder peals,  
And after thee  
The demon steals.  
Row, gondolier,  
The ebon wave  
To murder's victim  
Yields a grave;  
Row, gondolier,  
And seek the shore  
While waves assail  
And tempests roar.

During the recent session of the teacher's Institute in Rutland County, Vt. while a Professor was endeavoring to illustrate the manner of teaching arithmetic he took up a small globe standing upon the desk and asked:—"How many units in the globe?" Answer—"One." Taking up his hat, "How many units in my hat?" Answer—"By a naughty boy in the audience" "Shake it and see." The Professor was taken down.

When a gentleman stares at a young lady, and she stares at him, they are apt to mount the region of love by a pair of stairs.